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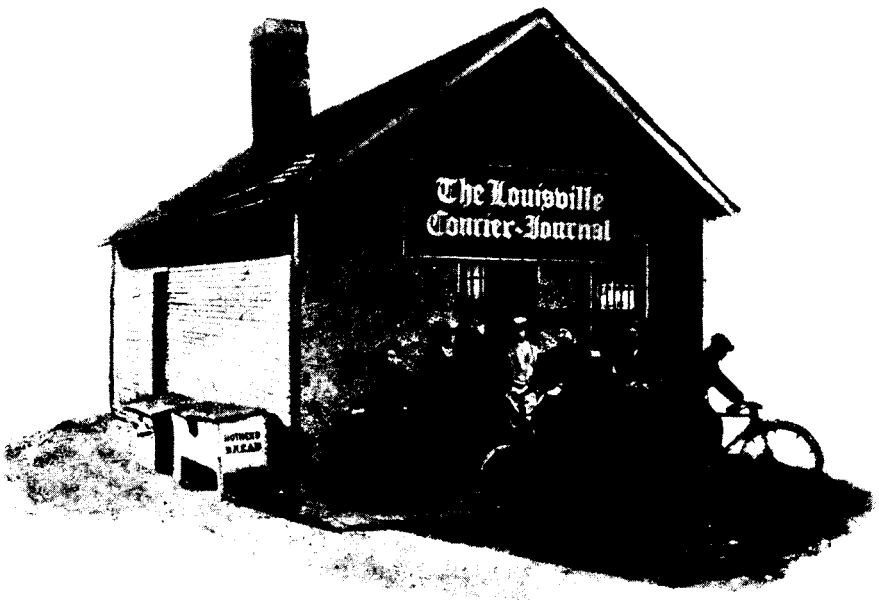

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The Despairing Optimist . . . . . .

RENÉ DUBOS

I have never met Joseph Wood Krutch or corresponded with him. But if I cannot write of him as a person, I can at least try to evoke from his writings the social philosopher protesting against the follies committed in the name of technological progress, and the humanist searching for permanent values in man's relationship to nature.

His anguish and irritation at the mismanagement of modern life is already apparent as far back as 1929, in his second book, *The Modern Temper*. It reached its most extreme form in the following phrase taken from *Human Nature and the Human Condition* (1959): "What some of us tend to call 'the human being' first came into easily recognizable existence about the year 475 B.C. and began to disappear about 75 years ago"—surely as pessimistic a view of man's future as could be imagined. During the fifteen years of his column, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, he continued to lament the deterioration of human and natural values. Pessimism, however, was only one aspect of his personality. Along with expressions of despair and anger, statements of robust faith in the fundamental sanity of man and in the resilience of nature appear in all his writings. He was at heart an optimist, even though a despairing optimist.

In 1967, he republished a number of his essays under the title *And Even If You Do* and expressed once more his contempt for the objectionable aspects of modern life. But his inner happiness came through, nevertheless, in phrases such as "There is a private world of thought and endeavor which society has never been able to take away from me." The last essay in the book —the fiftieth installment of his SCHOLAR column—is of particular interest because he wrote it as his intellectual testament. It ends with a ringing affirmation that, despite all the complexities, obscurities and absurdities of our times, we can retain sanity if we continue to experience the world directly with our senses and accept the evidence of our own understanding and our common sense.

There was no place in his life for existentialist nausea, and he could not recognize any part of himself or of his experience in the existentialist literature, not even in Albert Camus, "generally regarded as the least far-out of the Existential novelists." And yet I believe that Camus had much in common with him. For both of them, pessimism concerning the state of the world was tempered by a defiant personal optimism and by an intense awareness of the sensual qualities of nature.

In the early 1940s at a time when the political situation in France appeared hopeless and before Camus had achieved international fame, he repeatedly proclaimed that it is man's duty to take a stand whatever the absurdity of life and the tragedy of circumstances. "I have always believed," he wrote in his newspaper column, "that while it is the attitude of a fool to be op-

✪ RENÉ DUBOS, professor of environmental biomedicine at Rockefeller University, is the author of *Man Adapting* and *So Human an Animal,* for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1969. This essay is the first in a series of columns Dr. Dubos will write for the SCHOLAR.

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timistic about the human condition, it is the attitude of a coward to despair of events. . . . We can despair of the meaning of life in general, but not of the particular form that it takes. We can despair of existence, for we have no power over it, but not of history because the individual can make choices."

Joseph Wood Krutch remained fundamentally optimistic because, like Camus, he believed in man, not the biological species Homo sapiens or mankind in the abstract, but individual man—Unamuno's man of flesh and bone. He took delight in any kind of situation or event that illustrated the superiority of the lone person over collectivities or technologies. In his SCHOLAR column of Spring, 1970, he points out with obvious glee that Charles Lindbergh "is still probably the most widely known man in the whole world and that his fame is based, not at all upon his career as a general in the Air Force, but upon his lonely flight across the Atlantic Ocean in 1927." In contrast, he writes, "I feel quite positive that while the first landing on the moon will be long remembered, the names and personalities of the first men to make the landing will not. . . .Lindbergh's flight attracted the admiration of the world because it was primarily an exhibition of human skill and of human resource, not something that depended upon advanced technology."

In a somewhat similar mood, the economist Kenneth Boulding recently concluded an imaginary dialogue between the conservationist and the technologist with the moral:

Man is a nuisance, Man is a crackpot,
But only Man can hit the jackpot.

Now, as in the past, and whatever the complexity and power of technology, only human beings, not machines, can become heroes.

The search for heroes is not, as commonly believed, an unhealthy aberration of human societies; it is rather the expression of a genuine biological need woven in the evolutionary fabric of man's nature. This need may be the fundamental reason why the very magnitude of our technological achievements is generating not only fear of technology but also a new respect for man's uniqueness.

Futurists write learned books and fanciful articles about the mechanized and synthetic world of the year 2000. But direct extrapolations from the present into the future have a very low order of probability. Indeed, history gives little support to the current belief that the technological forces set in motion during the past few decades will shape the rest of our lives. It is wise to remember, for example, that the sophisticated administrative structure of the Roman Empire was rapidly upset by the meek Christians and then by the Barbarians; that the towers and ogives of Gothic cathedrals were rejected by the Renaissance architects; that the academic art and bourgeois conventions of the nineteenth century were destroyed by a small band of Bohemians in Paris. Time and time again, the logic of historical and technological trends has had to yield to the choices and decisions of individual men. Similarly, one can anticipate that changes in life style, and the influence of a few strong personalities—let alone acts of collective sabotage—will direct our civilization into channels incompatible with the predictions of technocratic futurists. Furthermore, it is almost certain that the kinds of scientific and technological knowledge we are now developing will have much less influence on the future course of civilization than the new kinds of knowledge and ways of life we shall have to develop if we are to overcome the ecological and social dangers now threatening mankind.

Joseph Wood Krutch naturally believed that the true measure of civilization is not the wealth and power created by technology but rather the extent of our success in improving the quality of life: "We will have to accept a radically new scale of values, in which the human condition is given the first and not the second priority: a scale that makes the first question not 'Can we afford to play second fiddle in connection with this or that technological achievement?' but 'Can we afford to put that sort of prestige ahead of human needs?' "

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Quoting a poem by Swinburne, he wrote that mankind may destroy itself, "Like a god self-slain on its own strange altar." The strange altar at which the modern world now worships, according to Mr. Krutch, is dedicated to the belief that man exists for the sake of science and technology, not science and technology for the sake of man. These pessimistic remarks printed in his column for the Winter, 1969-1970, issue of the SCHOLAR could have been written as a comment on the views expressed in the guidebook for the Chicago World's Fair in 1933. The writers of the guidebook took it as a matter of course that progress is identified with technological development and that all human races would "fall into step with . . . science and industry." This shocking social philosophy was summarized in one of the subtitles of the guidebook:

Science Finds
Industry Applies
Man Conforms

The phrases "Man falls into step" and "Man Conforms" have the sinister implication that we must adjust to the environment created by industry, instead of using science and industry to create living conditions and environments really suited to human nature. In fact, the etymology of the word conform even suggests that man would eventually be formed by the creations of technology.

Joseph Wood Krutch repeatedly expressed fear that modern societies would not escape from the technological trap because they would sacrifice everything—health as well as the beauty of nature—to their desire for more speed, more power and more wealth.

He saw no indication that men would "ever again ask, not merely 'What can we do?' but 'What should we do?' " And yet the optimistic side of his character came through in the very paragraph following this gloomy statement: "There *is* evidence that many people really ponder the question, especially many of those high in technology and science, and are now aware of the paradoxes that science and technology have created."

The preceding phrase gives me the occasion to discuss some aspects of Joseph Wood Krutch's attitude toward science and technology. He was himself a respected member of the community of biologists as proved by the fact that his death was immediately reported and commented upon in many scientific journals. For example, the first and longest entry in the Necrology section of the August 15, 1970, issue of *Bio-Science*—the official organ of the American Institute of Biological Sciences—reads as follows: "Joseph Wood Krutch, 76; philosopher, drama critic, conservationist, and author of such books for naturalists as *The Twelve Seasons, The Desert Year,* and *Grand Canyon: Today and All Its Yesterdays.*"

In addition to his activities as a naturalist and conservationist, Mr. Krutch had a wide knowledge and sophisticated understanding of scientific achievements in many fields; he had considered their philosophical implications; and he had long been concerned with the social consequences of their practical applications.

In his last book, published in 1970, he explains in detail why he abandoned New York, the theater, and academic life, not to find peace, but, in Thoreau's incomparable phrase, "to meet myself face to face"; not as an escape from the city, but in search of the positive qualities of nature in the Southwest. While still in the East, he had begun nature writing to achieve for himself, and if possible to pass on to others, delight and joy. This progressively led him to larger issues, from the preservation of the earth's natural beauties to the validity of regarding man as a machine. Thus, he became a social philosopher, equally preoccupied with nature and with man because he could not consider one apart from the other.

His differentiation between the nature writer and the scientist is worth quoting at length, because it has, in my opinion, an immediate bearing on present discussions concerning the difference between the humanistic and the scientific approach to reality. In an essay in *The Best Nature Writing of Joseph Wood Krutch,* he writes,

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"Science is *knowledge about* natural phenomena while the proper subject of nature writing is an account of the writer's *experience with* the natural world. He is concerned with 'knowledge about' only insofar as it helps define or color that experience. . . . The modern nature writer differs from the nature poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries because he seeks as much knowledge as will enrich or justify his love of nature."

The nature writer, being rarely capable of looking at nature with a dispassionate eye, is almost bound to become involved in problems of conservation. When John Donne wrote that no man is an island, he thought only of man's relation to other men. In his *Essay on Man,* Alexander Pope added that mankind itself is not an island, because it is involved in all living things. The modern nature writer at his best goes even further. He extends the humanistic approach not only to all constituents of the living universe but also to the inanimate world on which all living things depend for their subsistence.

Traditionally, the nature writer has concerned himself with animals, plants, scenery—all the wonders of creation. But he can no longer escape the man-made world even when he tries to remove himself completely from city life. Joseph Wood Krutch found that this had become true in Tucson, Arizona, where he had retired, just as much as anywhere else in technological societies. And thus, his Summer, 1970, column begins with the "in" words: "Pollution! Environment! Ecology!" It is dedicated, not to the nature that had attracted him to the Southwest, but to pollution control! True naturalist that he was, however, he managed to state the problem in broad biological terms. Any increase in the gross national product, he pointed out, inevitably increases the gross national junk pile. All industrial products end up ultimately in the waste materials that surround our cities, disfigure our landscapes, foul water and air. In contrast, nature creates no junk piles, because what she herself produces eventually decays and thus is reusable. "The complex becomes simple again, then is raised to complexity once more, and so the eternal recycling goes on."

Since most of what industry produces remains outside the recycling process, our consumer society cannot last forever and indeed will not last much longer. Joseph Wood Krutch's awareness of this progressively led him from nature writing to the discussion of economic policies. We have to stop asking, he wrote, "Is this the cheapest way to make something or do something?" but ask instead, "Which way will leave the least residue of one kind or another, even if (as will usually be the case) this means also a loss of convenience?"

Persons who are worried about the present course of Western civilization are prone to ask, "Where is technology taking us?" As I have pointed out elsewhere, a more useful question would be "Where do we want technology to take us?" The root of the word technology is *technē,* the Greek word for art, which meant for Aristotle, "the conception of the result to be produced before its realization in the material." This definition implies that the choice of goals is at least as important a part of technology as is the development of tools and methods. In practice, however, technology now proceeds to a large extent on its own course irrespective of human needs. As E. M. Forster wrote in *The Machine Stops,* technology "moves on, but not on our lines; it proceeds, but not to our goals."

The passive acceptance of undisciplined technological growth is probably just a form of collective escapism. The environmental and social problems of industrialized countries do not arise from technology per se, but from man's surrender to the demon in technology. Until a few years ago, scientists and technologists had reason to believe that most of their activities yielded products or procedures useful to mankind. But everyone now realizes that this is not true, and in consequence feasibility is not a sufficient criterion for decision and action. The popularity of the word *ecology,* which Joseph Wood Krutch noted in his column, is due to the wide-

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spread awareness that everything we do influences every aspect of our life and our environment, and that many things that can be done should not be done.

Thoreau symbolized the need for an ecological attitude in modern society with the parable, "Can we do no more than cut and trim the forest? Can we not assist in its interior economy, in the circulation of the sap?" This parable means that the most important problem today is not to produce more goods and services but rather to regulate the interplay between man and his total environment. Unfortunately, successful regulation is far more difficult than increased production. For example, any competent engineer can learn to produce bigger and faster motor cars in ever greater numbers. But a much higher kind of technological imagination and social awareness is needed to make the automobile industry serve real human values.

The viability of our civilization clearly depends on a reorientation of technology, and for this reason the role of science critic that Joseph Wood Krutch carved for himself constitutes an essential part of the social structure in modern societies. The execution of social and technological programs demands, of course, specialized knowledge and is therefore the province of experts; so is the prediction of the probable consequences of a given course of action. But the role of the social critic is just as important as that of the expert because the formulation of goals and of criteria ultimately determines the quality of life. Since all aspects of life are now influenced by scientific technology, the social critic cannot be fully effective unless he works at the interface of science and society—in other words, becomes a science critic. This does not mean that he has to become an experimental scientist, only that he acquire the kind of scientific information needed to recognize and evaluate the cultural and social consequences of scientific technology. This is exactly what Joseph Wood Krutch had done and in this sense he was one of the first representatives of a new class of scientific humanists upon whom we shall increasingly depend to protect us from the tyranny of the expert.

As I mentioned earlier, I do not believe that Mr. Krutch was as pessimistic as he often claimed to be. His own attitude was much nearer to the one he attributed to Thoreau. In his words:

> Thoreau was not a pessimist. He had faith in man's potentialities though little respect for the small extent to which man had realized them. He did not believe, as some do today, that man was a failure beyond redemption—he believed only that his contemporaries were failures because the true way had been lost a long time ago. . . . Thoreau's return to nature was a return to the fatal fork, to a road not taken, along which he hoped that he and others after him might proceed to a better future.

Robert Frost's poem, "The Road Not Taken," symbolizes one of the dominant preoccupations of the intelligentsia in modern America. And I, a product of French culture, have also found in this theme the inspiration for much of my daydreaming. One of the hopeful aspects of our times is the widespread acknowledgment that, if things are in the saddle, it is because we have put them there. The situation, however, is not irreversible. Joseph Wood Krutch, the humanistic scientist, continued to believe that man has a second chance to discover a good life, if he is willing to retrace the steps that led him on the dubious road that we now call progress.

Thoreau introduced his *Walden* with a statement of faith: "I do not propose to write an Ode to Dejection, but to brag as lustily as Chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up." More prosaically, but in the same spirit, I end this tribute to Joseph Wood Krutch with my own optimistic version of the humanistic faith: trend is not destiny.

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the scholar cornered

The Universal Language of Children's Art, and Modernism

ROBERT MOTHERWELL

An address given April 29, 1970, at the opening plenary session of a conference on International Exchange in the Arts, sponsored by the Institute of International Education.

I am highly honored to have been selected to speak at the plenary session of such a talented and renowned group as the present participants in this Conference on International Exchanges in the Arts. And extremely intimidated. One would have thought the choice from this distinguished group would be a writer, perhaps a poet, or some other man of letters. . . .

We live intellectually dominated by verbal discourse. Certainly one would not expect a painter—one of those slow, clumsy beasts who admittedly have a feeling for workmanship, for the character of certain physical materials, a certain unashamed sensuality and café gregariousness; a creature closest to the peasant in the hierarchy of high art—no, one would not expect a painter to be selected to speak. The French like to say, *"bête comme un peintre."* Moreover, painters have a traditional distrust, even hostility, toward words, especially toward rhetoric. Every living painter, at one time or another, and more often than not, has been deeply wounded by the words of journalists and critics, in whose hands his immediate social fate so often lies, and before whom he cannot easily defend himself, since, in doing so, he must play *their* game of words. Although all the obvious issues are those of the eye, I think that at times every painter feels like Argus, *like a body covered with eyes*. . . .

Moreover, the history of twentieth-century painting is in large part the history of the rise of abstraction into a position of international dominance, despite much opposition within the world of painting, and almost total opposition without. And what is modernism, among other things, but the effort to get rid of rhetoric in art?

Nevertheless, painters are not without a sort of existential ingenuity. Without it, none of us would have survived those difficult and solitary early years. So let me struggle to speak in this other language, that of everyday life, and hope that you will listen patiently, as we all do—except, perhaps, the French—to a foreigner with his inadequate grasp of our own use of words, with, moreover, a more monotonous grasp than his unfettered intelligence functioning at will in its own language. Certainly a price one pays for some mastery of one language is a terrible sense of inadequacy in any other. (Which reminds me of an international dinner in Switzerland last autumn for Martin Heidegger, who spoke only in German although he clearly understood other languages well, and when I inquired why, the opinion was that he did not feel *exact enough* in any language but his own. I was both startled and sympathetic, for exactness of weights of feeling is everything in art.) For my part, I find that I write best on handmade drawing paper, absurd and expensive as that may seem! But, on the other hand, how could a painter cut off his interest in how lines look on a sensuous sheet of paper? As our late great American sculptor, David Smith, used to

✪ROBERT MOTHERWELL is a member of the Editorial Board of the SCHOLAR.

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say, "Art is a luxury"—a luxury, he meant to say, that, among the various poor, artists themselves are the most likely to pay for. *That* is the beginning of our ingenuity in regard to everyday life! Every New York artist of a certain age, for instance, is a gourmet of Chinese food (although he may prefer Italian or French cuisine when he grows to understand wine), for in the old days it was in Chinatown that one's deep-rooted sensuality could be satisfied for a modest sum. . . .

Still, at an international conference on international exchange in the arts, thrown back on my resources as a painter, (ironically) perhaps a painter is not such a comic choice after all. For, so far as I know, painting is the single language that is both universal and of some sophistication (by this latter qualification I wish to exclude a baby's sounds and gestures). Throughout the world, regardless of biological inheritance or cultural conditioning and environment, small children employ an identical repertoire of twenty or so painted signs at precisely the same ages in their growth, thus *creating an unqualifiedly universal language* (whether the child is French, African, Indian, Chinese, North American or South Seas Islander) in order to express their vision of the world. Perhaps it is owing to my ignorance, but I know of no parallel universality of language among any persons in music or dance, or in the other arts, *above all, not in words.* Perhaps the painter's intuition, which is beginning to be widely shared by the present TV younger generation, that words represent the most artificial and easily manipulated language for empty ends is more than a class protest, more than an expression of resentment at being manipulated by another verbally more powerful group; it might even be a sturdy insight about our very nature, such as those close to the soil sometimes have about the natural world. But that is another topic, that has less to do with the universal than with power elites, who are only universal in a more degrading sense. . . .

What a stupefying fact it is that, as modern anthropologists and psychologists seem to believe, all the small children of the world have a universal language, *painting,* with an identical iconography at the same ages of growth, a language that is taught to them *by no one,* that they need never have seen. A child reared in solitude uses a similar painting vocabulary as his more socialized contemporaries. In painting, the small children of the world have a language even more universal than sexuality (sexuality is culturally conditioned and the painting we are speaking of is not), a language of rudimentary but beautiful signs—a circular scribble, an oval, a circle, a square, a triangle, a cross and so on, colored or not, according to the materials available—with which they construct a completely adequate and beautiful, in its deeply felt drawing, picture of the universe, both of inside the dome of their own craniums, and of the visible limits of the dome of heaven, and of everything in between. Who would believe, let alone hope, that a universal language, so universal that not a single exception exists on the whole of our globe, not only exists, but has existed unchanged or untouched since the dim beginnings of mankind, of our human world. (One of the most baffling problems in art education is what we grown-ups do, or what children do to themselves, so that their universal language disappears at a later age even more rapidly than it begins and develops into a full-fledged expression.) One might suggest that small children need international exchange least of all, and, by the same token, perhaps the older one grows, the more one needs it. For instance, Matisse's voyages to North Africa in middle age modified the course of modern art, as did Kandinsky's emigration to Munich, Picasso's to Paris, and, more recently, Mondrian's and the European Surrealists' to New York (during World War II). Another implication comes to mind: perhaps there is the unpleasant issue of quality; perhaps the most unique and creative individuals, rather than the undeveloped and the underprivileged or unendowed, should be sent abroad! The president of this Institute of International Education has said, "The artist's instant recognition of

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common denominators in human awareness makes him perhaps the most truly international individual." For my part, I would like to see him even more worldly. So far as I know, for example, of the greatest living European painters, only the Spaniard Miró has often visited New York, watched its painting's growth continually, and taken back from it what he pleased, as some of us in New York in turn had taken from him. But, having ventured this notion spontaneously, I am not sure that I wish to pursue it, but I cannot help emphasizing the painter's traditional interest in quality. For obviously part of what painting is universally, to the degree that it is art, is the condensing of quantity, so to speak, through exact amounts of quantity, into quality. Nothing else is precise enough to weigh this process of the human sensibility, so far more subtle is the accuracy of human feeling. Yesterday, for instance, I spent hours looking at a print of mine, deciding whether there were a few too many millimeters of white, and whether the white of an English Saunders paper or a French Arches was more exactly correspondent to my particular feeling for white. And when my children were small, they used to think that the act of painting on my part consisted of squinting with one eye, with the other closed, and they would shriek with laughter, "Oh daddy, you are painting again!" as I would squint at a picture on the wall. What I was doing, of course, by squinting, was blurring the particulars in the painting as much as I could in order to see more clearly the emphases. So the children were not mistaken. I suppose that is why Goya, if he did as reputed, put on the finishing strokes of his canvas by candlelight. The great Englishman, Turner, used to "emphasize" in public before his colleagues on varnishing day, to their admiration (often grudging), and despair. (Because of him, perhaps, the English understood perfectly our own great abstract expressionist, Mark Rothko, whose recent tragic suicide we in America still mourn. But in Paris, as I understand it, his great colorful retrospective was shown below ground level in a certain museum and he was largely unnoticed, as Lorca was when he lived in New York, and Lenin during the Dada days in Zurich.)

My emphasis here is that *quantitative* foreign exchange does not always work, certainly not automatically and easily (as anyone who has been a traveler knows). It is partly a question of what entrée one has or has not, and partly of the generosity, hostility or indifference of one's hosts—less a question of oneself—because internationalized minds, like children's, are pretty much alike everywhere, while chauvinism and politics tend to be localized, by definition, sometimes violently. For example, Max Ernst and André Masson believe that, at a certain moment on the first Western front, it is probable, certainly possible, that they were shooting at each other. I remember Walter Gropius telling me that at the beginning of that war he was one of more than fifteen hundred Uhlans, going to war on horseback with lances; at the end, he was the only one left, a photographer in military aircraft. The print of mine that I referred to earlier is for an international album of prints for the benefit of the International Rescue Committee that got so many gifted artists and intellectuals, Jewish and gentile alike, out of Nazi Europe during World War II. (With such a gesture one feels fortunate to be both a painter and an internationalist, to the degree that both are vehicles of the humanity that is so universal that only with difficulty, even in our violent epoch, can the powers that be get committed men—that is, men from whom feeling has not drained—to destroy other people, vulnerable though we all are and clear as to where others are vulnerable: even to death, psychological or physical.)

Part of the enterprise of modern art is to strip away from painting the costumes, the masquerades, the status symbols of church and state and politics—hence, its so-called abstraction, which is actually a humanly felt universalism. This universalism is not unparallel to that of small children, as when the French Fauves and the German Expressionists began to paint more and more directly, colorfully, im-

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mediately and expressively, or when Kandinsky in Munich began to understand the significance of the scribble (before he fell into logic in Paris), or Klee in Germany began turning his own scribbles into the fairyland of his magical art, as did Miró and the French Surrealists in Paris, and as later the American Abstract Expressionists in New York used the scribble in the interests of a more sublime or tragic art than the intimacy of prewar Paris. Or, as Picasso quite consciously did in those great drawings during the Spanish Civil war after *Guernica,* drawings much greater than the painting itself. While in his picture he relied on cubism, which is essentially a lyrical, and not a dramatic or tragic, mode of expression, in the drawings he relied some on Goya—natural enough for a Spanish painter during those terrible days of the rise of Fascism—but, above all, on the directness of children's line drawings; for the world of the tragic is not alien, any more than the world of joy or anxiety or any other mode of feeling, to children's expressions. Still, in those Picassos, there is a maturity and a freedom of choice that is more exhilarating than children's art, which, after all, seems to be inherent in them, in an Aristotelian (or perhaps Jungian) sense, whereas Picasso's freedom is hard-won, in that spirit-breaking struggle against everything that is provincial, parochial, ironclad conventional in the traditional classes and the nationalisms that surround every grown man, and which he may never conquer, but to which he dare not succumb without distorting the most valuable part of his inheritance, his universal humanity. (Which is not to say what is universal and what is particular. It is evident, for instance, that Catholic Latin Europe and South America find abstract painting more alien than do Northern Protestant Europe and America, perhaps because the one is surrounded by imagery from childhood, and the other is not. Who is more universal, Johann Sebastian Bach or Mozart? Or, more pointedly, in the instance of the great nineteenth-century Russian novel, is it the chauvinistic Slavophile Dostoevski or the Westernized Francophile Turgenev who is more universal? Perhaps total provincial concretion is as universal as abstract generalization. . . .)

Who does not love the complexity of particulars in reality? At the same time, one *must* abstract—that is, select from—in order to manage reality at all. Meaning, after all, is a matter of emphasis, a selection; abstraction is the process of emphasis, no matter how relatively complex the work. To be a master of a language is to be a master of emphasis. What is emphasized is at once the form and the content. Renoir used to say, I am not a butcher, I do not paint flesh, but *skin.* That emphasis, the skin of the world, is the essence of his art, and the definition of the purely aesthetic.

I speak so much of universals and particulars here because, of course, I am thinking of internationalisms and nationalisms, of an international effort to move nationals to another nationality. The beauties and contradictions of this effort I take to be the subject matter of the discussions to follow, and now leave you to them. But not, as a particular New Yorker, without the warmest welcome to our Istanbul, which is not exactly America, but just New York City, and with best wishes for fruitful encounters here. Thank you, and welcome once more.

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Planetary Planning

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

WE ARE in an age that assumes the narrowing trends of specialization to be logical, natural and desirable. Consequently, society expects all earnestly responsible communication to be crisply brief. Since advancing science has now discovered that all the known cases of biological extinction have been caused by overspecialization, where concentration only of selected genes sacrificed general adaptability, the specialist's brief for pinpointing brevity is dubious. In the meantime, humanity has been deprived of comprehensive understanding. Specialization has bred feelings of isolation, futility and confusion in individuals. It has also resulted in the individual's leaving responsibility for thinking and for social action to others. Specialization breeds biases, which ultimately aggregate as international and ideological discord, which, in turn, leads to war.

In thus opening our discourse, we are not seeking a license to ramble wordily. We are intent only upon being adequately concise. General systems science discloses the existence of minimum sets of variable factors that uniquely govern each and every system. Lack of knowledge concerning all the factors and failure to include them in our integral impose false conclusions. Let us not make that error of inadequacy in honoring Nehru's concern not only for all of humanity's history, but also for favorable use of all its options.

Nehru was so comprehensive a thinker and doer, and his influence is so ever-increasingly vast, that we cannot honor him to the degree that we wish without examining our own most

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comprehensive inventory of experiences and thoughts regarding the evoluting affairs of all humanity.

There is an inherently minimum set of essential concepts and current information, conversance with which could lead to operating our planet Earth to the lasting satisfaction and health of all humanity. And it was to all of humanity that Jawaharlal Nehru so effectively dedicated his magnificent life. We, therefore, dedicate our memorial lecture to reviewing the spectrum of significant experiences and seeking therein the greatest meanings as well as the family of generalized principles governing the realization of their optimum significance to humanity aboard our sun-circling planet Earth.

To fulfill our pledge to Nehru, we must start with scientific fundamentals, and that means with the data of experiments and not with assumed axioms predicated only upon the misleading nature of that which only superficially seems to be obvious. It is the consensus of those who have proved themselves to be great scientists that "science is the earnest attempt to set in order the facts of experience." Holding within their definition, we define Universe as: the aggregate of all of humanity's consciously apprehended and communicated, nonsimultaneous and only partially overlapping experiences. But all experiences are terminated, ergo, finite. An aggregate of finites is finite. Our Universe as defined is finite but nonsimultaneously conceptual. The single-frame picture of a caterpillar does not foretell its transformation into a butterfly. Nor does one picture of a butterfly tell the viewer that the butterfly can fly. Universe as defined is a scenario. Those who ask, "What is outside Universe?" are asking a single-picture question, which is as ignorant as asking, "Which word is the dictionary?" Summarizing, *Universe is a finite but nonsimultaneously conceptual scenario.*

The human brain is a physical mechanism for storing, retrieving and restoring again each special case experience. The experience is often a "packaged" concept. Such packages consist of complexedly interrelated and not as yet discerned but, nonetheless, potentially experienceable phenomena. A "rose," for instance, grows, has thorns, blossoms and fragrance but often is stored in the brain only under the single word—"rose."

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As Korzybski, the founder of general semantics, pointed out, the consequence of its single tagging is that the "rose" becomes reflexively considered by man only as a red, white or pink device for paying tribute to a beautiful girl, a thoughtful hostess, or a deceased acquaintance. The tagging of the complex biological process under the single title "rose" tends to detour human curiosity from further differentiation of its integral organic operations as well as from consideration of its inter-ecological functionings aboard our planet. We don't know what a rose is! Thus, for long have we inadvertently deferred potential discovery of the essential roles in Universe that are performed complementarily by many, if not most, of the phenomena we experience. But, goaded by youth, we older ones now are taking "second looks" at almost everything. And that promises many, ultimately favorable, surprises. The oldsters do have vast experience banks, not available to the youth; integrated and reviewed, their memory banks may readily disclose generalized principles of eminent importance.

The word "generalization" in literature usually means covering too much territory too thinly to be persuasive, let alone convincing. In *science,* however, a *generalization* means a principle that has been found to *hold true* in *every special case experience.*

The principle of leverage is a scientific generalization. It makes no difference of what material either the fulcrum or lever consists—wood, steel, reinforced concrete. Nor do the sizes of the lever and fulcrum in any way alter either the principle or the mathematical regularity of the ratios of physical work advantage, which are provided at progressive, fulcrum-to-load increments of distance, outward from the fulcrum in the opposite direction, along the lever's arm to where the operating effort is applied.

Mind is the weightless and uniquely human faculty that surveys the ever-larger inventory of special case experiences stored in the brain bank and that, seeking to identify their intercomplementary significance, from time to time discovers one of the rare scientifically generalizable principles running consistently throughout all the relevant experience set. The thoughts that discover

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these principles are *weightless* and *tentative* but may also be *eternal.* They suggest eternity but do not prove it, even though there have been no experiences thus far that imply exceptions to their persistence. It seems also to follow that the more experiences we have, the more chances there are that mind may discover, on the one hand, additional generalized principles or, on the other hand, exceptions that disqualify one or another of the already catalogued principles, which, having heretofore held "true" without contradiction for a long time, had been tentatively conceded to be demonstrating *eternal persistence* of behavior. Mind's relentless reviewing of the comprehensive brain-banks' storage of all our special case experiences tends both to progressive enlargement and to refinement of the catalogue of generalized principles that interaccommodatively govern all transactions of Universe.

It follows that the more specialized society becomes, the less attention does it pay to the discoveries of the mind, which are intuitively beamed toward the brain, there to be received only if the switches are "on." Specialization tends to shut off the wide band tuning searches and thus to preclude further discovery of the all-powerful generalized principles. Again, we see how society's perverse fixation on specialization leads to its extinction. We are so specialized that one man discovers empirically how to release the energy of the atom, while another unbeknownst to him is ordered by his political factotum to make an atomic bomb by use of the secretly and anonymously published data. That gives much expedient employment, which solves the politicians' momentary problem but requires that the politicians keep on preparing for further warring with other political states to keep their respective peoples employed—assuming that employment is the only means by which humans can both earn the right to live and know how much wealth is available for distribution. All this is rationalized on the now scientifically discredited premise that there never can be enough life support for all. Thus, humanity's specialization leads only toward warring with such devastating tools, visible and invisible, as ultimately to destroy all Earthians.

Only a comprehensive switch from the narrowing specializa-

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tion and toward an evermore inclusive and refining comprehension by all humanity—regarding all the factors governing omni-continuing life aboard our spaceship Earth—can bring about reorientation from the self-extinction-bound human trending, and do so within the critical time remaining before we have passed the point of chemical process irretrievability.

Quite clearly, our task is predominantly metaphysical—for it is: how to get all of humanity to educate itself swiftly enough to generate spontaneous social behaviors that will avoid extinction?

Living upon the *threshold* between yesterday and tomorrow, which threshold we reflexively assumed in some long ago yesterday to constitute an eternal *now,* we are aware of the daily occurring, vast multiplication of experience-generated information by which we potentially may improve our understanding of our yesterdays' experiences and therefrom derive our most far-sighted preparedness for successive tomorrows.

Out of such reconsiderations, leading, we hope, to a better understanding of Universe, has come, for instance, our recent years' physical discovery that all of our experiences are periodically terminated. The terminations characterize the physical and the metaphysical aspects of both our observing faculties and the observed phenomena. There are no experimentally known continuums. Physics has found no solids. We have only *awake* or *asleep*—*experience* and *nonexperience*—occurrence durations and nonoccurrence intervals—only discrete and very fundamental quanta—that is, unique and discrete *packages* of either *energy* or *thought,* on the one hand, and nonenergy or nonthought, on the other hand. All of these are as uniquely differentiable and separable from one another as are the individual stars of the Milky Way.

There are no specific directions or localities in Universe that may be opposingly designated as *UP* or *DOWN*. In their place we must use the words *OUT* and *IN*. We move in toward various individual masses or we move out from them. But the words IN and OUT are not mirror-image opposites. *IN* is in respect to individual experience focuses—*OUT* is common to all. IN is discrete. OUT is general. The IN's are discontinuous. The

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OUT's are continuous. OUT is nothingness, nonexperience. Only the nonexperience nothingness infers a continuum. The nonevent continuum is the NOVENT. Inferentially, the NOVENT continuum permeates the finitely populated withinness and comprises the finite NOVENT WITHOUTNESS. The rubber glove stripped inside-out from the left hand now fits only the right hand. First, the left hand was conceptual and the right hand was nonconceptual—then the process of stripping off inside-out seemingly *annihilated* the left hand and *created* the right hand—then vice versa as the next strip-off occurred. When physics finds experimentally that a unique energy patterning—erroneously referred to in archaic terms as a particle—is annihilated, that annihilation is only of the rubber glove kind. The positive becomes the negative and the positive only seems to have been annihilated. We begin to realize conceptually the finite, yet nonsensorial, out-ness that can be converted into sensorial in-ness by the inside-outing process. Ergo, NOVENT is the finite but nonsensorial continuum. Sensoriality is a corporeally external phenomenon—reportedly relayed inwardly to the brain and therein imaginatively scanned by the mind, which conceptualizes independently in generalized formulations—for example, a nuclear grouping around a nucleus is conceptualized quite independently of size. Size and intensity are sensorial comparing functions of the special case experiences by brain and not by mind. Mind is concerned only with principles that hold true independently of size yet govern the relative size relationships.

Theoretically, a flat surface is infinitely extensible laterally, that is, in all diametric planar directions. As a laterally unbounded, or infinitely open, extensibility, the theoretical flat plane is only partially definable. That which is definable of the plane forbids its returning upon itself.

A system is the first subdivison of Universe. It divides all the Universe into three parts: first—all of the Universe outside the system, second—all of the Universe within the system, and third —the small remainder of Universe components that constitute the system considered. A system is an enclosure consisting of a conceptual aggregate of recalled experience items, or events, having inherent insideness and outsideness. A system is the anti-

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thesis of nonsystem, which latter lacks omnidirectional definition. Nonsystems such as theoretical planes or straight lines cannot be found experimentally. We are scientifically bound to experimentally demonstrable systems thinking. All systems are subject to comprehension and can be coped with systematically.

General systems theory deals with phenomena that are holistically comprehensible. The objects of our experience are finite systems. Their superficial outline closes back upon itself multidirectionally as a systematic continuity of relevantly contiguous events. They are thus separable from other systems. There are systems comprised of systems.

Typical of all finitely conceptual objects or systems is the tiger's skin. It can be pierced and slotted open and, thereafter, by enlarging the slotted hole by gashes in various directions, the skin can be peeled off all in one piece. It can be made to lie out flat by making a lunar gash from the skin's edge into any remaining domical area of the skin. The slitting of a paper cone from its circular edge to its apex allows the paper to be laid out as a flat "fan," intruded by an angular sinus. A sinus is an angle. Sinus means in Latin "a withoutness"—an opening out—having nothing between convergent edges. The surface contour of every object or system—be it a complex creature such as a crocodile, or a simple cube or a dodecahedron—can thus be "skinned" and laid out in the flat. It will be discovered that the sum of the angles of all the sinuses of any system opened to allow it to be stretched out flat is always 720 degrees. This is to say that the difference between open and closed systems is always 720 degrees. The sum of the angles of all the corners of one tetrahedron also is always 720 degrees. A tetrahedron is a triangularly faceted polyhedron of four faces. It is unique as a system, for it is the minimum possible system.

A necklace is unstable. The length of the beads in the necklace does not change. Only the angles between them change. Stable refers only to angular invariability. By structure we mean self-stabilizing. The triangle is the only self-stabilizing polygon. The tetrahedron is the minimum structural system, for we cannot find an enclosure of less than four sides—which is also to say, of less than 720 degrees of interior (or exterior) angle interaction.

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The tetrahedron is a vectorial model of one quantum of energy. The tetrahedron is the basic structural system of Universe.

An angle is a central sinus fraction of circular unity—the opening in a circular birthday cake, when a triangular wedge is cut out radially from its center. Circular unity is conventionally divided into 360 degrees. The size of an angular sinus is independent of the length of the radius of the circle. An angle's size is not affected by the length of the edges between which it occurs. A triangle is a triangle independently of its edge-sizing, as is the tetrahedron independent of edge lengths or of its relative volume. In tetrahedrons of any size, the angles are always sum-totally 720 degrees. Tetrahedrons always have six edges, four faces and four vertices.

We can say that the difference between any conceptual system and total but nonsimultaneously conceptual—and, of course, nonsimultaneously sensorial—scenario Universe is always one tetrahedron of whatever size may be necessary to account for the balance of all the finite quanta thus far accounted for in scenario Universe, outside the conceptual system considered.

The invisible and n-sized tetrahedron, which complements all systems to aggregate as finite but nonsimultaneously conceptual scenario Universe, is mathematically analogous to the annihilated left-hand phase of the rubber glove during the right-handed occupation of the glove. We now can say, scientifically, that the difference between the sensorial, special case, conceptually measurable, finite, separately experienced system and the balance of the nonconceptual scenario Universe is one finitely conceptual, but nonsensorial, tetrahedron.

We can say that scenario Universe is finite because, although nonsimultaneously conceptual and considerable, it is the sum of the conceptually finite, afterimage furnished thoughts of our experience systems plus one finite but invisible n-sized tetrahedron.

This scientific realization permits our general systems capability to be applied comprehensively to our Nehru dedicated search for adequate understanding and reliable technoscientific support of humanity's essential functioning in Universe. It also provides the scientific, computerized means for determining and

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employing the most effective technological strategies and priority systems for the most feasible realization of the human function support.

As a consequence of all the foregoing, we also no longer can overlook the fact that science has found no solids, no continuous surfaces, no infinity, no straight lines, no 180 degree angular continuums. To the best of our experimentally informed knowledge, *all* such formerly accepted axiomatic concepts are false. Axiomatic means "self-evident." This seemingly obvious quality of most of yesterday's axioms was permitted only by the lack of knowledge of that which would be disclosed by microscopic inspection. We must desist from further imposition of such pre-microscope-telescope assumed, but now knowledgeably false, premises upon our children. We have been tolerating the fictions only because they were included in yesterday's textbooks, which we say, also ignorantly, we cannot afford to replace. The time has come, and there is little of it left within which to effect entirely new, world-around, educational strategies.

As taught in the late twentieth century, geometry commences with plane geometry. This is because geometry was conceived and methodically formulated in history during the early times when humanity envisioned the world as a mountained and valleyed island floating upon an infinitely deep, watery plane that extended laterally in all horizontal directions to infinity. Above everywhere was the sky. But the experience of remotely converging lines of perspective suggested reflexively to man that an optical aberration existed, whereby, although you could not see that far, all the upward-bound parallel lines, perpendicular to Earth, must ultimately converge, as do all parallels receding from where one stands. The parallel up-lines were assumed to converge in Heaven—a haven—a sky harbor. (Until the twentieth century, individuals within their respective entire lifetimes saw less than a millionth of the total surface of our spherical space-vehicle Earth.) All the foregoing conceptioning is so logical that, despite theoretical knowledge to the contrary and despite their quick denial of such misconceptions, approximately all humans as yet "see" the world in that image. Witness that they all use the words "UP" and "DOWN"; speak about "getting down to Earth,"

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"the four corners of the Earth"; "the wide-wide world"; and always spell Earth with a small "e" because it is simply the stuff under our feet "down here," which stretches away laterally to infinity.

It is not surprising that we continue now to start our children's geometry—meaning "world measuring"—with *plane* geometry. This, however, is intellectually devastating and constitutes the parting of the ways, with one road leading into the scholar's "pure" mathematics and the other continuing as the reality, which disagrees with all that is found by physics, mathematics and chemistry to be the natural orderliness of Universe. The "practical" man who was disgruntled by the awkward misconceptions of mathematics is one who is so dull as not to be bothered by the measurable discrepancies and keeps on "brilliantly and courageously" doing all the shortsighted, expedient "things" that, applauded by the most powerfully advantaged selfists, are swiftly consigning man to extinction, as "unfit" for survival in the vast reality of the Universe of weightless, invisible, omniinteraccommodative, generalized principles, which are forever faithfully governing electromagnetic, wave-frequency-radiating propagations and mass attraction's concentricity, the integrity of which has to a great degree become understandable by humanity's metaphysically comprehending mind.

Foremost of the debilitating effects of predicating all the students' conceptually calculable logic upon a plane geometry foundation is the spontaneous persuasion of the reasonableness of forthright bias that it engenders. Thus, for instance, *loyalty*—which is powerfully one-sided—has come to be rated as a *noble attribute*. Loyalty can take outright lies in its stride. It thinks nothing of defending a fallacy. How does that all come about? Prove your contention. All right! All the entities and conceptual formulations of plane geometry commence as follows:

"A triangle is an *area bound by a closed line* consisting of three edges and three angles. A circle is an *area bound by a closed line* everywhere equidistant from a point." *"Areas bound by closed lines"* are the essence of plane geometry. Only that which is bound by a closed line is *definable,* valid, calculable and useful. Why is this so? Because the plane *outside* the bound area leads in all lateral directions away to

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infinity—and, therefore, is *undefinable*. On the *inside* of the boundary line was *definability*—finity; on the *outside* was only *undefinability*—infinity. The IN's were reliable, the OUT's were dangerously unpredictable, *et cetera*.

Only the phenomenon on one side of the line was valid. So there is your taught-in bias of all the world-around's schooled society. The outlaws and the inlaws. I am okay, You? My family *in*—Yours *out*—Our town, "the damned foreigners," *et cetera*. Now we at least know theoretically that both sides of the lines are valid. How do we know that mathematically?

We have already learned how. Starting with finite but nonunitarily conceptual scenario Universe, we could divide Universe into three parts: (1) all the outsideness, (2) all the insideness, (3) the system itself that subdivides the first two. We have also learned that one such system plus one conceptual, but nonsensorial, tetrahedron together account for all Universe—the imaginary but finite tetrahedron itself having an insideness and an outsideness. The surface of any system is finite—that is, it returns upon itself. Our Earth sphere is a system. The surface of any system such as the Earth is finite. It is closed back upon itself—like the tiger's skin remounted around its stuffing, which, incidentally, closes "out" all the sinuses of the skin's opened edge—and thereby discards the 720 degrees of angle, which 720 degrees is one abstract tetrahedron and accounts for the difference between a flat plane and a finite but nonunitarily tangible Universe.

If we draw a closed line such as a circle around our Earth, it must divide its total unit surface into two areas as the equator divides our Earth into Southern and Northern hemispheres. If we draw a lesser-sized circle on the Earth, such as the circle of North latitude 70 degrees, it divides our Earth's total surface into a very large southern area and a relatively small northern area. If we go outdoors and draw a circle on the ground, it will divide the whole area of our planet Earth into two areas and one will be *very* small and the other *very* large. If our little circle has an area of one square foot, the big circle has an area of approximately five quadrillion square feet, because our eight-thousand mile diameter Earth has an approximately 200,000,000 (two-hundred million) square mile surface and each square mile has approxi-

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mately 25,000,000 (twenty-five million) square feet, which multiplied gives a five followed by fifteen zeros, 5,000,000,000,000,000 square feet; this is written by the scientists as 5×10^{15} square feet, which, while compact, tends deliberately to disconnect from our senses. Scientists have been forced to disconnect from our senses due to the errors of our senses, which we are now able to rectify. As we reconnect our senses with the reality of Universe, we begin to regain competent thinking by humans and thereby possibly their continuance in Universe as competently functioning team members—members of the varsity or University team of Universe. If, instead of drawing a little one square foot circle on the ground—which means on the surface of spherical Earth—we were to draw a square one foot on each side, this would give us the same sized local area as before—one square foot. A square, as defined by Euclid, is "an area bound by a closed line of four equal length edges and four equal and identical angles." By this definition our little square one foot to a side, which we have drawn on the ground, is a closed line of four equal edges and equal angles. But this divides all the Earth's surface into two areas, both of which are equally bound by four equal length edges and four equal angles. Therefore, we have two squares: one local little one and one enormous one. And the little one's corners are approximately 90 degrees each, which makes the big square's corners 270 degrees each. While you are not familiar with such thinking, you are confronted with a physical experiment's results, which have informed you that you have been laboring under many debilitating illusions.

If you make your small square a little bigger and your bigger one a little smaller by increasing the little one's edges to one mile each, you will have a local one square mile—a customary unit of measuring ranches in the western United States—and the big square will be approximately 199,000,000 square miles. As you do so, using great circle lines, which are the shortest distances on a sphere between any two points, to draw the squares' edges you will find the small square's corner angles are increasing and the big one's corners are decreasing. If you now make your small square so that its area is one-half that of Earth's 200,000,000 square miles, in order to have all your edges the same and all your angles

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the same you will find that each of your edges is approximately six thousand miles long and that each of the corners of both squares are 180 degrees. That is to say, the edges of both squares lie along the Earth's equator so that the areas of both are approximately 100,000,000 square miles.

And so it would go with a triangle, a pentagon, an octagon or any other equiedged closed line figure that you may draw on any system's surface. The closed line surface figure will always and only divide the whole area into two complementary areas.

That each human, thus discovering this experimentally, says spontaneously: "I didn't mean to make the big triangle or the big square, or, indeed, the big mess of pollution," in no way alters these truths of Universe. We are all equally responsible not only for the big complementary surface areas that we develop on systems by our every act, but also for the finite, complementary outward tetrahedron automatically complementing and enclosing each system that we devise. We are inherently responsible for the complementary transformation of Universe, inwardly, outwardly and all around every system that we alter.

Thinking of Universe only as an infinitely extensive plane, humanity felt itself logically justified in throwing away its refuse outside the boundaries of its particular domain—there was infinity into which all pollution would be ultimately dissipated to infinite innocuousness. It means nothing to dump a teacup into an infinite ocean. If there is an infinitely extended world, then we may assume that when we exhaust the present familiar resources, we will, as in the past, keep on finding new and better alternate resources, ad infinitum. So why should we worry and be fussy? Never mind about tomorrow. Never mind about the other fellow. The more ruthlessly selfish one is, the better off is one and all one's descendants.

So the difference between both closed system surfaces and a closed Universe in respect to the utterly open, infinite flat slab world concept with which man has been ignorantly rationalizing all past experience is the "similar difference" between humanity's extinction or its continuation upon this beautifully equipped and provisioned, closed system, space-vehicle Earth. It is clearly to be UTOPIA or OBLIVION—and no half measures. We must begin

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today to expose our youth and ourselves to the fundamental self-discipline conceptioning that is the only real educational process.

Vectors are spearlike lines representing the integrated velocities, directions and masses of the total aggregate of nonredundant forces operating complexedly within a given energy event as the latter transpires within a generalized environment of other experiences whose angular orientations and interdistance relationships are known.

Engineering holds that the prime difference between the point of view of laymen and engineers is that the laymen do not recognize, anticipate and pay heed, as do engineers, to the experimentally demonstrable fact that every action always has an equal and opposite reaction. But the engineers have not modernized their concept to accommodate and adjust refiningly to two of the scientists' recent physical discoveries and measurements: first, of light's speed—as well as speed of all electromagnetically propagated radiation, and, second, the phenomenon known as precession. The approximately one billion kilometers per hour speed of all radiation being too fast for human sense apprehensibility, the engineers have not yet been constrained to recognize, as must the physicist, that there is no *instant universe,* as was misassumed by all pre-twentieth-century scientific cosmologies and cosmogonies, before the knowledge that light had indeed a speed. Engineering must now acknowledge realistically and accommodate analytically the experimentally demonstrable fact that every action has not only a reaction but also a nonsimultaneous but immediately subsequent resultant. This means that every physical event in nonsimultaneous scenario Universe is characterized by three, multidimensionally interlinked vectors, which interact at angles other than 180 azimuthal degrees to one another as in the multidimensional, helically zig-zagging pattern of lighting.

The physicists now assume that there never could have been a universal condition of chaos, for a basic orderliness of universe is provided by the always coexisting proton and neutron, which, although complexedly intertransformable, are not mirror images of one another, nor are they of equal mass or weight. As vectors, the protons and neutrons, being energy events, both have *reaction*

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and *resultant vectors,* which, due to precession, are never 180 degrees angular diversions of the actions. Each set of three vectors looks like a Z. The *proton's* vector group, with its *electron* and *anti-neutrino,* and the *neutron's* group, with its *positron* and *neutrino,* are each called *one-half Planck's constant,* or *one-half spin;* or *one-half of an energy quantum.* When we bring together these two sets of three vectors each, they integrate *as six vectors* and make *one unit of quantum* and coincidentally also make *one tetrahedron* (of six vector edges). The tetrahedron is veritably *the conceptual unit* of *one energy quantum.*

Isotropic means *"Everywhere the same."*

A *matrix* is an interpatterning of multidimensional events, such as a bee's honeycomb, or a candy-colored popcorn ball.

An *Isotropic Vector Matrix* is one in which all the forces are interacting everywhere equally in respect both to their (velocity $\times$ mass), linear magnitudes and to their relative angular direction interactions; wherefore all the lines must be of equal length and all their terminal interanglings must be the same.

In an isotropic vector matrix it will be discovered that there are only two clear-space polyhedra described internally by the configuration of interacting lines—these two clear space polyhedra are the regular *tetrahedron* and the regular *octahedron.* But all other regular symmetrical polyhedra known are described repetitiously by compounding rational fraction elements of the tetrahedron and octahedron. These elements are known as the A and B particles. They each have a volume of one-twenty-fourth of a tetrahedron. It will be discovered also that all the polygons formed by the interacting vectors consist entirely of equilateral triangles and squares—the latter occurring as the cross sections of the octahedra, and the triangles as the external facets of both the tetrahedra and octahedra.

Because all the vectors of this multidimensional matrix are "everywhere the same," the vertexes of the system are equidistant from one another. Each vertex can be the center of an identical diameter sphere whose diameter is equal to the uniform vectors' length. Each sphere will be tangent to the spheres surrounding it. The points of tangency are always at the mid-vectors. Because of

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the omniequiangular intertriangulating, the omnitangental aggregating of identical size spheres constitutes what the physicist terms *closest packing of spheres,* and this closest packing characterizes all crystalline assemblages of atoms. All the crystals coincide with the set of all the polyhedra permitted by the complex configurations of the isotropic matrix. These closest-packed triangular sphere-assemblages find each single sphere surrounded by twelve others. The centers of the twelve spheres and the surrounded sphere altogether describe four planar hexagons, symmetrically surrounding each sphere's center. The second layering of closest-packed spheres consists of 42 spheres and the third layer consists of 92 spheres. The order of successively enclosing layers will be 162 spheres—252 spheres, *et cetera.* It will be noted that each layer has an excess of two diametrically positioned spheres that describe the successive poles of 25 alternate neutral axes of spin of the nuclear group. Thus we discover that the number of spheres in each successive nucleus enclosing layer or shell will always be *two,* plus the *second power* of the *frequency* of modular subdivision of the concentric, hexagon-sectioned, isotropic-vector-matrix system, multiplied by *ten.* This may be written as $10\ f^2 + 2$ (f = frequency). It will also be discovered that the third layer of 92 spheres contains 8 new potential nuclei, which, however, do not become active nuclei until each has three more layers surrounding it, three layers being unique to each nucleus. This tells us that the nuclear group with 92 spheres in its outer or third layer is the limit of unique, closest-packed assemblage of unit-wavelength and frequency, nuclear symmetry systems. This is impressive, for the system's three layers of 12, 42, 92 add to 146, which is the number of neutrons in Uranium—which has the highest nucleon population of all the self-regenerative chemical elements—and whose 146 neutrons added to the 92 unengaged, mass-attracting protons of the outer layer give the predominant Uranium 238 from whose outer layer the excess 2 of each layer, which functions as a neutral axis of spin, can be disengaged, leaving the chain-reacting Uranium 236.

The polyhedronal shape of these nuclear assemblages of closest-packed spheres, reliably interpositioned by the isotropic vector matrix's vertexes, is always that of the vector equilibrium (or cuboctahedron), having always six square faces and eight triangular

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faces. They are vector-equilibrium models because their explosive and implosive forces are always equal, as is shown by their four-dimensional hexagonal cross sections, whose radial and circumferential vectors balance. Nature never pauses her cycling at the equilibrium phase. She always closes her transformative cycles at the maximum positive or negative asymmetry stages. See the delicate crystal asymmetry in nature.

If the geometric *volume* of *one of the uniform tetrahedra,* delineated internally by the lines of such isotropic-vector-matrix systems, is taken as *volumetric unity* for assessing the respective volumes of the plurality of different equiedged, geometrically delineable polyhedra, symmetrically and repetitively permitted within the matrix, it will be found that the exact volume of the octahedron is 4, and the cube is 3; the rhombic dodecahedron is 6, Lord Kelvin's tetraxideca is 96, *et cetera,* and *the vector equilibrium's volume is always frequency to the third power times 20.* When the vector equilibrium's frequency is one (or radiationally inactive), its volume is $20 \times 1^3 = 20$.

This omniradiational isotropic-vector-system accounting shows a set of values corresponding to the omnirational quantation of all of chemistry's associative or disassociative events. It also shows that the vector equilibrium—consisting basically of twenty tetrahedronal quanta—is at once the concentric, push-pull interchange, vectorial phase, or zone, of neutral-resonance, which occurs between outwardly pushing *wave-propagation and* inwardly pulling *gravitational coherence.*

When, as in our school-taught geometry, the square and the cube are assumed to be almost exclusively rational, other geometrical forms are "interesting" but awkward because volumetrically irrational. For when the cube is taken as unity and its volume is one, the volume of the tetrahedron is $.1179\alpha$; the octahedron is $.4714\alpha$; the rhombic dodecahedron is $.7042\alpha$; and the vector equilibrium is 2.3574α. For this reason—despite Plato's "solids," Archimedes' polyhedra, Euler's topology and Coxeter's comprehensive geometrical inventory—the rationally valued hierarchy of logically interrelated symmetrical polyhedra based on the tetrahedron as unity and their intimate role in the physical world was utterly overlooked until 1917 when I started exploring in the

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terms of the vector-edged tetrahedron as being the simplest structural system. In the same year I concluded that nature had no separate departments of physics, chemistry, geology, biology and mathematics. I decided that she had only one department and one coordinate system. Then my search for nature's own most economically integrated, comprehensive, coordinate system began thirty years ago to disclose the omnirational relationships I have presented here. I concluded that I was not important enough to have caused nature to secrete these elegant omnirational, omniinterrelationships within her cosmic scheme just to trap me into foolishly thinking them to be significant and worthy of general adoption by humanity as its prime mensuration system. In this system, society will have to learn that n^2 stands for n"triangled" and *not* "squared"; and that n^3 is n"tetrahedroned" and not "cubed." I call this comprehensively rational coordinate system ENERGETIC-SYNERGETIC GEOMETRY.

In En-Syn geometry the vector equilibrium's mass value of 20 shows why nature requires that the cube's volumetric value of three be multiplied by Planck's empirically discovered but heretofore scientifically inexplicable constant 6.665→? to correct for the mistaken assumption by both mathematics and physics that the cube's volume was nature's logical volume of one—instead of its actual volume of three, in nature's most economical system of both physical and metaphysical accounting. The physicists find that nature is always "most economical." Planck's empirical constant of correction was also required to remedy the mistaken assumption by physics that the cube of one centimeter to the edge, filled with water at 4 degrees centigrade (as the unity of X, Y, Z; 90 degree coordinated, gram, second system) was also suitable as the basic unit of energy for computing radiational propagation. The 6.6 radiational constant correction of the mistakenly assumed suitability of the cube, and its conversion thereby to the value of the vector equilibrium's base 20, also required the further 10^{-27} reduction in size to reduce the gram of water's reference size to a photon's energy magnitude. The closest-packed sphere layers of the vector equilibrium account for the nonsolid proton-quantation of the wave's outer layer value of frequency (or velocity) to the second power, as required by Einstein's c^2 of his equation $e = mc^2$

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and eliminates the necessity to consider the second power as characterizing *continuous* surfaces of systems.

The vector equilibrium's surface sphere growth rate of the second power also accommodates Newton's discovery of gravitation's mass attraction as being governed by the second power of the relative proximities of the masses, expressed in the terms of their respective radii (or modular frequency). The gravitational constant also requires the 6.66 ± 1 correction of its gram cube base to conform it to the vector equilibrium, and requires a 10^{-8} reduction of size to conform to the electron volt magnitude of energy.

The many mildly differing values empirically arrived at for both Planck's constant and for the gravitational constant seem to indicate that the radiational constant is just a little less than $6.666 \propto$ and that the gravitational constant is complementarily just a little bit greater than $6.666 \propto$.

When a century ago electromagnetics introduced completely invisible energy behaviors, scientists were unable to explain their discoveries conceptually to the news reporters to humanity. When experiments in electromagnetics disclosed energy behaviors of n^4 and n^5, the scientists concluded that our X, Y, Z geometrical coordinate system's inability to provide a conceptual model of more than n^3 or three dimensionality suggested that nature's fourth and fifth dimensions needed no models because they said nature was using only mathematically abstract formulations. Now energetic-synergetic geometry's disclosure that nature is coordinating with the tetrahedron as volumetric unity, which uses only one-third the volume of space employed by the cube, it becomes possible to make fourth- and fifth-dimensional models. Thus conceptuality returns to reunite the language and fundamental understanding of the sciences and humanities.

I am presenting, as an appendix, a chart of the hierarchy of rational vectorial-geometric relationships that characterize general systems discovery of the tetrahedron as the basic structural unit of physical Universe quantation.

This hierarchy of vectorial geometry correlates rationally Euler's topology, Kepler's Third Law and Newton's theory of gravity, Willard Gibb's Phase Rule, Einstein's $e=mc^2$, and explains the necessity to employ Planck's Constant h=gram cm^2/sec

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$\times$ 6.6 $\times$ 10^{-27} and the Gravitational Constant's gram cm/sec $\times$ 6.6 $\times$ 10^{-8} to convert the arbitrary XYZ; the centimeter-gram-second mensuration system was adopted by science to bring these calculations into agreement with the experimentally disclosed values of micro-macro, electromagnetic physical Universe realities which we now find experimentally to be coordinate rationally with the isotropic vector matrix as was always implicit in the omnirationality of all chemical associating and disassociating.

Although our social sciences have been earnestly seeking generalized principles that might give them the insights and design virtuosity enjoyed by physics, chemistry, *et al.*, they have until now had no important success. The reason we have introduced the general systems' vectorial geometry here is because it provides the connection between social and physical science. It opens the doors to powerful planning.

The number of telephone lines necessary to interequip various numbers of individuals so that any two individuals will always have their unique private telephone line is always $(n^2-n)/2$, where n is the number of telephones. This is to say that all the special interrelationships of all experiences—comprehension of which would be the key to what we call complete understanding of "what everything is all about"—is always $(n^2-n)/2$.

$(n^2-n)/2$ is also the number of balls in a triangular grouping such as that of pool balls grouped for the "break": in the top row we have one ball, in the second row two, in the third row three, in the fourth row four.

The sum total of balls in the triangular group will always be $(r+1)^2-(r+1)/2$, where r is the number of rows of balls, or the number of balls in the longest row.

We can stack such successively rowed triangular groups of balls, with one ball at the top, three below that, and six below that as cannon balls or oranges are stacked. Such stacks are always inherently tetrahedronal. We can say that the sum of all the interrelationships of all our successive experiences from birth to now, for each individual, as well as for the history of all humanity, is always a tetrahedronal number.

Pursuing this tetrahedronal quantation further, we find that the sum of the angles around all the surface vertexes of any system

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—from those of the complex surfaced crocodile to that of the symmetrically chorded interactions of all the surface atoms of a ping-pong ball—will always be a number evenly divisible by 720 degrees. And 720 degrees is the unique angular description of one tetrahedron.

Thus we see both the rational energy quantum of physics and the topological tetrahedron of the isotropic vector matrix rationally accounting all physical and metaphysical systems.

Social relationships must follow these laws but at a complex level. Social behaviors must follow all the generalized scientific principles, such as those of *synergy* and *precession*. Because precession imposes angles other than 180 degrees upon all interactions of all moving systems of the universe, there are no straight lines demonstrated in nature. The fundamental wave behavior of all nature is a consequence of the omniintereffective precession. Most of our social undertakings try to analyze subjectively and to objectively persuade individuals to move in 180 degrees or straight-line paths. Such attempts are inherently futile. When society recognizes realistically that everything moves in an angular wave patterning, society will be able to accommodate its behavior in a more realistic and satisfactory manner. Democracy's right-left pulsations are imposed by nature's wave behavior. When society comprehends the omnirational, isotropic-vector-matrix, 60 degree angle coordinate system, which we have just identified, it may then be able to emulate the behavior of the masters of sailing ships and learn how to beat, which means angling first left and then right 45 degrees off the course leading directly into the wind, in order to accomplish distances in the direction from which the wind moves. Society finds it easy to sail with the wind, but has demonstrated a lesser capability in negotiating windward passages. To sail with the wind is to yield to evolutionary forces. To sail into the wind is to master forces. Anticipating, cooperating with and employing the forces of nature can only be accomplished by the mind. The wisdom manifest in the omniinterorderliness of the family of generalized principles operative in Universe can only be employed by the highest integrity of engagement of the mind's metaphysical intuiting and formulating capabilities.

We are able to assert that this rationally coordinating system

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bridge has been established between the science and humanities because we have made adequate experimental testing of it in a computerized world-resource-use exploration system which, by virtue of the proper inclusion of all the parameters—as guaranteed by the synergetic start with Universe and progressive differentiation out of all the parts—has demonstrated a number of alternate ways in which it is eminently feasible to provide not only full life support of all humans but also to permit all humans' individual enjoyment of all the Earth without anyone profiting at the expense of another and without any individuals interfering with others. We call this computerized assimilation of world resource uses The World Game.

While it takes but meager search to discover that many well-known concepts are false, it takes considerable search and even more careful examination of one's own personal experiences—and inadvertently spontaneous reflexing—to discover that there are many popularly and even professionally unknown yet nonetheless *fundamental* concepts that already have been discovered, by as yet obscure individuals, to hold true in all known cases. That is to say, many scientific generalizations have been discovered but have not come to the attention of what we call the educated world at large, thereafter to be incorporated tardily within the formal educational processes and even more tardily in the going political-economic affairs of everyday life. Knowledge of the existence and comprehensive significance of these as yet popularly unrecognized natural laws often is requisite to the solution of many of the as yet unsolved problems now confronting society. Lack of knowledge of the solution's existence often leaves humanity confounded when it need not be.

One of the least popularly known but highly valid members of our tentatively acknowledged *family of generalized principles* is the phenomenon *synergy*.

We describe synergy as *the behavior of whole systems unpredicted by the behavior of any of its separate parts or subassemblies of its parts*. If two massive spheres (A) and (B) of equal weight and diameter are suspended at a moderate distance apart, and both the distances between the points of suspension and between the centers of gravity of the two spheres are measured, it is found that the

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distance between the spheres' respective centers of gravity is less than the distance between the points of support and that the lesser distance between their gravity centers is even less than that which is caused by the fact that both are being pulled toward the same center of gravity of planet Earth. If sphere (A) is then moved and rehung from a point halfway between its first point of suspension and the point of suspension of (B), it will be discovered that the spheres (A) and (B) now hang even closer to each other than one-half the difference between their previously positioned centers of gravity. This phenomenon was first noted by Kepler. Newton showed that *halving* the distance between such masses four-folded their *mass attraction* for each other. This is to say that their attraction for each other increases as the second power of the rate of increase of their proximity to each other—halve the distance and the interattraction is four-folded. It explains Galileo's accelerating acceleration of falling bodies. There is nothing in the separate behaviors or in the dimensional or chemical characteristics of *any one such single massive entity*, that by itself suggests that it will not only attract but also be attracted by another neighboring massive entity. The behavior of the two together is unpredicted by either one by itself. There is nothing that a single massive sphere will or can ever do by itself that says it will both exert and yield attractively with a neighboring massive sphere. That is synergy.

Take three equiedged triangles, stack them together edge to edge as a three-sided tent. Inadvertently you have produced a fourth equiedged triangle at their base. Altogether they form a tetrahedron. This is synergy. One plus two equals four. Take one away from the four and only two remain. The one that was lost was annihilated.

Here is another synergy confirming instance: the tensile strength of chrome-nickel-steel is 350,000 pounds per square inch. This is 100,000 pounds stronger than 250,000 pounds per square inch, which is the sum of the tensile strengths of each and all of chrome-nickel-steel's constituent metals, which are: nickel 80,000 pounds per square inch, chromium 70,000, iron 60,000, while the sum of the minor ingredients—carbon, manganese, *et al.*—is 40,000 p.s.i. The augmented coherence of the whole chrome-nickel-steel alloy is accounted for only by the complex intermass attractions of

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the crowded together atoms. That *is* synergy. What is more startling is the fact that no scientists have the slightest idea why masses attract one another. The a priori is utter mystery. Universe apparently is omnisynergetic—no single part or experience will ever be able to explain the behavior of the whole. The more experience one has, the more opportunity there is to discover the synergetic effects, such as, for instance, to be able to discern a generalized principle. Discovery of a plurality of generalized principles then permits the discovery of the synergetic effects of their complex interactions. The synergetic effect produced by the interaction of the known family of generalized principles is probably what is spoken of as Wisdom.

Mass attraction is also involved in precession, which is another of the important, but popularly unknown, generalized principles. *Precession* allows a spinning top to lean over sideways without tipping further. *Precession* makes the gyrocompass hold its true north orientation without magnets and despite the ships' changes of course.

Precession is the effect of any body in motion upon any other body in motion, and the closer the proximity the more powerful the effect, and since all known bodies of macro-micro Universe are always in motion, all the intereffects of all bodies are always precessional, and those effects always result in the production of an angular change of course in the effected bodies. Thus, for instance, does the Sun's pull on the Earth induce its orbiting in a course around the Sun at 90 degrees to the gravitational pull; that is, the effect on the other body is always produced as an angular re-direction other than a 180 degrees direction *toward* or *away* from each other.

A corollary of synergy discloses that the *known behaviors of the whole plus the known behavior of some of the parts may make possible discovery of the presence of other parts and the latter's kinetic behaviors, structural form and relative dimensional characteristics.* For instance, the sum of the plane triangle's angles has been discovered to be always 180 degrees. The Greeks, thereafter, discovered that the known dimensional characteristics of three of the triangle's six conceptually recognizable total parts made pos-

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sible also the discretely calculable discovery of the dimensions of the other three parts.

Since we are intellectually advantaged with no more than the child's facile, lucid *eagerness to understand constructively and usefully the major transformational events of our own times,* it probably is *synergetically* advantageous to review swiftly the most comprehensive inventory of the most powerful, human-environment-transforming events of our *totally* known and reasonably extended history. This is especially useful in winnowing out and understanding the most significant of the *metaphysical, thought-and-viewpoint revolutions* now recognized as swiftly tending to reconstitute history. By such a comprehensively schematic review, we might identify also the unprecedented and possibly heretofore overlooked pivotal revolutionary events not only of today but also of those trending to be central to tomorrow's most cataclysmic changes.

It is synergetically reasonable to assume also that relativistic evaluation of any of the separate artistic, scientific, educational, economic and ideologic drives—and their complexedly interacting trends within our own times—may only be had through the most comprehensive historical sweep of which we are capable.

If we can complete such a sweep, a synergetic understanding of humanity's cosmic functioning could be produced, which, until now, had been both undiscovered and unpredictable due to our deliberate and exclusive preoccupation only with the separate statistics of separate events. As a typical consequence of the latter, we observe our society's persistent increase of educational and employment specialization, despite the already mentioned well-documented scientific disclosure that biological extinction is always occasioned by overspecialization. Specialization's preoccupation with parts deliberately forfeits the opportunity to apprehend and comprehend what is provided exclusively by synergy.

Today's news consists only of aggregates of fragments. Anyone who has taken part in any event that has subsequently appeared in the news is aware of the gross disparity between the actual and reported events. The insistence by reporters upon having advance

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"releases" of what, for instance, convocation speakers are supposedly going to say, but *in fact have not yet said,* automatically discredits the value of the largely prefabricated news. We also learn frequently of prefabricated and prevaricated events of a complex nature purportedly undertaken for purposes either of suppressing or rigging the news, which in turn perverts humanity's tactical information resources. All history becomes suspect. Probably our most polluted resource is that of the tactical information to which humanity spontaneously reflexes.

Furthermore, today's hyperspecialization in socioeconomic functioning has come to preclude important popular philosophic considerations of the synergetic significance of, for instance, such historically important events as the discovery, within the general region of experimental inquiry known as virology, that the as yet popularly assumed validity of the concepts of *animate* and *inanimate* phenomena have been experimentally invalidated. Atoms and crystal complexes of atoms were held to be obviously inanimate —the protoplasmic cells of biological phenomena were held to be obviously animate. It was deemed to be common sense that warm-blooded, moist- and soft-skinned humans were clearly not to be confused with hard, cold granite or steel objects. A clearcut threshold between animate and inanimate was therefore assumed to exist as a fundamental dichotomy of all physical phenomena. This seemingly placed life exclusively within the bounds of the physical. The supposed location of the threshold between animate and inanimate was methodically narrowed down by experimental science until it was confined specifically within the domain of virology. Virologists have been too busy, for instance, with their DNA-RNA genetic code isolatings to find time or to see the synergetic significance to society of the fact that they have found that no threshold does in fact exist between *animate* and *inanimate.* The possibility of its existence vanished because the supposedly unique physical qualities of both animate and inanimate have persisted right across yesterday's supposed threshold in both directions to permeate each other's, previously conceived to be, exclusive domains. Subsequently, what was animate has become foggier and foggier and what is inanimate clearer and clearer. The inanimate alone is not

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only omnipresent but is alone experimentally demonstrable. Belated news of this threshold elimination must be interpreted to mean that whatever life may *be* it has *not* been isolated and thereby identified as residual in the biological cell as had been supposed by the false assumption that there was a separate physical phenomenon called animate within which life existed. No *life* per se has been isolated. Because of the threshold's vanishing, those chemists who are preoccupied in synthesizing the particular atomically structured molecules identified as the prime constituents of humanly employed organisms, if chemically successful, will be as remote from creating life as are automobile manufacturers from creating the human drivers of their automobiles. Only the physical connections and development of complexes of distinctly "nonlife" atoms into molecules, into cells, into animals, has been and will be discovered. The genetic coding of the design controls of organic systems offers no more explanation of life than did the specifications for the design of the telephone system's apparatus and operation explain the nature of the *life* that communicates weightlessly to *life* over the only physically ponderable telephone system. Whatever else life may be, we know it is weightless. At the moment of death no weight is lost. All the chemicals, including the chemist's life ingredients, are present but life has vanished. The physical is inherently entropic—gives off energy in ever more disorderly ways. The metaphysical is antientropic and methodically marshals energy. Life is antientropic. It is spontaneously inquisitive. It sorts out and endeavors to understand.

The overconcentration on details of hyperspecialization has also been responsible for the lack of recognition *by science* of its inherently mandatory responsibility to reorient all our educational curricula because of the synergetically disclosed but popularly uncomprehended significance of the 1956 Nobel Prize-winning discovery in physics of the experimental invalidation of the concept of "parity," by which science previously had misassumed that positive-negative complementations consisted exclusively of mirror-imaged behaviors of physical energy phenomena. Inasmuch as the difference between any conceptual system and total Universe is always one weightless, invisible tetrahedron if our physical, con-

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ceptual system is a regular equiedged tetrahedron, then its complementation may be a weightless, metaphysical tetrahedron of various edge lengths—ergo, nonmirror-imaged—yet with both the visible and invisible tetrahedra's corner angles adding to 720 degrees respectively, although one be equiedged and the other variedged.

In this connection it has also been overlooked by specialization that our society needed to realize that disclosures of nuclear physics show that every positively weighted particle has its negatively weighted complementary, but nonmirror-imaged, counterpart behavior—all of which combines to disclose that *the integrated weights of physical Universe add to zero.* This makes it synergetically clear that, while man makes his nonsimultaneous, separate, positive and negatively balancing measurements of physical phenomenon, sum totally—ergo, synergetically—Universe and its experiences cannot be considered as being physical for they balance out as weightless; and weightless experience is metaphysical —physical phenomena having been identified by the physicist as being *always* uniquely *weighable,* that is, ponderable—detectable by the mass-attracted levering of an indicator needle.

Science's self-assumed responsibility has been self-limited to the disclosure to society only of the separate, supposedly physical —because separately weighable—atomic component isolations data. Synergetic integrity would require the scientists to announce that in reality what had been identified heretofore as physical is entirely metaphysical, because synergetically weightless. Metaphysical has been science's designation of all weightless phenomena such as thought. Because, as noted before, science has made no *experimental* finding of any phenomenon that can be described as either a solid or as continuous, or as a *straight* surface plane, or straight line or as *infinite* anything, we are now experimentally and synergetically forced to conclude that all phenomena are metaphysical, wherefore as many have long suspected—"like it or not"—life apparently is but a dream.

As already mentioned, science has found no UP or DOWN directions of Universe—yet scientists are personally so ill-coordinated that they all as yet personally and sensorially see "solids"

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going up or down as, for instance, they see the Sun "going down." Sensorially disconnected from their theoretically evolved information, scientists sense no need on their part to suggest any educational reforms to correct their half-a-millennium-tolerated misconceiving.

Society depends upon its scientists for just such educational reform guidance—where else might society turn for advice? Unguided by science, society is allowed to go right on filling its children's brain banks, reflexing with large inventories of competence, with devastating misinformation. Society will probably have to rely exclusively upon its individuals' own minds to survey the pertinent experimental data, as have all great scientist-artists, in order to emerge from its massive ignorance. This in effect is what the intuition of world-around youth is beginning to do. Mind can now see that reality is evoluting into weightless metaphysics. The well-spring of reality is the family of weightless generalized principles.

Given the honor and opportunity to present the Nehru Memorial lecture, why have I undertaken to discuss all these matters, when the length of my discourse breaks the bounds of protocol for such formal social occasions of humanity? I have done so simply because I knew Nehru, and having experienced the integrity of his mind, I am confident that I am doing exactly that which he would have me do on this occasion, no matter how long it may take.

I have never before prepared an address in advance. I have found that it is possible to discipline oneself to *think* aloud with recourse only to one's best preparation, which is, of course, everything that we have learned in our total life to the moment of speaking. When I think aloud with audiences, large and small, as I have on many occasions, I look in their eyes throughout my discourse for inspiration and response. I have learned to communicate aloud for all present the silent dialogue of our minds. How do I know that it is so? Because so many audiences have stayed with me for such unusually long sessions and have applauded in a manner that said I was interpreting them correctly. Having learned that for the first time I must write an address in advance, I have thought of speaking directly and at length to Nehru, as I have in the past, and while

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thinking of Nehru, I have had to think of all humanity for that is what Nehru did. On this occasion, I have the best opportunity that will ever occur in my life to gain the thought and attention of world man. If mankind is indeed listening to me, then I want to say, in the most economical way, all that I am convinced is essential toward releasing humanity from the false fixations of yesterday, which seem now to bind it to a rationale of action leading only to extinction.

We recall our earlier geometrical discovery that a small closed-line figure such as a triangle or square or circle, drawn on the surface of a closed system such as the Earth, inadvertently produces a large triangle, square or circle, respectively, on the system's surface that complements the small one.

Throughout the last five millenniums the most powerfully armied and navied northern nations of the world staked out their claims progressively to the southward, seizing from their inhabitants economic control of all the obviously productive dry land of our planet. They gradually left a smaller and smaller southern residue of unclaimed lands, the most populated of which has been known in historical geography as "India." Then some of the great powers claimed even those lands of India, although they were already occupied by one-sixth of all humanity crowded together. Then, because of waning strength, the powerful foreign rulers renounced their claims and withdrew, leaving the people there not as *sovereign claimants* but as the natives. The borders of these native world humans were simply closed in upon them. The people never claimed them. India is an inadvertent aggregate.

There happened to be among these people those whose vision and integrity enabled this vast aggregate to integrate itself as a self-governing entity. India should declare itself to be the first inherent home of world man. Because other states had declared their independent individual sovereignties, India is simply the remaining unclaimed region inadvertently identified by the others' sovereignty-claiming. The Earth has no naturally sovereign countries. Sovereignty is only an invention of powerfully armed ambitious men. The geographical location called "India" naturally embraces one-sixth of all humanity. These people are there only because it

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is where they happened to be born. India has more different languages (300) within the lands left to it by all the others' sovereign claims than exist outside the borders closed in upon it. If India, renouncing sovereign claims and affirming its position as the residual free lands of world man, were to offer its passport to all who wished to be free world men, I think it highly possible that a billion young people around all the Earth would apply for such passports. They would not have to come to India but would live around the world with India's world man passport. Clearly, the world's young people abhor sovereign nationalism and bias of any kind.

India has all the world's different religions and political ideologies operative within it. It has pure and crossbred strains of all humanity and has the longest sustained known years of cultural continuity.

It has within it the world's largest proportion of total population committed to integrity of thought—and also has within it experience with all the ramifications of science, technology, agriculture and animal husbandry from their very beginnings. India has been exploited ruthlessly and selfishly by outsiders, who have not only robbed it progressively of the cream of its five thousand years of wealth production but, while doing so, also have organized the world's monetary exchange system to guarantee that India will remain the most depressed of all the world's economies. That world economic accounting scheme has not been the invention of contemporary world masters. It is a deliberate thought frustration maze of complexity, which is only continued because man does not know how to escape it and with what to replace it—and therefore, tolerates its continuance as a human custom, being reflexively accepted by little men in big places, who don't know any better than to copy the patterns of those who administered before them.

I have produced my geodesic dome structures in India. I have found India's metal-working craftsmen to be as capable as any in the world. They have the longest tradition and experience. India's metal workers are her highest paid craftsmen. I could take any of them to Detroit or Los Angeles in America where in the auto or airspace technologies they could have jobs as toolmakers, which

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would pay them each day as much as they earn in half a year in India.

All the international exchanging is anchored exclusively to the value of metals. No international value is given to the hours of humanity. But, in fact, the limited increments of each human's lifetime constitute all of its prime capital assets. Only the struggle of each and every human in history to turn his available time to higher account has brought about the discovery of the principles hidden in Nature's behavior that have permitted humans to employ them to ever higher technical advantage. No improvement has ever accrued to base metals or real estate per se. All wealth augmentations are by the weightless, metaphysical mind. Yet all of the evaluations of everything socioeconomically accredited as constituting wealth have been imposed by armed might, as constituting only the physical media of exchange. Everything called wealth is, however, an a priori product of nature whose effectiveness has been amplified by individuals' experienced thought and hours of invested personal time. When, in exploiting scarcity producing strategems, the so-called money-makers raise commodity prices, they do not make the metals or the real estate of greater value. They simply depress the purchasing equity given to humanity's time. Their commodities are extractions of the same old rock, sand and gravel. The lifetime savings of increasing numbers of hard-working, esteemed and now retired people are being rendered progressively inadequate by the price lifters' nonproductive strategems. And the most depressingly affected numbers of humanity are those members of world society situated in India.

So let the headlines read, "India affirms its nonsovereignty claiming status. For it is the one-sixth segment of world-man society that had no ambition to conquer and for the moment happens to be confined geographically within the Indian peninsula by the world's masters-at-arms." India will have no trouble in continuing as a happenstance community because it is forced to coalesce by the external pressures upon it of the sovereign arms of others. Greater India is the millennium-long homeland base of world man. Humans have migrated away from it for untold eons carrying the basic root language to all the world's shores. For those untold

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thousands of years its world-roving tribes have tarried here and there, sometimes for days, sometimes for centuries, sometimes for thousands of years, inbreeding with chieftains persistently marrying their close relations. This intruding has concentrated those particular genes most adaptable to the local geographical idiosyncracies. Their language was also inbred into remote dialects. All these inbreedings, which weed out general adaptability and universal characteristics, have made the world's people seem so different as to have given rise to the false assumption of an original installation of different races of humans aboard our planet. The wandering conquerors from time to time have come back to prey upon India, stealing her wealth away. They have exploited her long developing skills and have nibbled away her borderlands.

In our discovery of omnikinetic geometry's always-and-only, inward-outward and around systems complementations lies also the clue to the strength of Gandhi's passive resistance, whose success now may be amplified, for instance, by recognizing that nothing need be done to validate the area of India as belonging inherently to world humans—for Indian lands are "ipso facto" residually theirs. All the sovereign lands beyond the geography labeled "India" were indeed claimed by the strength of arms. They were not assigned to their conquerors by God, or by the alleged divine right of the king they served.

The people of India have no more need to claim the land on which they dwell than need the oceans establish legal pretense to ownership of the spherical Earth surface depressions that they fill.

It is only the metaphysical that can rearrange the physical landscape to human advantage, and the metaphysical proclivities are rampant in India. Words are memorials of the metaphysical victories of hard-earned mutual understandings of humanity. A large proportion of humanity's words were first formulated in India. The first-known philosophy of humanity written in words was found in India. Yes, India is the last unclaimed homeland of a fundamentally inspired, intellectually dominated humanity.

Three-quarters of the Earth is covered by water. Its powerful untamed ways have until now defied all attempts to establish sovereign ownership claims to the exclusive occupancy of any lat-

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itude- and longitude-defined areas of its surging, drifting, ever-intermixing, world-around flowing turbulence. The present sovereign claimants to the dry land, however, are about to attempt to stake out for themselves sea-bottom areas as sovereign properties—doing so either by outright warring or by agreements exclusively amongst those of military might.

The youth of humanity all around our planet are intuitively revolting from all sovereignties and political ideologies. The youth of Earth are moving intuitively toward an utterly classless, omni-cooperative, omniworld humanity. India as a self-willed and self-organized people can publicly affirm the ipso facto nonclaimance to any sovereign lands. Such an act can catalyze the beginning of the beginning of humanity's realistic, metaphysical validation of the a priori worth of human life in Universe. Children freed of our ignorantly founded educational traditions and exposed only to their spontaneously summoned, computer stored and distributed outflow of reliable, opinion-purged, experimentally verified data shall indeed lead society to its happy egress from all lethally misinformed, fearfully imposed and physically enforced customs of yesterday. They can lead all humanity into omnisuccessful survival as well as entrance into an utterly new era of human experience in an as yet and ever-will-be fundamentally mysterious Universe. And whence will come the wealth with which India may afford to undertake to lead world man into his new and validly hopeful life? From the wealth of the minds of world man—whence comes all wealth. Only mind can discover how to do so much with so little as forever to be able to sustain and physically satisfy all humanity.

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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Where a gram = 1 cubic centimeter of water at 4° C.

$$6.6 = \frac{20}{3} = \frac{\text{Volume Vector Equilibrium}}{\text{Volume Cube}}$$

Planck's Constant

$\hbar = 6.6 \cdot 10^{-27}$ *gram cm.² / sec.*

$10^{-27} = 1$ *c.c. water into photon*

Gravitational Constant

$G = 6.6 \cdot 10^{-8}$ *gram / sec.²*

Synergetically Symmetric

True Rational Volumes where Tetrahedron is Unity	*Locally Symmetrical, Omni-triangulated*	*Locally Mixed Sym-asym. Omni-triangulated*	*Locally Asymmetrical, Omni-triangulated*	*Space Fillers*	*Complementary Space Fillers*	*System*	*Euler Formula* $V+F=E+2$	*Fuller Synergetic Treatment Extracts Two Polar Vertices For Neutral Axis* $V+F=E$	*Remainder Divided by Two* $V^{NP}+F=E$ $2+4=6$ $\div 2$ $1+2=3$	*Fuller Synergetic Treatment Divides by Fundamental withinness and withoutness, Convex—Concave Disparate Twoness* $\div 2$
1		1 : 1			•	Vector Edge Tetra	4+4=6+2	$2+4=6$ $\div 2$ $1+2=3$	1+2=3 ×1	*Fuller's Topological Formula for all Dynamically symetrical Omni-triangulated Polyhedra (where P=A Prime No.) (where υ=Frequency)*
4		1 : 2			• •	Vector Edge Octa	6+8=12+2	$4+8=12$ $\div 2$ $2+4=6$	×2	
5				•		Alternating+to−tetra Vector Diagonal	8+12=18+2	$6+12=18$ $\div 2$ $3+6=9$	×3	$\upsilon^2 P\left(\frac{V^{NP}+F=E}{1+2=3}\right)+2^{PV}$
20					•	Vector Equilibrium	12+20=30+2	$10+20=30$ $\div 2$ $5+10=15$	×5	
18.510		1 : 4.63				Vector Edge Icosahedron	12+20=30+2	$10+20=30$ $\div 2$ $5+10=15$	×5	*υ=Frequency of Modular Subdivision of Exterior Edges of System, Tetra, Octa, Icosa.*
8.490	27.000			•		Vector Edge Cube	14+24=36+2	$2V^P$ $12+24=36$ $\div 2$ $6+12=18$	×3×2	
6		Area: Volume Ratio		•		Vector Diagonal Rhombic Dodecahedron	14+24=36+2	$12+24=36$ $\div 2$ $6+12=18$	×3×2	*Multiplication of one of first four prime numbers 1, 2, 3, 5 or their powers or multiples by Topological Abundance Constant 1+2=3*
25.986				•		Vector Edge Rhombic Dodecahedron	14+24=36+2	$12+24=36$ $\div 2$ $6+12=18$	×3×2	
65.018	91.004					Vector Edge Dodecahedron	32+60=90+2	$30+60=90$ $\div 2$ $15+30=45$	×3×5	
96				•		Vector Edge Tetraxidecahedron	32+60=90+2	$30+60=90$ $\div 2$ $15+30=45$	×3×5	1 *Non Polar Vertex* + 2 *Faces* = 3 *Edges*
						Vector Edge Triacontahedron	32+60=90+2	$30+60=90$ $\div 2$ $15+30=45$	×3×5	
						Vector Edge Enenicontahedron	92+180=270+2	$90+180=270$ $\div 2$ $45+90=135$	$\times 3^2 \times 5$	

Topological Hierarchies. Copyright 1970 by R. Buckminster Fuller.

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Night Between Springfield and Boston

EUGENIA PLUNKETT

Out of the ways of the deer and the pilgrims,
Where they once stalked wearily, the deer
At least at home, if hungry, and the men
Hungry and lonely for fire where white fire
Of snow bit cheek and nose and eye and chin—

There,
Truly novitiate in the new
England, I come to meet (as one meets new
Valleys and rocks and mountains), also new,
My ten-days-absent-and-inquiring you.

Ten days sun-kissed and round (an orange), I played
My father tennis for his Christmas present.
We laughed, ignoring all hereditary
Melancholy. Now, headlit through night,
His own genetic melancholy baby,
I slide my Rambler through the snow to you.

Oh pilgrim, one
Sure father of my faith, my self-made man,
Brave as a pilgrim and tenacious to
Your dream as snow is to these treads, to their
Soles and their souls (the fathers), if I told
How hard my dream fights in the snow to hold
Its own . . . how deep down it could sink in snow,
I would have told what you knew long ago.

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To wit, that personal journey must be made
By everyone who ever had a fire
(The South's round sun or England's homey hearth)
Both back, and forth.

With storm inside and outside me, I think
How you have stormed your way
To your own humming colony
Of deft responsibility.
I long to vent my pride in it, but wind
Reminds my chattering teeth, which then tell me,
"Louder than all your constitutional
Poetics, action will brave snow-waves and
Will speak to him. Pilgrim, be unafraid."

My car creeps on,
Stuttering through the snow.
New England wind whips round, and in a glade,
Near the highway, where a deer might go,
I see the ghosts of pilgrims in a flurry.
They mingle and approach. My car creeps on.
And dead ahead comes (white like night)—the dawn.

✪ EUGENIA PLUNKETT grew up in Arkansas, and has studied at Radcliffe, the University of Arkansas, and recently at Brandeis University. Her work has appeared in the *Yale Review* and *Hudson Review*.

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The Doctor and Newcomers to the Ghetto

ROBERT COLES

SICKNESS IS OFTEN AN OBJECTIVE MATTER that can be observed, measured, declared evident on the basis of telltale signs or symptoms described by a worried patient; more subjectively, sickness leads to a sense of special trouble or difficulty or pain by a person who in his or her own way has noticed a shift in things, a variation from the normal, a variation that upsets, alarms, prompts a visit to the doctor. If I feel tired, then feverish, then without appetite, and if aches and pains begin to come over me, I say to myself that something wrong has taken place within my body, that I am feeling bad, that if such a state of affairs persists I had better go consult a colleague of mine. For thousands and thousands of American citizens that sequence of events simply does not take place. I refer, of course, to human beings who have known illness and pain as a constant fact of life, as things that are *there,* always there, not occasionally or surprisingly or unaccountably there, but there inevitably, to be suffered and lived with and endured, even as is life itself, which also has its daily quota of hurt and wrong and soreness and affliction and a million adversities that the rest of us, in search of imagery, refer to as collective proof of a "diseased society." I refer more specifically to the extremely poor men, women and children who once lived in rural areas of the South or Appalachia, often in counties with few doctors even to care for the well-to-do, and no doctors for people who have in essence no money.

These people have now come to our cities by the millions from, say, Tunica County, Mississippi, or Wolfe County in eastern Kentucky, places in which about half the residents make something like one thousand dollars a year or less—*that* in the inflationary late

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sixties. Once they were sharecroppers, tenant farmers or sturdy mountaineers—sturdy all right, but desperately hungry and with no prospect of work. Today they are "city folk," as some of them disdainfully put it, thereby showing just how reluctant they were to leave in the first place despite all the meanness and harshness, the brutish exploitative ways left behind. They knew they would at last be getting a little something: getting work in good times, getting the larger welfare checks that northern cities offer, getting undreamed-of things, like running water and refrigerators and electricity and sewers and paved roads and sidewalks, along which one can walk a little more confidently than was the case "back there." It is nice, it is lifesaving to be away from the sheriff in Alabama and the courthouse gangs that run parts of Kentucky and West Virginia with an iron hand that quite naturally holds the keys to a generous larder for a certain few. It is nice to be in cities where light can be had so easily, and clean water so readily. It is also like this: "These streets, and all that you see here, and live with, it's like Hell, like what the preacher told us Hell would be like. He always did say Hell would be more comfortable and more terrible, both at the same time, and now I know what he meant."

She is a newcomer to a northern ghetto, the woman who spoke those words, and if she is now very much better off, she has recently been tired and weary and, as a matter of fact, sick—to a doctor's eye and ear, very sick. She has been thin, much too thin in view of the starchy diet she holds to. A short while back her skin appeared wet and in places markedly wrinkled. She always seemed short of breath, and a few steps compelled her to stop and breathe heavily and finally "catch up," as she puts it. While she was doing that, doing exactly that physiologically, as a matter of fact, catching up on the oxygen she needed, she invariably would put her right hand to her chest. If asked why, she would tell why: "I get the pains." If asked more, she would tell more: "I've been getting these pains ever since I can recall. I was little, and I'd have the pains over here in my chest. That was in Sweet Water, Alabama, yes sir, in Marengo County. They were growing pains I used to call them, because my momma told me that was what they were. When I was all grown, and the pains didn't leave, I decided they would be with me all my life, and there wasn't anything I could do but accept them, like you

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do the things, the lots and lots of things, that come to you all of a sudden and don't ever leave."

Unfortunately her resignation, her sad but philosophical acquiescence, only lasts so long; at times she becomes quite frightened and fears she will die. The pain in her chest becomes stabbing, the shortness of breath severe, palpitations begin, and stay and stay, until she concludes she is about to "go," a word she uses in place of "die"—I have never heard her use that word, not in some six years of talk, a significant part of which has had to do with illnesses and with the serious, even crippling effects those illnesses have visited upon various members of her family. She can remember "that feeling" in her chest as a child, and now she still goes through what she remembers: "I'd have that feeling coming all over my chest, and I'd think God was calling to me, this time He was, and I'd better get ready to go. I'd say to myself that my little sister that departed, I'd be seeing her, maybe in Heaven, so I wouldn't be lonely. I'd be ready. I'd take a breath, and I'd think it was the last one, the last breath I'd ever breathe. Then another breath would come, and I'd have to get ready all over again to say goodbye. After a while God must have changed His mind. He still hasn't made up His mind. I get my spells, and sometimes I'm sure I'm at the end of my stay here, and I'll soon be gone, all gone, and sometimes I'm sure—by now I am—that I'll get through and last until another time, because it's not so bad this time, it doesn't hurt so much. There are people that God calls right away, real sudden-like, once He's decided to do so, and there are people He just can't be sure about, and He waits and waits, and I'm one of that kind, I guess."

As a physician I long ago made some reasonable guesses about what ailed her. When I first met her and got to know her—in Alabama in 1963—I decided that she might well have a thyroid condition, hyperthyroidism to be exact. Her eyes were large, a little shining, and demonstrated a certain stare that one can see in such cases. She was thin, tense, highly sensitive to heat and very much troubled by profuse sweating, hence the wet skin I mentioned above. For all her thinness, her frail appearance, her nervousness, she ate quite well, even heartily, although she had an appetite for the wrong things, I in my lofty wisdom kept on noticing

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—and to make matters worse and more complicated, she couldn't afford a lot of the sounder, healthier foods she might have eaten, were they there for the asking. She was eating voraciously of candy and bread and potatoes and pork that was more fat than meat, although she did insist that given the opportunity she would eat better pork—of course she would!—that is, pork with a lot of meat to it, "except that it costs, it costs and costs."

I thought a doctor ought to evaluate her heart, her "cardiac status" as it is put, as well as her thyroid. Her stories about her childhood suggested to me that she had as a girl contracted rheumatic fever, which in turn had caused damage to her heart, enough damage to give her rather classical symptoms: chest pain, cough, shortness of breath, palpitations, swelling of her ankles, which she remembers getting from time to time "thick and heavy and real puffy," then gradually becoming better. Her more recent nervousness, her tendency to perspire excessively, her marked loss of weight without any concomitant loss of appetite suggested the thyroid difficulty.

At the age of thirty Rosa Lee Welch had gone North, having never once laid eyes on a doctor, and at the age of thirty-one had still not had the medical work-up she so obviously needed—mind you, after a year in Boston's Roxbury, after a year of living within a few miles of some three medical schools and some hospitals that are the world's finest. I urged upon her a visit to a clinic. I told her how concerned many doctors are—yes, concerned about people like her. I told her about America's younger doctors, especially about them; they are trying to involve themselves in the lives and problems of the poor, and she, Mrs. Rosa Lee Welch of Sweet Water, Alabama, she was just the kind of woman those doctors would welcome, would want to help, would try to help, *would* help. She listened and she nodded her head, but she also shook it, and, interestingly enough, she did the latter at just the point I least expected to elicit her misgivings. Certainly doctors up North want to help me, she seemed to say with her face, her look, the movement of her head. Certainly they are around here; they must be, because if they're nowhere to be found by the likes of me in Marengo County, and if they are not in Boston either, except for the rich, then a poor person in America will never find them anywhere. Certainly

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they would try hard, those doctors. In her words: "They wouldn't be good doctors if they didn't try to beat an illness when they see it. Like you say, they have the colleges up here, the good ones, and they'd probably want to help me out, I know they would. At least I hope they would."

For all her assurances she didn't quite believe what she accepted as true. She had to say she hoped the doctors would help rather than knew for certain that they would. Still, that kind of doubt was not the one that really bothered her and, as it turned out, very much surprised me. What most of all kept her away from an active pursuit of medical evaluation came to this—and no words of mine can match hers, do justice to the range and complexity of fears and hesitations and expectations and beliefs that side by side struggled for acknowledgment and expression in her mind: "I'd go if they'd be of help, like you say. But I don't believe they can do much, the doctors. They'll mess you up, a lot of the time they will. My aunt, she was someone special. She worked for the bossman's wife. She took care of her room and her clothes, and she cooked for her. She was her favorite, of all the colored that worked for her, she was the one that the missus liked the most, and she told Leona so. She said she couldn't live without Leona, because she has 'the best temperament in the world.' Leona would come over and tell my mother that it don't make any difference if she gets a lot of money or a little (she got a little!) so long as the missus spoke so much good of her all the time. My daddy once asked her, Leona, if she could eat all the 'good' that was spoken of her and feed it to her children, but Leona started crying, and my mother told my daddy to get out fast and not be so bad-tongued.

"One day Leona took sick. She'd been having headaches, you know, like everyone has. She'd been having bad digestion, like you do. Then all of a sudden, right in front of the missus, she got a bad headache and her stomach started hurting something terrible; and then she threw up all she'd had over there to eat, and she fell to the floor and passed out. I guess she'd told the missus her head was hurting bad and her stomach, and the next thing she was down, right beside the refrigerator, we heard. The missus acted as though someone of her own was sick. She called her husband, and he called the hospital, and they made a special case of it, and took Leona

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right over and put her in a room, all to herself. There were no colored there, and the room Leona had, it was reserved for the rich ones, of the whites.

"Well, it was an awful thing. They wouldn't let us come visit her, only the missus. My daddy lost his good sense and started being funny with my mother. He said Leona had suddenly turned white, and that was what had happened—she'd collapsed on her face and turned white and so, naturally, they won't let us see her, because she's all locked up there in the hospital, with the white people, while they try to figure out what to do. He never should have talked like that, because Leona died—it was hardly a day or two after she fell sick and went there, went to the hospital. We never learned what it was that happened to her. The missus told us she wasn't sure, either. She said the doctors told her that Leona had about a dozen things wrong with her, that's right, and maybe even more than that.

"She was called by God; that's what I believe. She must have been upset there, in the hospital. She never was inside a place like that, I'm sure. It was a brick building, large and with glass doors. We went and looked at it. We asked them if they please wouldn't just let Leona look out of the window, so that we could see her and wave to her, and she could see us and wave to us. The nurse told us to go, and the faster the better. So we did. Leona went too—do you see? Leona knew the doctors wanted to help her. The missus said Leona told her she knew that. I'm sure she did. But Leona never before had asked anyone in this world to help her, but God. I do believe that she must have prayed extra special hard to Him when she woke up and found herself there in that place, all by herself, in a room she was, with the white people doing things to her, to help her, I know, to help get her better. Now she's *really* better, thank God."

The longer she talks the more apparent it becomes that she is not to be immediately judged as afraid, pure and simple—afraid of hospitals and doctors through "ignorance" and all the other things so easily ascribed to her and others like her. Of course, her aunt's quick death in a hospital that barred her and other visitors cannot be forgotten. Of course, she has no real awareness of how doctors and hospitals work, especially in a city like Boston. Of course, she

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is badly educated, in fact barely able to write her name and unable to read. Nor can I deny her the suspicions and superstitions that go with her particular sort of life. Yet, for all that, I do not believe she keeps herself away from doctors and hospitals *only* because she is uneducated, behind the times, benighted and misinformed. When she can be persuaded to talk about herself more generally, talk about the larger thrust of her life, she omits mention of Leona and that terrible event; she doesn't even talk about doctors and hospitals. She does talk about life's burdens, though—and she does make it rather clear, after a while, how, for her, sickness and all that goes with sickness have never been absent, have been so much a part of daily living that only a fresh start, a new life, could conceivably do away with "the miseries, all the miseries you feel."

Now, is she talking about specific aches and pains? Would not a complete and thorough medical checkup, followed by first-rate treatment, do away with those complaints, make her feel better, give back to her the good health she has lacked for so long? Here is how she might answer those questions, even if the questions she actually happened to answer merely had to do with such ordinary and broad (and apparently unrelated) matters as how she spends her time and what she wants out of life: "I've been hurting all my life, and I don't ever expect to stop hurting. All day long there's one thing or another to put up with. When I was a little girl I asked my mother once if she couldn't do something that would stop my pains, and she didn't ask me where they were or how bad they were; no sir, she said there wasn't anything that could be done, except by God Himself, because He's the only Healer who can really heal. She used to take us to the minister, and his wife, and they'd pray over us and put their hands on us and try to drive all the devils away, but they told us the same thing my mother did, that you mustn't expect too much, because God has His own ideas when He'll accept you and use you.

"A doctor, what can a doctor do to change our lives, even if he would come here, right over here to our building, and give us all the medicines he had? Could he make him fix those stairs and get rid of the garbage? Could he help us with our children, so they can find jobs and earn the money they need? I don't blame anyone and not the doctors, not them. We never heard of them in Alabama,

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and we've only been up here a year, and maybe it's real different up here, but it's not all *that* different. The welfare lady, she tried to make that landlord come here and kill all these rats, these rats that bite my children all the time; but she can't get him to lift a single finger of his big fat hand. Could a doctor get him to be a better Christian man? I don't believe it. Landlords, a lot of them, have the devil in them, like the bossmen down South. I sure have the devil in me. The landlord won't do what he should, and I want to go kill him, like he should be killing the rats. The Bible says we should forgive; we should be forgiving. I can't be; I can't feel that way. I guess that's one reason God makes me suffer, and my children, too.

"I was hardly born before I almost departed; so maybe God was keeping His eye on me way back then, and trying to warn me about being bad, and losing my temper. I threw a brick at the man who collects the rent. I missed. He said he'd have the police here, but he didn't call them. He told the next-door people that he didn't blame us for the way we felt, but all he does is collect the rent, not own the place.

"Like I said, I don't remember anything, but they tell me I nearly went several times, I nearly did, as a baby. I can remember later on, when I was my Mary's age, when I was six or so, I guess—then I can remember my mother looking over me, and the minister and his wife, and they prayed and prayed and prayed, and my mother just kept on holding my hand in her hand, and I do believe she got me better that way. When a child of mine falls ill, I hold him, I hold her. I hold them and hold them. I pray for them; and God will listen—sometimes. I remember being hot, and the sweat was coming out all over me, and it was summer out, down there in Alabama, but I was so hot my mother said I was hotter than the sun was, even then, in the middle of the hottest day you could want. She had my daddy bring the water in, a pail at a time, from the well, and she'd wet the cloth and then cover up my forehead with it, cool, cool cloth. After a while I stopped being so hot. Then I got better, I guess.

"I can remember other times. I hate to think of them. I'm going through the same troubles with my own children. They get the chills. They get the fevers. They get the rat bites. They tell

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me they're not getting all the food they want to eat, just like I used to tell my mother the same thing. Up here you can get welfare if there's no work, but only if your husband leaves you. My husband won't leave."

Perhaps that mother, Mrs. Rosa Lee Welch, that relative newcomer to a northern ghetto, is a little more sad, a little less hopeful, than other ghetto mothers are—or at least should be, say we doctors or lawyers or teachers or activists of sorts, who believe and feel and know that things are getting better, slowly perhaps, but definitely. Perhaps that mother will find out, has in fact already found out, how significantly different Roxbury, Massachusetts, is from Sweet Water, Alabama, and especially different with respect to the kind of medical services offered. Yet much of Mrs. Welch's despair is not unusual; it is shared by her neighbors, even those who have lived in Roxbury years longer than she has. I could easily call upon psychological words like fear and depression and suspiciousness and skepticism, as indeed I already have, to explain such attitudes, such lack of hope and confidence; and I could, of course, add the familiar sociological or anthropological facts that give rather a lot of external justification to those "internal" matters, those states of mind or mood or whatever—which, in this woman's case, and in the case of thousands, if not millions, like her, reflect what is real, what goes on in their particular world. I much prefer, however, not only her own words and thoughts and explanations, as I have already tried to convey them, but, even more important and I believe revealing, her medical history and her husband's and children's—as nearly as they can be reconstructed by a listener and an observer like me, who has taken those histories, heard them being recited in Roxbury and also "back there" or "down there" in Sweet Water, Alabama.

I have to say it again: in the Sweet Waters of this rich and mighty nation—and by no means are those towns confined to Alabama or the South, and by no means am I only talking about black families—doctors are not around or, if they are, poor people don't know about them, have never seen them, and have learned over the generations to make do as best they can by themselves on all the occasions the rest of us associate with clinics and offices and hospitals. In Sweet Water a family such as the one Aunt Leona and her nieces and nephews came from learns to deal with birth, ill-

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ness or death on its own. Aunt Leona's sudden ending, for all the examinations done on her, the tests taken, the equipment brought into her room, was clearly an exceptional, surprising and fearful experience, and one not easily put aside by those who came and looked at that hospital building—as outsiders at that particular moment, but also as long-standing outsiders, who would have felt no less confused and overwhelmed and even betrayed had they, after all, been admitted to the dying woman's room. Aunt Leona's niece, Mrs. Rosa Lee Welch, whom I have quoted at some length, was in fact delivered by Aunt Leona and another aunt, Josephine, who herself died giving birth to a baby. To slip into medical language, a child's destiny in Sweet Water, if he is black and poor *or* white and poor (and there are more poor whites in Alabama, not to mention the Appalachian states, than we sometimes realize), can be put this way: he or she is born to a mother who has received no prenatal care, and is born outside a hospital, in a rural cabin, at the hands of a midwife (with various degrees of experience and training) or, even more likely, at the hands of a relative. The newborn infant gets no pediatric examination, no injection or "shots" to prevent this or that disease, no vitamin supplements, no evaluation, no treatment of any kind. The heart is not heard, nor the lungs. Abnormalities are not noticed and corrected (insofar as they can be). Advice is not given, nor reassurance. Worst of all, accidents and injuries and illnesses are part of life, and either "take" the child or "spare" him or her. Fractures heal or they don't. Infections go away or they don't. Burns and lacerations and cuts and sores and rashes either "clear up" or "stop themselves" or "leave the child" or they don't, with obvious results: worse and worse pain, more and more incapacity and disability, and always those complications, which themselves rather obviously get no more care and attention and treatment than whatever kind of "pathology" caused the "sequelae" in the first place.

I find it hard at a moment like this to list some of the untreated diseases I have seen—in places like Marengo County, Alabama, and in places like Roxbury, to which families travel, carrying with them years and years of those "miseries," which miraculously some manage to survive, but which others by the thousands and thousands at one point or another find more than a match and,

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as a result, to use the words again, "go" or "leave this world." Indeed, among infants and children and their parents in rural areas of the South or Appalachia a visiting doctor need only recall the various "systems" of the body he learned in anatomy and physiology, and the various classifications of diseases he learned in those medical and surgical clerkships—and then one by one take note of what is to be found: cuts and bruises and infections of the skin; unrepaired injuries to bones due to accidents, or the bowing and bending of bones that rickets causes; weakness of muscles; evidence of hemorrhages or anemia; abnormal neurological responses, like the sensation of tingling or numbness or burning. Symptomatically one hears everything, and clinically one sees everything: fatigue; pains and spasms and cramps and itches; indigestion and vomiting, with the food often enough blood-streaked; headaches and backaches and a throbbing or pounding in the chest, or a sharp, piercing kind of hurt there; loss of appetite, loss of energy, loss of alertness, loss of ability to sleep and "just plain loss of everything," a nondescript and unscientific summary that usually can be heard spoken quietly rather than angrily, and tied to all sorts of concrete diseases, ones easy to document, were there doctors in Marengo County, Alabama, or Wolfe County, Kentucky, of a mind to do so, and were all those law-abiding, out-of-the-way, utterly penniless individuals to become patients.

Information about such individuals is nowhere recorded in our nation's rich accumulation of statistics. Aunt Leona's birth was never registered, nor was her death. Her illness, her income, her very existence as an American citizen were a matter between her and a bossman or two and her and her family, her kin, her neighbors—but not her and Washington, D. C., or Montgomery, Alabama, or Linden, where Marengo County's courthouse stands. So, if our federal government's statistics, as they do, show the infant mortality rates for such counties to be double and triple what they are for other American children, I fear we have to conclude that matters are even worse than all those numbers and percentages can possibly tell us. There are people in this country who never see officials from the Census Bureau, who never see registrars of this or that county, officials whose job it is to keep track of things. They are people who are migrant farmers, hence live everywhere and

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nowhere, or sharecroppers and tenant farmers, hence a particular bossman's virtual property and out of all but his sight, or mountaineers, hence up a hollow and beyond anyone's range or concern or even awareness. And in the cities they are those very same people, now newcomers to streets and alleys, now people who move about, all the time, from place to place, apartment to apartment, neighborhood to neighborhood, and who hide themselves with a degree of success hard for the rest of us to imagine, so proud are we of where we live, what we are, whom we know and depend upon and visit and welcome as visitors.

Yes, those people hide from would-be friends as well as (to their mind) obvious enemies; they hide from bill collectors and landlords and policemen, but they also hide from earnest welfare workers and city inspectors, bent on correcting hazards and dangers in buildings, and from officials who want to take note of and document and record things. I have, for example, this on tape from one of those landlords, a slum landlord I suppose he could be called, but better than most, that is for sure: "I wouldn't even try to tell you how many people, how many families, live in my buildings. I couldn't find out even if I wanted to. I couldn't find out if I was working for the United States Government, for the Census people, and if I had some soldiers with me when I knocked on those doors. They come here from far away usually, because there's a relative or friend here, a contact they have, and they move in and their idea of a crowd isn't yours or mine. All I do is collect my rents. I wouldn't dare try to poke inside those doors. Of course one day an apartment will be full, packed full, and the next they're all gone, *all* of them. I'd like to see the F. B. I. track them down. That's right, the F. B. I. What could they go on, any of those detectives? These people aren't recorded anyplace. No one has ever taken their fingerprints for a job or anything else. They don't have birth certificates. They've never had a "residence" up here. It's hard to explain all that to people. You drive by and all you see are the fronts of the buildings. I'm supposed to know what goes on inside them, but I don't. I try to keep the heat going in winter, and the water going, and the hallways lighted; and I even try to install screens every summer and take them out in the fall, but as for that, the screens, it's a ridiculous business, because they ruin them; in a week

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or two they've been torn and punched and pushed out. It's terrible, what they must have gone through before they came here, but it's our cities that have to pay the price; I guess it's the price of everything that used to be wrong, everything that happened *before*—long before they ever came here. I read someplace that the ghetto is one big disease. I've owned property here for twenty years, and until five years ago this was no ghetto, this neighborhood. I should have sold my property then, years ago. If it's one big disease here, landlords like me didn't cause the disease. No one in this city caused it; the disease was brought in from other places, and it was a real bad disease."

To be sure he was speaking metaphorically, but many diseases have quite literally been brought into his buildings and thousands like them by the latest newcomers to the slums and ghettos of our cities. Aunt Leona never made it North, but her niece and her niece's children and their many, many cousins did. They brought with them parasites and anemias and chronic sinusitis and rheumatic heart disease and teeth in poor repair and congenital diseases and, yes, vitamin deficiency diseases—rickets and beri-beri and pellagra. They brought with them scars and lumps; they brought high blood pressure and kidney infections, swollen ankles and joints that don't quite work the way they were meant to work. We all get sick, of course, but the illnesses I have just mentioned are not sicknesses, not to those who have had them and had them, and expect to have them until the end, until that Healer they mention so often, in one sweep of His hand, does away with all of a person's troubles, all that is wrong in one's body and mind.

I do not deny that in rural areas ("primitive areas" they are called by some who shun the notion that "plundered areas" might be more to the point) efforts are made to do away with all those complaints. Remedies are indeed sought and taken—herbs, roots, mixtures of things. Old ladies possessed of healing powers are visited and they all the time reach out for those victims, "lay the hand on them," on sufferers and their enemies, on sore spots and ailing limbs and bodies that seem seized by something, by someone, by "a thousand million devils" I once heard it put in that Marengo County I have been mentioning here. For solace and reassurance and possibly, just possibly, relief of some sort, there are even the

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mysteries of voodoo, of curses, of snakes held and danced with by desperate husbands and wives, desperate parents, willing to remind themselves of the Bible, each and every part of it, willing to do anything, say anything, call upon anything, lean upon anybody, all in the hope that a little, a very little might be done to change things, to make the body feel better, to make the breathing easier, to make the heart feel steadier and less fitful and less ominously pounding, to make the pus stop, the worms go away, the stomach settle down, the "soreness" leave, all over the "soreness." That is the word I hear in Marengo County and Wolfe County, the word used by white and black people, poor people driven from the land; they say it all in the "soreness" they claim to feel, except for the "sorriness" they talk about, which is what we would rather more awkwardly, more pretentiously, call the "psychiatric component" to their various sicknesses. Those are also the two words I have heard in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and in Cleveland's Hough section and in the west and the south and north sides of Chicago, heard used by former sharecroppers or tenant farmers, by mountaineers, by the descendents of slaves, by the descendents of yeomen, Scotch-Irish yeomen who are now "up in the city for a spell" and quite openly willing to say they "have come to naught," but also at the slightest sign of pity ready with a flash of pride, sullen and unyielding and thoroughly combative pride.

Now they are all in the cities, and there to stay, however much they dream of the return, however much they make those brief pilgrimages back. (They *are* pilgrimages, full of nostalgia and devotion and dozens of freshly summoned loyalties—to the people, places and things that had to be left behind.) Now they live not far from us, within our sight actually, more or less; they live near us and near us they struggle to live—not only to make a living, but literally to catch their breath, to get through another day, to live in that literal sense. And often enough they fear us and shun us, the doctors—to our frustration and sadness, because many of us, many more, I believe, than an overly critical public would acknowledge, really would like in some way to reach out, be of help, offer our skills to them. That is the problem, though, I refer to "them." They seem to us like a "them," even as, for all our good intentions, we seem to them the same—different and, you can bet on it, untrust-

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worthy. History has made it so, made for the distance between "us" and "them"; and the abstraction "history" comes to, finally, generations and generations of experiences, some of which I can only try here to evoke or suggest or cite. We cannot wipe out that history with a wave of the hand, even the most dedicated hand, carrying a stethoscope or pointing to the finest, best-equipped, most concerned and responsive of hospitals, of clinics, of newly thought-out urban medical settings. But to quote a phrase often called upon both by John F. Kennedy and Robert F. Kennedy, an American President and an American senator who meant so very much to all those people, black and white, "We can begin." We can begin by looking at what has happened to the people whose aches and pains, finally, do lead them to the hospitals of our cities, what has happened in the past to make for suspicion and withdrawal and apparent unconcern and even hate, what has happened to destroy good vision and good sense, literally and figuratively or, if you will, neurologically and psychiatrically.

Fortunately, Aunt Leona's niece did at long last take herself and her children to one of Boston's hospitals, not at my prodding but at her own behest. She did so reluctantly and fearfully and with little expectation that any real cures would be the result; but she did so. She and her children caused their doctors to be seriously confused, appalled at what they found, troubled and annoyed with the "attitudes" of such patients; but she and her children have kept going to those various doctors, and months later she could say this: "It's not a new life I have, but I sure feel like the old life is easier to live. I can breathe better. I'm not so jittery. I'm up to facing the day, and my children, too, they're in better spirits. It's the same old troubles we have, you know, but they're not on top of us, just all around. If you can stand up and not be hurting all over, then troubles aren't on top of you any more." She went on to thank the doctors, thank them profusely for what they have done; and I would imagine that they have good cause to thank her for what she allowed them to do, and also to learn—about her and her kind, and about things and conditions and situations we all somehow never heard of, never realized existed, never counted as immediately present and pressing, matters of life and death for doctors, and, as it has turned out, for a great nation, too.

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The Uses of Violence in American History

MICHAEL WALLACE

STUDENTS OF EUROPEAN COLLECTIVE VIOLENCE once agreed that it was irrational. Recently, scholars like George Rudé, Eric Hobsbawm, E. P. Thompson and Charles Tilly have argued that it was in fact purposive, a technique of protest, a demand for change. In this country we have experienced no such debate, partly because we have developed, as has been said, a case of "historical amnesia." We have not argued about the nature of our violent past because we have forgotten we had one. True, when we do consider instances of violence it is assumed that they are pointless and irrational, as the McCone Commission did in its interpretation of the Watts uprising. But this attitude has never inspired an interpretive school or the formation of a revisionist critique.

But *why* have we forgotten about our violence? Two answers seem important here: first, Americans have accepted the Horatio Alger myth, never doubting that ours was a society in which all groups had the opportunity to advance and prosper peacefully. For a variety of reasons—abundance of resources, a frontier safety valve, absence of feudal institutions or class divisions, the two-party system—ours was an open, fluid system. Rising groups easily entered the great middle class; ethnic differences softened and ran

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together in the great melting pot. The outs had no need for revolutionary violence; the ins, no need for forceful repression. Thus when violence did appear, it had to be dismissed as an inexplicable aberration. Second, with the exception of the Civil War and Reconstruction, only a tiny fraction of our violence has been directed against the state. Perhaps because we have been conditioned by the European experience to consider only antistate violence truly significant, we have been prone to dismiss the American varieties.

But if we shift our focus on violence and look at its place in relations between groups rather than in relation to the state, violence assumes a much larger significance in our history. It has been one of the widely employed methods used by groups competing for places in the structure of power. Americans have often eschewed the normal electoral processes and have taken their quarrels into the streets. In the main, violence has been used most frequently and effectively by dominant groups seeking to preserve their power and less frequently and less effectively by subordinate groups seeking to protest or improve their situation. The great bulk of our violence, at least until the 1960s, has been *repressive,* rather than expressive or insurrectionary. Much of our violence has also been informal and private, committed by citizens against other citizens. The state was often not a participant, and when it did become intimately involved in the struggles of groups, as in our economic history, it usually played a secondary, assisting role; thus it aroused relatively little violence against itself.

The pattern of violent encounter in three areas—racial, economic and ethnic—supports these propositions. We find in our racial history the violent suppression of blacks by whites; in our economic history, the violent suppression of labor by capital; and in our ethnic history, the violent suppression of recent immigrant groups by more established ones.

Let us begin with racial violence in general and slavery in particular. Violence was a basic device used to change or preserve the system. Blacks used it in full-scale revolts, in individual breaks for freedom, or in attacks on hated masters. Whites used it to repress real or imagined threats to their supremacy. Compared to

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some other slave societies, slave-initiated violence was relatively slight. The great bulk of the violence came from the masters.

When slaves used violence, they were rigorously dealt with. In reprisal for an uprising in New York City in 1712, eighteen of the rebels were put to death: some were hanged, some were burned at the stake, and one was sentenced to be "burned with a slow fire that he may continue in torment for eight or ten hours, and continue burning in the said fire until he be dead and consumed to ashes." In 1811 five hundred slaves marched on New Orleans, burning plantations, but they were routed, and the heads of sixteen leaders were cut off and stuck up on poles at intervals along the Mississippi. In 1831 Nat Turner and his followers killed at least fifty-seven whites, but were immediately the victims of a countermassacre by roving bands of militia and vigilante groups in which at least one hundred blacks were killed. Twenty others went to the gallows. Thus were the perils of resistance made clear.

It was not necessary for blacks actually to use violence to bring on murderous repression. Although the Vesey conspiracy left whites unharmed in 1822, mass executions quickly followed. Twenty-two blacks were hanged on one day, their bodies left to dangle for hours; dozens more were scheduled for execution but the court stopped when thirty-five were dead, explaining that "the terror of example we thought would be sufficiently operative by the number of criminals sentenced to death." In 1860 some fires in Texas towns produced rumors of an uprising. In Fort Worth, two lists of "black Republicans, abolitionists or higher law men of every class" were prepared: "List no. 1, all suspected persons; no. 2, black list, to be exterminated by immediate hanging." Extermination proceeded through the summer, and an estimated seventy-five were killed, most of them blacks.

This violence is not surprising: under slavery, a system for subordinating and exploiting black people, the use of violence to terrorize and repress was logical. In the North, egalitarian pretensions made repression hypocritical but did not prevent it. Segments of the white communities which felt threatened by the growth and progress of blacks often resorted to violence to contain such advances. Most large cities in the Northeast—Philadelphia, New York, Providence and others—experienced race riots before

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the Civil War. The riots in Columbia, Pennsylvania, in 1834, although not notably violent, offer an example of how ends not easily achieved within the political process were achieved outside it. The black population of the town had grown with the influx of runaway slaves; many were employed in the lumber yards and several had amassed considerable property; black institutions were established and flourishing. In August of 1834, a recession year and a time of antiblack violence throughout the country, a crowd of whites assaulted the black district, breaking up houses and beating blacks. A few days later the working men of the town met and resolved that

> the practice of others in employing Negroes to do that labor which was formerly done entirely by whites, we consider deserving our severest animadversions; . . . Must the poor honest citizens that so long have maintained their families by their labor, fly from their native place that a band of disorderly Negroes may revel with the money that ought to support the white man and his family?

The whites boycotted those who employed blacks and petitioned the town "to devise some means to prevent the further influx of colored persons to this place." These efforts were unavailing and were again supplemented with violence: two more riots saw black homes destroyed and blacks beaten.

This pattern prevailed in the Northwest as well: the frontier, far from liberalizing race relations, worsened them. In Cincinnati, when black population and enterprise grew, upper- and lower-class whites demanded that the local government "take measures to prevent the increase of negro population." In 1829, blacks were given several weeks to leave town or to post a five-hundred-dollar bond for good behavior as required under a dormant law; when these measures proved ineffective, hundreds of whites descended on the black district, beating and destroying, and over a thousand blacks fled the city for Canada.

Racial violence in this period culminated in a wave of wartime draft riots, the worst of which occurred in New York in 1863. These were complicated affairs, involving class and political antagonisms, but a critical aspect was racial. White workers feared the potential challenge of the liberated slaves and resented the continued competition of native blacks in key occupations. During

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the New York riots blacks were stomped, clubbed, shot or hanged; longshoremen and hotel workers were prime targets. The violence was successful: many blacks were fired by terrified employers, and the black population of the city dropped twenty percent between 1860 and 1865.

The next major period of racial upheaval—Reconstruction—was the most violent period of civil disorder in American history, and violence was fundamental to its outcome. The Northern armies had shattered the Southern social structure and undermined the ruling group, the white plantation owners. Had the North fostered an alliance between the black freedman and the lower-class white by expropriating the plantation owners' land, a social revolution might have been realized. For a multitude of reasons this was not done, but the critical one for our purposes is that the lower-class whites identified with their caste, not their class. In matters of race, after all, they belonged to a dominant group, not a subordinate one. But emancipation had endangered the caste system itself. The story of Reconstruction, then, is the use of violence by normally dominant whites of all classes to repress the challenge of the black freedman, and the use of force by Northern armies, for a time, to protect them. We may take as the Southern whites' rallying cry the demand of an Alabama newspaper that "We must render this either a white man's government, or convert the land into a negro man's cemetery."

White violence in the counterrevolutionary campaign took several forms. The commonest, numbering perhaps in the thousands, involved small-scale assaults against individual blacks who refused to accept the traditionally subordinate role. Black militia leaders, voters, Republicans, Union League organizers, school teachers, pupils, blacks who married whites, quit jobs, or simply were known as local leaders of their race, were systematically terrorized or killed. Somewhat less frequently, guerrilla operations became massive attacks on whole groups of blacks. Thus, in New Orleans in 1866, radicals challenged the 1864 Constitution, which restricted suffrage to whites, by reconvening the Convention. The city's whites, led by the police, mounted a furious assault on the convention hall, firing at the blacks and their white allies within. By the time federal troops arrived, at least thirty-eight were dead

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and a hundred and forty-six wounded. In Memphis, in 1866, white mobs led by local officials and police burned down black schools, churches and homes, raped and sexually humiliated black women, and shot down black men on sight. Forty-six blacks died and seventy-five to a hundred were wounded. At Laurens, South Carolina, in October, 1870, thirteen were killed and over a hundred wounded; in Texas it was estimated that over a thousand were killed during 1868-70. In Louisiana, General Philip Sheridan estimated that between 1866 and 1875, thirty-five hundred were killed and wounded, mostly blacks. Twenty-five to thirty were killed in 1871 in Meridian, Mississippi, fifty to eighty died at Ellenton, South Carolina, and an estimated eighty perished in the 1875 riots in and around Yazoo City, Mississippi.

Southern blacks did not sit passively while they were slaughtered. They organized in militia companies at the behest of Reconstruction governors and often were employed at election time to intimidate whites or to protect black and Republican voters. Otis Singletary tells us that "Republicans were victorious directly in proportion to their military preparedness." But there were many inherent weaknesses in the militia, and the white radical governors never really dared to employ them fully. They cited the danger of race war, although race war was going on all around them. Had they realized clearly the necessity of relying on armed blacks and mobilized accordingly, the story of Reconstruction might have been different.

Blacks also organized informally to defend themselves, but the odds in weapons and military experience were against them, and resistance often led to slaughter. In Millican, Texas, in 1868, for example, blacks, hearing that a comrade had been lynched, marched on the town in armed formation, led by a black preacher, and attempted to hang the guilty white. Other whites came to his rescue and, in the ensuing shoot-out, twenty blacks and four whites died and at least seventy-five were wounded.

As Reconstruction moved toward an end, whites resorted more and more to insurrectionary violence and directly attacked the Reconstruction states. In September, 1874, in New Orleans, the White League, a paramilitary organization of over twenty-five thousand men, including the largest property holders of the state,

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demanded that radical Governor William Kellogg resign. He refused and ordered his Adjutant General, James A. Longstreet of Confederate fame, to rally the militia, largely black, and join with the police to defend the government; he then took refuge in the federal Customs House. The White League forces put up barricades in the street, captured city hall and the telegraph office, routed Longstreet's forces, took the state house and effected a coup d'état; total casualties were twenty-seven dead and over a hundred wounded. But President Grant supported Kellogg, and federal troops put down the insurrection peacefully, for the insurgents declined to resist federal force. Although the insurgents were temporarily repulsed, this was the beginning of the end for the Reconstruction government. In 1877, when the national government refused to use force to underwrite the regime, it collapsed.

The struggle to preserve the caste system did not end with the overthrow of Reconstruction. In the years of the Populist movement in the late 1880s and 1890s when the whites did split along class lines, blacks were able to participate in coalition governments and to hold public office again. In addition, a new generation of black people had arisen, the first born out of slavery and free of whatever internalized restraints slavery created. Whites met the challenge of the blacks with repressive violence.

To some extent it was large-scale. The whites of Wilmington, North Carolina, for example, infuriated by office-holding blacks, announced in 1898, "we will not live under these intolerable conditions. . . . We intend to change it, if we have to choke the current of Cape Fear River with negro carcasses!" The whites rioted, murdered blacks, and effected a coup d'état. Increasingly, however, lynching became the preferred form of repressive violence. Between 1882 and 1927, about five thousand persons were lynched in the United States, seventy percent of them black. Many lynchings were by summary hanging or shooting, but many, in keeping with the desire to terrorize blacks into subordination, were spectacles of sadism. In 1899, at Palmetto, Georgia, excursion trains brought thousands on a Sunday afternoon to see a black man burned alive, but only after his ears, toes and fingers were cut off and passed to the crowd, his eyes gouged, his tongue torn out, and his flesh cut in strips with knives; afterward, his heart was cut

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out and slices of it were sold for souvenirs. In May, 1911, a black charged with murder was taken to the local opera house in Livermore, Kentucky, and tied on stage to a stake. Tickets were sold, and orchestra seats entitled men to empty their revolvers into the victim. Gallery seats gave them one shot apiece. In 1918 there was a five-day orgy of killing in Georgia, in which eight blacks died, one pregnant woman was slowly roasted alive, and her baby cut out and trampled. The charges on which such atrocities were based ranged from murder and rape to such offenses against the racial system as striking or talking back to whites, testifying against whites, making boastful remarks, or using offensive language.

With the coming of the twentieth century, lynching began its slow decline, and race riots became the main form of conflict between the dominant and subordinate groups. Increasingly, most outbreaks occurred in the North because blacks, spurred by the employment opportunities of two world wars, had migrated in enormous numbers to the North. Their coming posed a tremendous challenge to those whites in the lower rungs of the economy who had to confront increased competition for jobs, housing and recreational facilities. The challenge was sharpened by the increasing refusal of blacks, many of them veterans, to accept discrimination. A common white response was massive violent assaults on black communities.

At East St. Louis in 1917 employers broke strikes by hiring migrant blacks, and the fury and frustration of white laborers grew and was fanned by politicians. After a small riot failed to terrorize blacks into leaving, the whites resorted to all-out violence in July. Streetcars were stopped, blacks were pulled off, stoned, clubbed, kicked, shot, stomped and knifed. Mobs, thousands strong, roamed the streets chanting, "Get a nigger, get another." Most blacks were terrified into passivity, although at one point a hundred barricaded themselves in a building and shot it out with the mob. Nine whites and thirty-nine blacks were killed. In Chicago, the black population had doubled between 1916 and 1919. Beatings, bombings and murders marked the boundary line between white and expanding black territories. Then, on July 27, a black youth swimming in Lake Michigan floated past the imaginary boundary line separating white from black beach. He was stoned by whites

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and drowned. Blacks demanded that the police arrest the whites. Instead they arrested the complainants, touching off a riot that after seven days found twenty blacks and fifteen whites dead, over five hundred and thirty-seven injured, and about a thousand homeless. In 1921, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, blacks armed to protect an accused black rapist from the usual lynch mob. They clashed with police, and the white community, infuriated, organized a small army, led by American Legionnaires, that invaded the black district, burning and shooting. The entire area, one mile square, was burnt to the ground. Perhaps as many as a hundred and fifty men, women and children perished.

The 1940s brought another transformation in racial violence. With the exception of wartime riots in Detroit and Los Angeles, massive confrontations between black and white citizens ceased. Huge black ghettos developed, peopled with much more militant blacks. It was no longer safe to attempt forays into fortresses like Harlem. Whites themselves increasingly moved to suburban strongholds isolated from contact with blacks. Postwar prosperity alleviated many of the economic pressures on whites that had made them vulnerable to black advances. The burden of containing subordinate groups was left to one specialized segment of the white community: the police.*

Police violence is not "police brutality," a misleading term that implies that violent acts are aberrant phenomena, the product of a few sadists. Police violence in this instance is an outgrowth of the task that police have been assigned by the white community: to patrol the borders of the ghetto. The police treat blacks as a deviant or criminal group like, say, prostitutes, to be restricted to certain territories, black light districts if you will. By such procedures as "aggressive preventative patrols," roving task forces conduct intensive and indiscriminate stops and searches, obtaining dossiers on sizeable portions of the community; by using violence against blacks who in any way challenge their authority, they keep the sub-

* There are two general exceptions to this. First is the white bombing campaign of the 1950s against blacks who tried to follow them to the suburbs. Second is the violent campaign against the civil rights movement of the 1950s and 1960s in which dozens were killed and hundreds injured. Much of this violence was by private terrorist groups or individuals but, in line with the newer trend, much was by southern law enforcement agents; indeed, the two groups often had overlapping memberships.

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ordinate group in line. James Baldwin summed up the system neatly when he said that the police

> represent the force of the white world, and that world's real intentions are, simply, for that world's criminal profit and ease, to keep the black man corraled up here, in his place. The badge, the gun in the holster, and the swinging club make vivid what will happen should his rebellion become overt.

Lest anyone should assume that police violence is limited to southern sheriffs, let us remember that, at the time of this writing, twenty-eight members of the Black Panther party have met violent death at police hands. Thus are the perils of resistance made clear.

As the pattern of white repression changed, so did that of black resistance. A utilization of violence as protest developed in a fashion reminiscent of the European crowd violence that Rudé and Hobsbawm analyzed. The new style occurred first in Harlem in 1935. Ghetto conditions, aggravated by the Depression, brought organized protest, but attempts at producing change via the political process failed. A Jobs for Negroes campaign, which boycotted Harlem stores refusing to employ blacks, was broken by injunctions, and police violence against demonstrations was a commonplace. Harlemites finally erupted on hearing rumors of an incident of police violence. Policemen, symbols of white authority, were assaulted, and those stores that had been picketed unsuccessfully before were now burned to the ground. The commission that investigated the riot dismissed charges of Communist instigation and insisted that the riot was a protest against discrimination, unemployment and police violence. But the message failed to get through. Although there were some positive responses to the Harlem 1935 riot and to the hundreds that followed it in the 1960s, the basic situation of America's subordinate racial group has not changed; and a disturbingly characteristic response of dominant whites has been to develop more effective means of violent suppression.

We move now from racial violence to economic violence, from considerations of caste to considerations of class. Economic violence encompasses far more than the industrial violence that we usually associate with it. We have had, for example, food riots, bank riots, tollgate riots, Luddite violence, antirent disturbances, agrarian

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land riots, squatters' riots and antieviction riots. But considerations of space force me to restrict my focus to the more familiar field of relations between capital and labor.

Labor's challenge to capital began early in the nineteenth century. Workers were unable to better their conditions peacefully because the formation of unions was defined as criminal. Wildcat strikes, often accompanied by violence, were common. Outbursts against superintendents, business property or strikebreakers occurred in enterprises like railroads, canals, waterworks and mills, Ethnic communities, particularly Irish ones, provided the organizational basis. Thus canal workers rioted near Harrisburg in 1828, Irish workers on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad beat up contractors and demolished their homes in 1829, and there were violent outbreaks on the Croton waterworks in 1840. These early communal outbursts were replaced by the more disciplined efforts of trade unions; when this happened, labor-initiated violence dropped sharply.

A major response of American capitalism to the challenge of labor, peaceful or not, was violence. Recently Philip Taft and Philip Ross found the pervasiveness of violence in American labor disputes "paradoxical" in light of the nonideological nature of our working class and their rejection of force as a method of achieving change. The "paradox" comes from looking in the wrong direction. The point is that the most moderate labor demands have called forth ferocious resistance; our "labor violence," in fact, might be more aptly renamed "capitalist violence."

From the first manifestations of unrest much effort went into developing effective means of repression. Increasingly, capitalists gained the assistance of the state. From the 1850s to the 1870s, according to a study in progress by Dennis Van Essendelft, militia units evolved from the traditional citizens' army into mobile compact forces that could deal with the rising disorders of urbanizing, industrializing America. Until 1877, the militia was supplemented by the Regular Army; as one Congressman found in 1878: "Generals commanding military departments, north, south and east, report the employment, hundreds of times, of hundreds of detachments of the standing army in the suppression of strikes." After the Great Strike of 1877, emphasis returned to the militia: William

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Riker has found that states spent money on expanding the militia in direct proportion to the amount of strike activity the state experienced. Armories sprouted in American cities to defend the better classes against the dangerous classes. New York, for example, constructed armories in forty districts at a cost of twenty million dollars.

American capitalists did not put all their eggs in the government's basket, however. They developed private resources of violence: economic Hessians like the Pinkertons, Baldwin-Felts, the Coal and Iron Police. Often the line between public and private means of violence, already largely meaningless, was effaced completely: employers' hired guns were transformed into a public force by having compliant sheriffs or marshals deputize them, instantly cloaking them with the privileges and immunities of the law.

The catalog of industrial violence is staggering. Many of the bloodiest incidents occurred in the extractive industries, in the small coal towns or silver mines, where the absence of limiting institutions led to straight-out class warfare. The spectacular affairs that took place in isolated mountain communities like Ludlow, Cripple Creek and Coeur D'Alene are well known. But how many have heard of the violence at, say, Morewood Mine, Pennsylvania, where in 1891 sheriffs' deputies shot and killed eleven Hungarian coal miners and wounded more than fifty of them? Or at Latimer, Pennsylvania, where over twenty died and over ninety were wounded; or the thirty deaths at Mucklow, West Virginia, when Baldwin-Felts and militiamen used armored trains to attack strikers?

Violence came to the cities as well. Some incidents are well known, like the crushing of the 1877 railroad strike in which scores of workers were killed, or the suppression of the 1919 strike against U. S. Steel, in which the owners mobilized over twenty-five thousand armed men. But there were hundreds of other incidents, such as transit strikes like the one in Chicago in 1905, in which fourteen strikers were killed, hundreds wounded and over fifteen hundred arrested; or that in Denver in 1920 where federal troops broke a strike at a cost of seven dead and eighty-one wounded. There were strikes in the clothing industry, like Chicago's of 1910, in which forty thousand walked out, and private guards killed seven and wounded many more.

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Violence came to the fields. In the South, where much of the rural labor force was black, violence was particularly vicious—and effective. In 1887 nine thousand blacks working the Louisiana sugar plantations, together with a thousand whites, struck for one dollar a day. The planters persuaded the governor to send in the militia, which shot into a crowd of strikers at Pattersonville, killing several. Strike leaders were lynched. Finally, at Thibodaux, the "most prominent citizens" organized a private vigilante force, massacred thirty-five strikers, and broke the strike. In 1919, when black Arkansas sharecroppers formed a union, their meetings were shot up; when the blacks fired back and killed some attackers, whites went on a week-long rampage, hunting out blacks in the countryside and killing them. Estimates of the murdered run from fifty to over two hundred.

Not all the violence was directed against organized labor or strikers. During depressions, when unemployed victims of the business cycle, either spontaneously or led by radical organizations, demanded bread and work, they were swiftly beaten into quiescence. In 1874, club-swinging police dispersed a mass meeting of seven thousand men, women and children gathered in Tompkins Square Park in New York City to back demands for a program of public works. The press enthusiastically commended repression of the unemployed, denounced their spirit as "communistic," and urged the authorities, should a similar spirit emerge, to "club it to death at the hands of the police or shoot it to death at the hands of the militia." In the depression of the 1890s, police tangled with the tramps and industrial (nonviolent) armies and urban unemployed spawned by the hard times. In 1932, when unemployed workers organized by the Communist party marched on Henry Ford's Dearborn plant with a list of demands, the mayor, a relative of Ford's, told the chief of police, a former security chief of Ford's, to disperse them; this was done, with firehoses, pistols and a machine gun, killing four and wounding more.

Labor fought back when not hopelessly outmatched, or accepted defeat and tried again. But they seldom initiated violence against employers, except to destroy their property. Dynamite was a popular counterweapon at certain periods: in the 1880s, a virtual cult developed around it as the great equalizer. But the bulk of

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labor violence was directed against members of their own class. As workers climbed the economic ladder, they reacted violently against real or imagined threats to their hard-won positions. Massacres of scabs were all too common occurrences, often made easier by racial or ethnic antagonisms.

Probably the worst campaign of labor violence was that directed against the Chinese. Many incidents did not involve actual scabbing by the Orientals; rather, workers detested these men who worked for low wages, rejected American culture, and were hired in bulk in a fashion reminiscent of slavery. White workers responded with a blend of political action, leading to the legal restriction of Chinese immigration, and direct terrorism. The first major outburst came in Los Angeles in 1871, when eighteen Chinese, some children, were shot or hanged. Waves of riots and raids drove Chinese out of towns all over California in the 1870s; homes were destroyed, many persons were killed. This period was capped by riots in San Francisco and Chico in 1877. Even after the exclusion law was passed, anti-Chinese violence continued, particularly during depressions or periods of large-scale organizing. In 1885, members of a fledgling Knights of Labor local at Rocksprings, Wyoming, furious because the Union Pacific hired Chinese to ward off strikes, killed twenty-eight Orientals in a gruesome massacre.

The massive series of violent confrontations between capital and labor continued for about sixty years and amounted to an industrial war. A truce was called in the 1930s, when labor's strength had grown to such proportions that violence became too expensive and counterproductive and the state withdrew from its role of arms supplier. But for three score years the use of violence was a commonplace in the struggle for economic power in America.

When we turn to ethnic conflict, we find a similar pattern of violent clashes. There are innumerable instances of armed encounters between ethnic groups to establish or contest control of territory; in the nineteenth century the formation of armed, ethnic self-defense groups was a commonplace. But the history of ethnic conflict differs significantly from the pattern of economic or racial violence. While the bulk of ethnic violence was repressive, as dominant, established immigrant groups resisted newcomers, the

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wavelike character of the migrations and the multiplicity of groups prevented the formation of a rigid ethnic hierarchy; that is, there was never an overwhelmingly predominant group for very long. Ethnic conflicts were thus seldom as lopsided as economic or racial clashes.

Another consequence of this relative balance of power was that no single ethnic group controlled the state in the way that whites and capitalists did. The state came close to being what it was supposed to be in theory: open to control by any group mustering sufficient electoral strength. And it was a prize worth competing for. It could enforce the cultural norms of any group by legislative fiat. Much ethnic violence resulted from such state action, as when Germans in Chicago rioted in 1855 over the closing of beer halls on Sundays or when, in 1844, the decision of Philadelphia authorities to allow the use of non-Protestant bibles in public schools so aroused the native population that two riots against Irish Catholics ensued, in which dozens were killed.

In addition to direct ecological warfare, and reactions to state policies, there was a third type of ethnic violence, the election riot, in which groups fought to gain control of the state. This extraordinary phenomenon was a blend of constitutionalism and insurrectionary violence that may have been peculiarly American. Ethnic groups—too constitutional to resort to ethnic coups, and too eager to limit themselves to constitutional methods—hit on the procedure of keeping opponents away from the polls. They did so by force, by terror or by murder. Yet no matter how violent the election, the outcome was considered valid. Groups fought to control the polls at least as early as the Bloody Election of 1742 in Philadelphia, but the election riot reached its peak as immigrants packed into the cities in the 1840s and 1850s. Scores were killed in riots at Louisville, New Orleans, Cincinnati, New York and Philadelphia. Marines were called out in 1857 to put down an attempted nativist seizure of the Washington polls by groups carrying blacksmith sledges, revolvers, bowie knives, slingshots and cannon.

But the art was raised to its highest in Baltimore where innumerable ethnic street gangs became politicized after 1854 and turned out en masse on election day. They devised a whole panoply

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of methods for eliminating opponents. The Blood Tubs, for example, threw venturesome Irishmen into tubs of blood obtained from local butchers, then chased them down the street with knives. This was a most potent deterrent to would-be voters. Another strategy was to strap sharp shoemakers' awls to knees and gouge holes in persistent opponents. These tactics inevitably provoked retaliation, and full-scale street warfare would begin. The Know Nothing groups in Maryland, representing the established Protestants, were spectacularly successful, winning local and state contests and, in 1856, the presidential election; in many districts, not a single immigrant managed to cast a ballot.

Such riots did not end in the 1850s. They were common during Reconstruction, when they served a racial function, and they were characteristic of the South long after the 1870s. Catholics and Protestants fought on election days in the heyday of the American Protective Association in the 1890s, and the Klan and its opponents occasionally struggled for control of the polls in the 1920s. In sum, election riots were one of the primary ways in which ethnic groups battled for hegemony.

Much of America's violence, then, has been between groups struggling for power: conflicts have repeatedly skidded out of the normal political processes. Much of the violence took the form of direct confrontation, although in many instances the state did aid one of the contending sides, almost always the dominant one. And American violence has been characteristically repressive: the great bulk of it was used by dominant groups defending their positions of privilege. Strikes have been crushed, slave revolts put down, peaceful growth of black communities blocked, abolitionists mobbed or killed, civil rights workers beaten or killed, thousands of blacks lynched, ethnic newcomers mobbed and kept from the polls, and radical labor organizations broken up.

This is not to deny a tradition of violence by the oppressed in our history. We have had slave revolts, agrarian rebellions (particularly in the colonial period when even *formal* opposition was considered illegitimate), and labor violence like that of the Molly Maguires. But three things are striking about such violence: its relative scarcity (our bread riots and Luddite violence were faint

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echoes of vigorous European traditions, for example); its characteristically low level (subordinate groups have engaged far more often in acts of force than of violence, and even their violence has been primarily directed against property rather than persons); its lack of challenge to the legitimacy of the state (such revolutionary violence as has occurred has come from the *right,* from displaced dominant groups, as during Reconstruction and the Civil War).

But this poses an important question. Why has there been so little expressive or revolutionary violence by subordinate groups throughout our history? I do not presume to have a simple explanation, but I offer a series of suggestions. It is best to start with the most obvious. To be subordinate is not automatically to be rebellious. I think that, on a gross level, Louis Hartz's notion of a Lockean consensus is largely correct: most groups at the bottom of the social and economic scale have not raised *fundamental* objections to the nature of bourgeois, capitalist America. They have attempted to become part of it, to get "more," in Samuel Gompers' words. Violence, therefore, would have been a most inappropriate tactic. Those who do not want to overthrow, but to be admitted, generally avoid violence. Still, there has been no lack of dissatisfied, angry groups who might readily have turned to violence to better their lot, so this explanation is not sufficient.

One reason why the anger was not turned against the *state* grows out of the peculiar nature of our repressive violence: the informal, nongovernmental nature of much of it. Subordinate groups have often suffered more violence from dominant groups than from the state. In race riots, lynchings, strike-smashing by private armies, massacres of scabs and Chinese by laborers, ethnic clashes, election riots, actions against civil rights workers, and vigilante terrorism, the state was simply not responsible for the bloodshed. It could not, therefore, be easily blamed, or become the focus for violent response. But often the state did actively engage in violence without producing lasting resentment against itself. Why was this so? Why were workers who were crushed by troops not turned into potential revolutionaries? Again there are many explanations, including the realities of power, the ethnic and racial divisions among the working class, and the vitiating effects of bourgeois ideology, but perhaps one explanation is that the state

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was considered to be a satellite, firmly within the orbit of some dominant social group. This may partly account for why it was seldom held directly and primarily responsible.

This dismissal of the state is a deeply ingrained American trait. It is the essence of the vigilante tradition that when there is serious work to be done, the community does it itself: it "takes the law into its own hands." Partly this attitude is a product of the weakness of the early American state, particularly on the frontier, but also in urban areas, where police forces were slow to develop. Partly it is due to the fragmentation of the American state into nation, state, county, town and city governments, many of them often at odds with one another. More directly, the dismissal of the state is related to the way decisions have been made in this country. A large number of critical decisions about the allocation of power and privilege have been made in private arenas. Determinations about control of the economy, ethnic hegemony and racial power have often been made not in legislatures, but in the marketplace, if you will. Subordinate groups have not been accustomed to looking at the laissez-faire national state as a potential source of remedial action. Labor, for example, organized not parties to influence the state, but unions to confront capitalists directly. Perhaps antistate violence has also seemed irrelevant to subordinate groups accustomed to thinking of the state as amorphous and secondary.*

Two traditional explanations for nonviolence by the discontented I have space only to mention. There is the important fact that the bulk of the white male population was integrated into the *formal* political process quite early in the nation's history. We had a voting proletariat before we had an organized proletariat. Secondly, individuals belonging to a discontented subordinate group in, say, an economic capacity might belong to a dominant racial group, and thus feel represented by the state in at least some manner. Both these facts would lessen the likelihood of antistate violence.

A final, seemingly simple explanation for the relative non-

* Perhaps, also, this is changing, as blacks and radicals now clearly perceive the national state as a source of both oppression and possible relief. Perhaps the assumption by the state of the task of repressing blacks that was previously performed by masses of whites might yet elicit an even more direct antistate response than the antipolice violence of the rebellions of the 1960s.

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violence of the oppressed is that our subordinate groups have been *minorities*. They have been outnumbered. They have been outgunned. The relatively pacific history of Afro-Americans, for example, can most readily be explained in terms of the realities of power. They have been only ten or fifteen percent of the population. And while blacks occasionally did resort to violence against great odds, particularly during slavery, they have consistently avoided *revolutionary* action, and with good reason. Even if they successfully overthrew the government they would only have to rule the other hostile eighty-five or ninety percent. The direction that angry blacks have taken is either emigration, or the formation of some kind of autonomous structure within the larger community, in which they would be, at the least, a clear majority.

The question of numbers cuts deeper than mere tactical considerations, however: it goes to the root of the nature of our violence. America is peculiar in that our dominant groups have been, for the most part, *majorities*. American history has been a great success story (in purely material terms) for a large proportion of the population. Because the majority of the people (and "majority" includes *elites* as well as *masses*) has benefited from the economic structure of the nation, they have been conservative, determined to hold what they have. They have repeatedly seen attempts to partake of that success by those excluded—the poor, the blacks, the ethnic minorities, the unions—as imperiling their own position. They repeatedly repressed such challenges. And because they were majorities, in a nation that exalted the power of the majority and placed only feeble restrictions in its path, there was little to stop them from resorting to violence if they chose to; and little to keep even that violence within "civilized" boundaries, once employed.

I would like to suggest the relevance here of the worn idea that tyranny is a product of unchecked power, and particularly of Tocqueville's application of that dictum to majorities. Listen to his fears voiced more than a hundred and thirty years ago, and apply them to the plight of the black man, of that day or this:

> When an individual or a party is wronged in the United States, to whom can he apply for redress? If to public opinion, public opinion constitutes the majority; if to the legislature, it represents the majority

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and implicitly obeys it; if to the executive power, it is appointed by the majority and serves as a passive tool in its hands. The public force consists of the majority under arms; the jury is the majority invested with the right of hearing judicial cases; and in certain states even the judges are elected by the majority. However iniquitous or absurd the measure of which you complain, you must submit to it as well as you can.

What has much of our violence been but the ultimate form of the tyranny of the majority? Certainly this has been true of our racial history. The vigilante impulse has been central to the white American mind.

Our industrial violence is more complicated. It is true that union members, and even the poor, have been a minority in this country, but industrialists have been numerically even fewer than workers. The crucial fact is that the values of the capitalists were accepted by a majority of the country: a sufficiently monolithic consensus existed to ensure that the interests of the economic elite would be respected. The widespread diffusion of property, and the Horatio Alger mythology (which assured those who did not have a stake in the existing order that they eventually would), bolstered the power of the industrialists. They were able to transmute a defense of privilege into a defense of something more abstract, more acceptable to the majority: the defense of law, order and property. Unions, particularly when largely composed of aliens, were branded as dangers to the existing order; labeling them anarchist or Communist helped isolate them. As a consequence, the majority did not check, but indeed acquiesced in, the resort to repressive violence by the economic elite.

The absence of restraint is a critical factor. Here again the work of Louis Hartz is illuminating when he speaks of the absence in America of powerful institutions that were Europe's inheritance from feudalism. Stanley Elkins applied this insight to the nature of American slavery, arguing that the absence of institutional checks on profit-oriented masters produced a particularly harsh system. We need not agree with all of Elkins' thesis to suspect that the idea is important for the character of American industrial capitalism. For its growth was essentially unchecked, certainly unchecked by a state that for much of our history accepted the principle of

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laissez-faire when it came to regulating business, but that, when it came to assisting it, became so integrated with the economy as to be almost indistinguishable from it. Industrialists developed a logical ruthlessness, and a disregard for human life that is perhaps the inevitable outgrowth of virtually unchecked power.

I am aware that I have passed over a host of ambiguities and subtleties. I am convinced, however, that when they are all taken into account, the pattern I have sketched, at this level of generalization, remains unchanged. It may be objected, for example, that the groups I have discussed are far from monolithic. Of course, there are many varieties of capitalists: industrialists, merchants, financiers and so on; and divisions among them are important in determining the time, intensity, duration and nature of violent episodes. But capitalists are capitalists; their differences often dissolve in the face of a common enemy. For all practical purposes, on the broad question of dealing with labor during the industrial war, they were in substantial agreement; dissenters didn't affect the course of events significantly. It may be objected that there are difficulties in measuring intentions and purposiveness, particularly when dealing with crowds. But to avoid generalizations because in specific cases we lack direct evidence of the mind of participants is to be unnecessarily fastidious. We are dealing, after all, with *patterns* of events, as the lynching of blacks by whites, thousands of times, often in a public ritual fashion, for transgressions against the caste system. Granting that many crowd (or elite) actions are undisciplined, and at times partake of the psychopathological, the overall pattern clearly bespeaks social intentionality. Crowds are not irrational herds, nor are they mechanistic bodies reacting reflexively to stimuli like "relative deprivation": they are acting politically—with passion perhaps, but usually with a clear sense of what they are about.

Finally, if it be objected that I have not discussed many other types of purposive violence, I would agree. We are just beginning to probe this area. There are many kinds of domestic violence to be considered: vigilantism; the repression of antiwar groups, political and cultural radicals, and abolitionists; crime; our own war of national liberation, the greatest single incident of purposive vio-

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lence, the Civil War. I have not discussed our use of violence against other people: the Indian and Mexican wars, by which we gained our continent, the wars by which we gained our empire, or the interventions all over the world, including Vietnam, by which we seek to maintain it. There are intriguing questions about the *interaction* between our domestic and exported violence that have been passed over. Why is it, for example, that almost without exception the greatest outbreaks of racial violence in our history have come in wartime—in 1863, 1917-19, 1943, 1964-68, with lesser outbreaks in other war periods, like 1740 and 1898? Conversely, how has America's pervasive racism and readiness to use violence against Indians and blacks affected our imperialist ventures? In our repression of the Philippine insurrection, our rationalization for violence was that the Filipinos were an inferior race that we had a duty to civilize. (It is noteworthy that in those lynching days our troops, including officers, habitually referred to the Filipinos whom they killed and tortured, and whose huts they burned, as "niggers.") And when all these aspects of our violence have been explored, it will remain to be seen how our history compares with that of other countries, but it is not too early to suggest that the use of violence has been a fundamental and grim characteristic of the American past.

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The "Relevance" of the "Humanities"

HERBERT J. MULLER

STUDENTS CAN SO OFTEN BE OBNOXIOUS THESE DAYS that it is easy to overlook the significance of their growing demand for "relevance" in their education. So far this has not much troubled teachers in technical and vocational departments or schools, since offhand no subjects seem more relevant than theirs in our kind of society, nor more highly valued; their students, mostly quite content with their prospects, have been giving little trouble. Yet the national emphasis on technical or vocational training helps to explain why many other students have grown more critical or rebellious. They don't want to be mere specialists, "one-dimensional" men well adjusted to a technological society, able and willing to perform the professional services wanted by business and government. And so their demands for relevance are especially pertinent for teachers of the so-called humanities, which are supposed to turn out "whole" men and educate them for the full life or the good life. There has in fact been much soul-searching in the profession, enough to stir up talk about a "crisis" in the humanities—the most fashionable state in our revolutionary world. Only the question remains how relevant this talk is to the much graver national crises about which many students are deeply concerned.

The discontented students are usually vague, inconsistent or unrealistic in their notions about what kind of education the university should offer. The noisy militant minority, centered in the elite universities, may also obscure the basic contentment of most students all over the land, still including many or most in the humanities, too; although these have their complaints, they are not rebelling against the whole educational system. Since I propose to dwell chiefly on the shortcomings of the humanities,

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I should say at once that their state is not so desperate as to constitute a crisis, and indeed that it seems to me healthier than it was in my youth, in particular because of all the soul-searching. Yet this accentuates the significance of the swelling demand for relevance—to my mind the most significant element in the radical change on the campus that has made headlines chiefly by "confrontations." However confused the students, their demand is basically quite legitimate. My experience confirms the observation of the Cox Commission on the Columbia disorders, that the present generation of university students is "the best informed, the most intelligent, and the most idealistic this country has ever known." In view of the sorry state of our world, and students' serious concern with it, the burden of proof is on their teachers.

So they have forced many of us to ask fundamental questions. What are these humanities, and why are they supposed to be more humanistic than other subjects? Usually we take for granted that we are responsible teachers, but just what is our responsibility? We are confident, too, that our subject is relevant to the purposes of a higher education, but what are these purposes? What is the *social* relevance or usefulness of the subjects we teach, in a world radically different from the placid academic world in which our subjects grew up? I think we might be grateful to our aroused students for making us realize that we don't know for sure the answers to these questions. At least, the many who think they know surely do not agree on anything but sonorous generalities that are usually remote from their teaching and research, and that are likely to sound hollow these days.

To begin with, we have no clear definition of the humanities, or, in plain words, we too often don't really know what we're talking about. In effect, the humanities are what is left in the curriculum when the sciences and technical or vocational studies have been separated out. Presumably they include English, the classics, foreign languages, history, philosophy, the fine arts, and now departments of religion; but, if so, they have no common core, such as a classical education once had. Neither do they have any common objective, beyond the vague generalities about the promotion of humanity, wholeness, freedom, wis-

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dom, *et cetera,* that are paraded on ceremonial occasions. It has been said, for example, that the basic aim of the humanities is "the understanding of the nature of man"; but, if so, it is not at all clear that the study of Middle English, metaphysics, musicology, or the history of the Middle West is necessarily more humanistic than the study of biology, psychology, sociology and anthropology. What most clearly unites the humanities in practice is the common aim they share with the sciences—mastery of a specialized body of knowledge, with techniques to match.

This may obscure the lofty humanistic aims students of the humanities profess, but it brings up other basic questions. What subjects should be emphasized, and why? Which are most important, if any? Why is it desirable for students to learn all they are required to learn in our courses? To students who question the relevance of these courses, the honest answer must first be a disagreeable admission. Choice of subject matter is largely determined by old academic habits, coupled with the traditional assumption that teachers always know better than students what they ought to know. It is buttressed by scholarly research, which has now produced a "knowledge explosion" in the humanities as well as elsewhere. But such an admission only forces the questions of relevance, relative importance, and reasoned choice in requirements.

At any rate, we are pretty sure to go on talking about the humanities, for want of a better name or any possibility of a precise name for the miscellaneous subjects now so labeled; so let us consider an approach to the humanities that might be more relevant today. Their concerns sometimes include the perennial questions not answered by science: "How shall we live, and what shall we do?" In the traditional view of high culture as the pursuit of truth, beauty and goodness, they are like all other subjects in the curriculum as modes of knowledge or truth, but they are distinguished by their concern with beauty and goodness, too. Specifically, the humanities are concerned not with economic values, technical efficiency, or practical utility but with moral, aesthetic and spiritual values—broadly civilized values that are notoriously neglected and often abused in our technological society. Professors of the humanities might

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accordingly make it their business to educate students in the value judgments that natural scientists are not trained to make, and that social scientists commonly taboo on the grounds that such judgments cannot be strictly verified by scientific methods.

Yet this approach won't do either as a means of defining or uniting the humanities. In practice, teachers of the humanities have diverse concerns, generally narrower and less philosophical, and sometimes inimical to a primary concern with value judgments. For instance, in philosophy logical positivists have ruled out ethics on principle; historians, seeking to be impartial or objective, often tell us that their business is only to understand, not to judge the past; English teachers have grown wary of the traditional stress on the social, moral values of literature, because this has tended to obscure its formal, aesthetic values; and in all fields scholars keep publishing learned articles that assume the value of their specialty, often attack the judgments of other scholars, but have little to do with the basic problems of value judgment or value systems. All these teachers have good reasons for sticking to their specialized concerns. But insofar as they maintain that their subject is humanistic, their students have a legitimate reason to ask: What is it good for? What use has it for nonspecialists today, in a world in crisis?

The important question remains responsibility and relevance. As I have intimated, it is a more complicated, troublesome question than either restless students or conventional scholars make out. As one who believes that there is no ideal curriculum for our kind of society, I am disposed to welcome the extraordinary diversity of the modern curriculum because of the wide range of choices it offers students. But as one who respects the students' demand for relevance, I think teachers of the humanities need to reconsider their stock in trade. Or since our actual objective generally comes down to making students more like us, we need to think harder about our own designs for living and learning.

Traditionally, the primary responsibility of teachers of the humanities has been to transmit our cultural heritage. This was surely an honorable tradition, especially in view of the richness

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of the heritage. As surely there is still room in our universities for the many scholars who may be detached from the problems of our day but who instill the excitements of learning for its own sake, a decent respect for the past, or an appreciation of its great works. All of us recognize our indebtedness to the scholars who have not only preserved but enriched our heritage and enabled us to read the past with a fuller, deeper, more sensitive understanding. The traditional teaching, which at its best seemed relevant enough to generations of students, is indeed especially pertinent at a time when too many people lack a sense of history or, in the conceit of modernity, fail to appreciate all that we owe to the past. Impatient students may need to ponder the old saying that one who knows only his own time and place cannot hope really to know them.

Hence we may get impatient over their loudest demand—immediacy, or relevance to burning contemporary issues. Obviously the humanities curriculum cannot be geared to the war in Vietnam, the problem of the black ghettos, or any other political issues. At that, it has proved uncommonly flexible in the last generation, offering many more courses in modern literature, art, philosophy and history, and introducing studies of non-Western cultures that are as pertinent in what at once is and is not One World. The modern has been stressed so much, indeed, that it has entailed some sacrifice of traditional courses that may be richer or more fundamentally relevant to efforts to maintain standards of excellence and principles of intellectual, moral or aesthetic order, at a time when the latest fashions may be relevant chiefly as symptoms of disorder or malaise. So Chaucer may give way to the theater of the absurd, Renaissance painting to pop art. In any case, the demand for relevance is too likely to support the dubious traditional tendency to exaggerate the importance of subject matter, *what* is taught rather than *how* it is taught: as far as humanistic concerns go, the knowledge that teachers impart matters less than the attitudes they induce.

Yet I begin with such reservations only to get at the legitimate complaints of students, and finally the troublesome complications of the whole issue of relevance. Teachers of the humanities have a plain responsibility to the present, too, today

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more pressing than ever before. They cannot discharge this responsibility merely by maintaining that more of the past ought to be alive than is. Convinced that their interests are as meaningful as ever, they now have to *make* them meaningful to the many thoughtful students who really care about the state of America. They can no longer afford to operate on the traditional assumption of the universal, timeless values of the humanities, which supposedly enabled students to make the best of any world. They have to prepare students for life in this fluid world, in which all such placid assumptions are questioned, the eternal verities often appear to be only outmoded cultural prejudices, and nothing is fixed, nothing more certain than that the future will be still more different from the past. As many students see it, teachers of the humanities are too often saying in effect: Let us carry on reverently our great tradition, which has failed to prevent us from landing in a god-awful mess, and which suggests no way of getting out of it.

To begin with, this tradition was essentially aristocratic, providing an education for a privileged few. Its elitism was plainest in the classical education of yore, which in Oxbridge prepared young gentlemen for secure upper-class berths, and seemed relevant because it reflected the accepted values of the ruling class. Even so, it became increasingly sterile. While it failed to awaken any real passion for the classics in most of the young gentlemen, it failed more conspicuously to give them an understanding of their revolutionary industrial society. At best, humanistic culture—in Matthew Arnold's term, a knowledge of the best that has been thought and said—did not prepare students to do much about social and political problems. In the more democratic, less cloistered universities of America, the miscellaneous humanities that replaced the classics and had to contend against a growing emphasis on technical or vocational training were less remote from public concerns, but they still remained pretty academic as the possession of campus mandarins. Henry Adams complained that Harvard had prepared him for life in the eighteenth century; so he spent the rest of his life trying to catch up with the nineteenth and to anticipate the twentieth. Until recent years many other students of the humanities might have echoed his com-

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plaints, but few did so loudly or effectively, largely because of the social prestige conferred by their degree. They would in any event pass for "educated" men, still an uncommon distinction.

By now elitism has taken a new form with the rise of a professional elite engaged in what a technological society dignifies as the "knowledge industry." In the humanities it is exemplified by the Ph.D. industry, which in the last ten years has processed more Ph.D.'s than American universities had produced in their entire previous history. This has accentuated the most obvious curse on the humanities and their alleged ideal of "wholeness" —the increasingly intensive specialization. The close studies required for dissertations, often on trivial subjects because they are supposed to be contributions to knowledge, are seldom calculated to make budding scholars any broader, wiser or more humane than specialists in the sciences, or to give them a philosophical view of their subject in relation to other subjects. For humanistic purposes, the chief value of a Ph.D. may be that its possessor can sneer at it in good conscience from a professional berth in which he can cultivate broader interests. But as it is, the rule of "publish or perish" makes it more practical to go on with narrow, specialized research, the results of which may then be inflicted on hapless students. When we talk of educating Homo sapiens, honest-to-God humanists might recall an old proverb: May God deliver us from the lies of honest men.

They might also question the fashionable addiction to "objective" analysis, due primarily to the influence of science. This is of course honorable in motive, as an effort to escape not only partiality or prejudice but also the tendency of teachers to indoctrinate students with their personal opinions. It has nevertheless encouraged self-deception in scholars who are not in fact wholly objective, and can never hope to be so in any humanistic concerns. In particular it too has clouded the lofty aims habitually ascribed to the humanities. While always plugging their own judgments in their field, scholars may in class deliberately shy away from broader commitments on social, political and moral issues, or on a system of values. They have made much of new methods of criticism, especially in philosophy and literature— so much that our age has been called fondly the greatest age of

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criticism; but again they may maintain the illusion of objectivity only by refraining from the social criticism for which so many of our best students feel there is a crying need.

Such independent criticism, I should say, ought to be a major function of the universities today, more important than ever before because the universities have become so deeply involved in our society by providing all the services it wants, including research for the military. By this I do not mean criticism merely of the war in Vietnam, injustice to the Negroes, or neglect of the poor, important though these issues are. I mean a fundamental criticism: immediately, of an affluent society dedicated to mere affluence or a mindless way of life; then, of a democratic society that not only falls far short of its avowed ideals of equality and social justice but also forgets that democratic principles are essentially moral principles, entailing moral obligations; and finally of a technological society that is concerned primarily with efficient means rather than with humane, civilized ends, and dedicated to a mindless, mechanical, now seemingly irresistible kind of "progress" without regard to human costs. (The expensive nuisance of supersonic planes is only the latest example.) I do not think teachers of the humanities should make social criticism their main business, in particular because of their need for some detachment, interest in much more than politics, and concern with the first and last questions of man's life. But when we celebrate our great humanistic tradition, I think we do need to consider more closely the nature of this tradition—or set of diverse traditions—as it has been passed down by the universities, the question of how alive it is for students in a world grown so different, and the problem of how to make it relevant to their interests and their needs. The disagreeable truth is that much of our professional stock in trade is of primarily historical interest, as dead and done with for their living purposes as the "influences" on past writers that scholars love to track down.

Or let us say simply that we are all likely to get into a professional or academic rut. Life in a rut is comfortable and secure, since we still have enough students willing to settle down with us there as transients. It helps to explain why the humanities remain fairly respectable in a society that values science and

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technology much more highly, and why we professors of the humanities are generally much better paid than we used to be. There are "radicals" among us, to be sure, and a widespread popular suspicion that there are too many of them; periodically the word gets around that we are corrupting the youth of America. Yet for the most part we are tolerated as harmless fellows. How could students be corrupted by a study of the classics, archaeology, the Renaissance, Shakespeare, Gothic art, baroque music, or foreign languages? Such interests are considered impractical, of course—not really essential—in effect, irrelevant to the serious business of life; but still a luxury our indulgent society can afford.

All this, however, is too easy. Trouble begins with any serious effort to spell out concretely what our purposes ought to be and how to achieve them. Then we may realize that we cannot be sure of the answers—all we can be sure of is that we can never hope to agree on what are the right or the best things to do. Yet there is no need for absolute agreement, no reason to think that it would be any more desirable than the placid agreements of the past. As in the sciences, where the answers are always due to be modified or superseded, the important thing is to ask the right questions. I am saying only that we do need to ask searching questions about our subjects and our aims. And since I cannot speak for my fellows, knowing only that they are doing all kinds of things, and that it is always too easy to be critical of the other fellow's aims, I shall now speak only for myself—and begin with my own troubles.

Needless to say, I am sure that I am a good humanist. Since my interests have long been focused on contemporary issues, and no less when I was dealing with the uses of the past, I took for granted that they were clearly relevant too. Thus in a recent seminar in political philosophy, centered on the issues of democracy, I started for the sake of historical perspective with some study of freedom in the ancient world—a major item in my professional stock in trade. One day an impatient student suddenly launched a harangue on the terrific problems looming up, such as the population explosion, the prospects that millions of

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people are going to starve to death; and here we were way back in ancient Greece, reading Plato's *Republic*. Patiently I explained that while I shared his concern over these problems we could not tailor the whole curriculum to the present emergency, we had to try to get down to basic principles, and we needed some perspective in order to size up both our current crises and our traditions and living beliefs, or simply as a means of keeping our heads. For the long run, historical perspective was indispensable to any hopes of wisdom.

Yet even as I made this sensible answer, I felt pretty academic. I stick to this kind of wisdom, or am stuck with it; but is it the best wisdom for aroused students at this time? Specifically, are the perspectives got from the political thought of the little Greek *polis* really of much help in understanding our massive technological society? As for the *Republic*, it is relevant because of Plato's concern with basic issues, such as the nature of a "just" society, his principle of rule by an elite, and his critique of democracy; but even apart from his dubious model of a just society—serviceable neither for ancient Athens nor for us—the terms of his argument are hardly applicable to the political problems of America, a radically different experiment in democracy on an immensely larger scale. So too with the "tragic sense" of history I have long dwelt on, with much stress on basic incongruities, ambiguities, ironies and paradoxes. It seems to me clearly essential to a proper understanding of not only the past but also our situation today, and as essential to hopes of wisdom. But this can become too easy a habit, or lead to an aloof, tired kind of wisdom; and again I cannot be confident that it is the best kind for students much concerned about the state of America and wanting to be "involved" or "committed." It will not do to tell them that the human condition has always been tragic, for they see evils that are quite unnecessary, clearly remediable. The immediate relevance of a sense of the tragic dignity of human history may be chiefly a disheartening consciousness of how little such dignity there is in our disastrous war in Vietnam, and in the grievous failures on the domestic front.

Or "wisdom" may be too highfalutin a word. While we nat-

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urally tend to be too confident that we both possess it and impart it, we cannot in any case hope to turn out a generation of wise men. Enough if we meet the simple need for more intelligence: an informed, critical intelligence, with a proper concern for human values, which can then be brought to bear on our social and political problems. This, however, is substantially what aroused students have been demanding of us. Repelled by the ruling values of our society, they are questioning the relevance of our own values to the "real" world—a world full of urgent problems. Hence I have had second thoughts, too, about the broader traditional objectives that I have been pleased to share.

One traditional objective has been to turn out "cultivated," "well-rounded" men. These are clearly admirable types, especially needed in a technological society, which, we must hope, still finds enough professional room for them. We must acknowledge that we have not been doing too well by this objective because of the intensive specialization, but we must also wonder whether our society does provide enough room for such men. Students preparing to follow us into the academic profession can expect to find a suitable niche (although now with increasing difficulties because of an overproduction of Ph.D.'s), but what about the many more students who are going out into the world? What kind of "culture" do they need? Much of what marked the cultivated man in the past may be of little service to them except for conversational purposes when not on the job. Even breadth of interest and outlook, which I like to stress because I specialize in this kind of thing, may help little—unless such interest is concentrated on contemporary problems.

The same is true of a related objective, going back to Aristotle, that has become popular of late—education for a wise use of leisure. This might seem to be eminently relevant in a society that promises increasing abundance and leisure. It is most obviously needed, however, by technical or vocational students, who are least likely to get it or want it. It can also be interpreted as a tacit admission that the humanities have little other real use today. In any case, the aroused students are not thinking about the uses of leisure. They don't want merely the comfort-

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able berth that satisfies most vocational students. They want challenging work, opportunities to be of use to their society, or to do something about the abuses of its wealth and power. Not being a career counselor, I can only hope they find such work. The immediate question remains: Can the humanities do more to prepare them for it?

As a possible answer, I could suggest a kind of course that I have ventured, one on the impact of modern technology on society and culture. No subject is more important today; it is the locus of all problems of human values, a means of making value judgments more concrete and clearly relevant; and I have been pleased to find that students from many different departments rise to it enthusiastically. But for the purposes of a humanities curriculum, it raises obvious practical difficulties. It does not fit clearly into any of the departments, and it calls for more knowledge of the sciences and technology than most teachers of the humanities have. However desirable it may be that they have such knowledge, it cannot reasonably be expected of them in our professionalized world, any more than I can be expected to master linguistics, mathematics or symbolic logic. Moreover, my growing concern with the abuses of our fabulous, fearful technology, which makes me suspect I am becoming obsessed by them, also makes me appreciate more fully the conventional values of detachment, even a *right* to irrelevance amid the clamor of our day. Just because students are so much concerned about contemporary issues, they may the more enjoy some respite from them and know better the deep, lasting satisfaction of intimate acquaintance with the great works of the past.

In short, I am still up in the air. Dissatisfied with my own teaching, I am no more satisfied with this effort at soul-searching. My belief that almost any subject can be made relevant enough not only leaves unanswered the question of how best to do so but might suggest that any old program will do, might encourage the addition of still more miscellaneous courses to a humanities curriculum whose traditional aim has been described as a quest for order and meaning. Knowing of no ideal curriculum, I conclude by merely amplifying a few of the questions I have raised.

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What we need, President Theodore Hesburgh of Notre Dame has said, apropos of the student unrest, is "a rebirth of academic, civic, and political leadership—a sharing of those youthful ideals and dreams, whether they are impossible or not." Why a *re*birth? It follows that the universities have not been providing such leadership or nourishing such idealism. I suppose the humanities cannot be expected to provide leadership in either our technological society or the multiversities it has spawned; but what about idealism? Although we of course can't simply "teach" it, I wonder how much our practice has tended to nourish any but academic ideals, not vitally related to our students' quest of freedom, justice and significance in a society that once upon a time was dedicated to ideal propositions. At least, we must question the traditional assumption of a "transfer of learning"—the assumption that exposure to humanistic learning necessarily induces humane, civil attitudes. Not only is it difficult to detect such attitudes in many a learned article, but we must remember that the many Doctors of Letters in Germany who supported Hitler included Dr. Goebbels.

Accordingly, we might reconsider the common assumption that political interests are not the business of the humanities. Such interests were accepted as a matter of course in the old classical education, whose avowed aims included the education of man as a political animal, a responsible citizen, fit to be a leader in his society. Although in America political leaders now come chiefly out of business, law and machine politics, and are served by specialists trained in the social sciences, it is still habitually said that one aim of a liberal education is to turn out good citizens. What, then, does it take to be a good citizen today? To my mind, it need not mean dedication to political activity, or constant readiness to march in demonstrations, and it cannot mean a lot of desirable things, such as a full comprehension of economic problems. But surely it should at least mean a live concern with human values, an awareness that political issues come down to moral issues, and some ability to size up leaders, to distinguish honest thought from campaign rhetoric or blah-blah—matters that are very much our business.

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Above all, we must ask the most obvious but most difficult question: What are the basic needs of our students today, other than their immediate professional needs? We must try to answer it with something like our traditional authority, inasmuch as almost all students still share our assumption that they need teachers. But in view of all the fashionable talk about the virtues of "dialogue," we might try as well to listen more to what they think they need. At this point the troubles begin again. Students have many different ideas about their needs, some of them still conventional, the rest sometimes superficial, immature or unrealistic. We can't just let them concentrate on doing whatever they think is their thing if we want to restore order, purpose or even relevance to a fragmented curriculum. In particular we run into the militants addicted to lawlessness, violence and contempt for the indispensable academic ideal of free, reasonable and civil discourse. Some of the young radicals further confuse the issues because they are not really interested in improving the humanities curriculum, but rather in starting a revolution—an "impossible dream" that we cannot share with them even if we feel the need of radical change, since they have no mass support, least of all from the workers.

Yet most of the discontented students have reasonable ideas about their needs. They are not simply rebelling against either the past or our authority, but in effect are asking us to earn our authority by making the past more meaningful in the "real" world—a world that in some ways they know better than we do. They grew up in the affluent society, know more intimately the common hollowness of its living values that we generalize about from an academic distance. Liable to the draft, sometimes exposed to the brutalities of the police, they may have a keener sense of social injustice, and of crisis too. Likewise they may suffer more from feelings of the randomness, aimlessness and meaninglessness of modern life that we take judicious note of in lectures, comfortably sustained by our conviction that we ourselves have high aims. They may really feel that life in America today is a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing.

In any case, they will inherit all the messes created by their elders in a technological society; so they force another question

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more pressing than ever before, the relevance of education to the future. I have read that the humanities in particular encourage dreaming about the future, but on the record of our century, I doubt it. In the popular journals, visions of the future come chiefly from technicians and scientists, and too often they are simply naïve visions of all kinds of new wonders. Serious efforts at forecasting, such as those by the Commission on the Year 2000, make it plain that we cannot educate students for a known future, but only for one that will be still fuller of problems because of the fantastic pace of technological development. What do teachers of the humanities have to contribute to such enterprises? Although not qualified as forecasters, they at least have something to say about the most important consideration, the question of what America *ought* to do with its fabulous technology. They can promote criticism of the actual uses of this technology, the trends toward something like Aldous Huxley's Brave New World. And on this score, too, they might give more heed to students' notions about their needs. "The best informed, the most intelligent, and the most idealistic" generation in our history constitutes our best hope for the future, which in any case they will have to bear the brunt of.

So let us consider, lastly, the question Roger Shattuck asked of teachers of the humanities: "Are we the Establishment or the Underground?" The answer, as I see it, is that we are both: an Establishment because of common scholarly and pedagogical tendencies, and a vested interest in hanging on to our professional privileges; and an Underground in an ambiguous sense, as a haven for molelike research but also as a source of subversive ideas. There is plenty of potential dynamite in our curriculum. While most apparent in courses on the modern world, it can be found, too, in many other courses, such as American literature and history, political philosophy, and ethics. Above all, it is implicit in the sonorous generalities about the aims of the humanities. Taken seriously, these aims can constitute an indictment of a society that does not welcome criticism of the American way of life.

Thus, if the humanities indeed make people more "humane," our students might be more repelled by the barbarous

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inhumanity of our war in Vietnam. If the humanities further our understanding "of such enduring values as justice, freedom, virtue, beauty, and truth" (to cite one of the generalities), students might grow more indignant over all the injustice, hypocrisy and falsity accepted in the American way. If they "help men to live more fully and creatively and to expand their dignity, self-direction, and freedom," students might grow still more aware of all the obstacles to full, free personal development in our society, including its universities. Or if we simply awaken them to the values of beauty and to the importance of aesthetic judgments in any consideration of "the quality of American life"—a phrase no less meaningful because it has become a cliché—they might be appalled by the national insensitivity to ugliness, the commercial blight on the landscape of what used to be called God's own country.

Then we must realize that we are headed for more trouble. Insofar as we satisfy our aroused students we will incur more of the growing public hostility to the universities; we cannot satisfy both them and all the Americans who resent them. Whatever our choice, we cannot hope to play it safe as either an Establishment or an Underground, since all the signs are that more troubles are sure to come. However good or bad the good old days, they are gone forever.

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Letter from Europe

ANTHONY BURGESS

Only in a Pickwickian sense can this be called a letter from Europe. I am writing it in Princeton, New Jersey, embowered in the autumnal gorgeousness of maple and sumac. Still, I remain a European, carrying the threatened candle flame of my native culture through these big American fall winds. Among the Elizabethan vowels and r-murmurs of the Northeast, my own speech sounds to myself almost grotesquely English. There's some corner of a foreign field that is forever Europe, England, Unamerica.

My earlier travels of this year took me to a whole atlas of foreign fields where the Queen rules through her governor-generals, and which can safely be called extensions of Europe. Not, however, Singapore, not any longer, although English is spoken there in the accents of the home counties, with baaaaths in the hotel suites and a few retired sahibs (tuans, really) going whatwhatwhat under the punkahs or kipaskipas. This exquisite island, which still subscribes to Stamford Raffles' philosophy of free trade, is a heaven of cheap consumer goods, all the foods and drinks and tobaccos of the world, lovely girls, orchid-scented air, no mosquitoes, and yet it is somehow unclean and nasty since the British left. A Chinese prime minister rules, under a purely nominal Malay president and without political opposition of any kind. His enemies are either in jail or on courses of "self-improvement" abroad, and Mr. Lee Kuan Yew ("Harry" to such friends as the lately deposed Mr. Harold Wilson) has everything very much his own way. The horror of such an autocracy is that nobody really minds. People are well-fed and are fined for littering the streets; they are protected from the dirt of the more extreme Western art; their führer is a paternal television face soothing them in perfect English of the Oxford variety, or else in fine Mandarin, Malay or Tamil. They could have Russian, too, if they wanted it, but anything with a Leninist flavor is as taboo as the gentler dissidence of the liberal intellectuals. Of these latter there are few left. The entire English department of the University, led by the admirable Professor D. J. Enright, was packing its bags during my visit. They objected to the installation of a political vice-chancellor; they refused to toe the party line; they feared, with justice, that such books as Milton's *Areopagitica* would soon be crossed off the departmental reading list.

Mr. Lee is not disturbed by the departure of foreign humanists, or native ones, for that matter. He has told such people, repeatedly, that he is sorry for them. Their concern with unquantifiable values is a waste of time and pragmatic energy; they have wantonly turned their backs on the glorious adventure of building a monolithic ministate. Hippies are not merely deported: they are first given a police haircut. The Federation of Malaya, north of Singapore across the Johore Straits, has recently protested to Mr. Lee about his trichotomizing of certain Malay hippies, but Mr. Lee is not repentant. Malaya and Singapore, which were once loosely united under the British, are now separate states snarling at each other, and there are no attempts at healing the soreness caused by the Malay slaughter of certain Chinese citizens of the Federation a year or so back. The two races just don't get on.

Fourteen years ago I completed a long book called *The Long Day Wanes,* in which I prophesied a perpetuity of long knives after the removal of the protective British arm. The prophecy has been all too accurately fulfilled, and it is with a sad mixture of artist's satisfaction and prophet's gloom

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ANTHONY BURGESS' *Shakespeare* was published this fall. LETTER FROM EUROPE appears in alternate issues of the SCHOLAR.

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that I find the book still read by Singapore residents as a portrait of actuality. There is another, bigger cause of gloom, and that's occasioned by a sense that Mr. Lee's forced fascistic unification of multiracial Singapore is motivated by a fear that, one of these days, the Reds are going to come down from a Vietnamized Vietnam and take over Singapore, as the Japanese took it over in those bad and shameful days when the British guns pointed the wrong way and the guardians of the guns lolled over gin pahits in the Raffles Hotel. You will find no Singaporeans anxious for the Americans to leave Vietnam. American troops on R. and R. are bought free drinks and made much of. Singapore still winces at shocking memories of bushido swaggerers (now transformed into mild men carrying cameras) in Raffles Square. The whole business is bewildering, but Mr. Lee's reactionary pragmatism—unaggressive, sloganless—can hardly be justified in terms of anticipatory protection.

It was a relief to leave Singapore and fly to Australia, with its surrealistic night sky, its incredible birds and greenery, its vinous air, its inveterate parochialism at last cracking under the influence of the hordes of European immigrants who are called Nyü Orstrylians. This great empty continent must surely become the New New World, and it is significant that the accents of the disillusioned New World now mingle with the cheerful Dickensian Cockney of Perth, Melbourne and Sydney. I spoke to many Americans who were glad to be in a sunny country of cold beer, long brown limbs, incredible architecture (the Australian arts are the visual ones, something to do with that marvelous light), and an easygoing democracy that doesn't merely talk about spitting in the boss's eye. The big Australian catch phrase is, "She'll be right," applied indiscriminately to a car engine, a printshop job and the future of the Commonwealth. The optimism is not always justified. There is too much censorship and far too much philistinism: the latter drives Australian writers, singers and ballet dancers—sometimes even painters, who have it best of all the art artists (*artists,* in Australia, being a rather contemptuous term used for experts in rather reprehensible skills)—to the more congenial fug of London. The politicians are as bad there as anywhere, and there is a very un-British uncertainty about how far the police can be decently trusted or legitimately provoked. But the country breathes promise, and it is a wonderful place for bringing up big, brown, baretoed children. The wine—little of which travels easily—is as good as anything in Europe, and the Great Western champagne is such that the slogan "Beware of French imitations" seems justified. And there are oysters of such size, succulence and cheapness that, over one's third dozen, one has—cutting the contentment like lemon and tabasco—a sudden flash of resentment at New York restaurateurs.

The working-class Owld Orstrylians are as reactionary, as self-consciously salt-of-the-earth, as D. H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo* would lead one to expect. (That book, incidentally, is still bombarded with hot waves of hate by Australian writers: none of them has yet been able to produce anything as good or as true.) The jokey, whimsical rhyming slang still floods the all-male pubs: "Have a sentimental" means "have a smoke" (impossible for Americans to understand unless they know that a popular book of digger poems was called *The Sentimental Bloke*). For my benefit, xenophobia was nicely expressed through a rhyming-slang riddle by a bronzed giant who was as willing to knock me down for a Pommie bastard as to buy me a schooner afterwards. "Why," he asked, "is the Coliseum round?" The answer was: "So the dagoes can't do a tom-tit in the johnny-horners." When I mildly told him that I was married to a dago, he said, unabashed, unresentful, "Good on ya, mate."

Demotic Australian speech is now so divorced from the standard diction of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, as well as from the somewhat prissy dialect of the (very good) Australian newspapers and the admirable Sydney *Bulletin,* that new immigrants now have to take courses in it: to come equipped with a Berlitz diploma is not enough. A few years ago it

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was recognized that there was a distinct Australian way of speech called "Strine" (a truncation of "Orstrylian"). A British novelist, Monica Dickens, a descendant of this year's centennial inimitable, was signing copies of her latest novel in a Sydney bookshop, and a lady said to her: "Emma Chizzit." Thinking this was the lady's name (a somewhat Dickensian one, surely), she wrote on a flyleaf "To Emma Chizzit from Monica Dickens." But it turned out that what was really said was "How much is it?" Eaters in Sydney restaurants begin their order with "Eye level arch," continuing with "stike" or "plite of oysters." This is, of course, meant to be "I'll have a large." "Gloria Soame" is not the name of an Australian TV star: it is what, complete with "water Waugh" carpeting, every decent Australian aspires to living in.

Perth is fresh and vigorous. Adelaide is staid but ambitious (the job of opening its "Writer's Week" was my main purpose in going to Australia). Melbourne has big stuffy hotels with enormous Edwardian breakfasts. Sydney is not unlike San Francisco, although rather more beautiful. Proverbially, each town has a characteristic greeting. Adelaide asks: "Which church do you go to?" Melbourne: "How much money have you got?" Perth and Sydney, although thousands of miles apart, conjoin in asking you what you would like to drink. The male citizens of all Australian towns are alike in loving women less than they should. The principle of "mateship" prevails: a real man should prefer the spit-and-sawdust of a pub, loud beery talk with his cobbers, to a decorous evening with girlfriend or missus in flicks or hotel lounge. At parties, a rigorous segregation of the sexes holds. Women resent Australian men, and rightly. Their women are mostly goddesses, classically bathycolpian and long-legged. The incursion of woman-troped Italians, Greeks, Americans, even English, is salutary. There does not seem to be much homosexuality around, although stage transvestitism is appreciated (there is a regular show of this kind in King's Cross, Sydney, called "Les Girls"). Sex has been sublimated into sport, the joys of malereek and pubfug, the stupor of marine sun relieved with the occasional cracking of a frosty (or opening of a bottle of cold beer).

To Australians, Englishmen are Poms or Pommies or Pommy bastards (*bastards* is not necessarily a term of derogation). *Pommy* comes from *pomegranate,* which is a jocular deformation of *immigrant.* New Zealanders are termed "Poms without brains." This is because there is a quality of restraint, caution and gentility about New Zealand, which must look like a lack of creative drive or daring or cerebral aggression to its vast continental neighbor. Certainly, New Zealanders lean to the quiet joys of uxorious suburbanism, slippers, pipe, evening paper more than Australians, who roar like bulls under the tauric tropical sun. Also, their speech is far closer to that of the mother country. They have expressive tropes like "box o' birds," meaning "healthy, in good spirits, fit," but they are always intelligible. They are also tolerant, rational, and capable of solving social and political problems that still bedevil Australia. Australia has not really done right by its aborigines, but in New Zealand total integration of whites and Maoris seems to have been achieved. Christchurch is pure Scotland-England, with authentic Northern chills coming up in autumn from the South Pole, but Auckland on the upper island is an intriguing European-Polynesian town, and Wellington, marine and hilly, combines the old British respectability with the dash and color of the Pacific islands.

I saw a good deal of the university students of New Zealand, and, like their brothers and sisters of America, they are hippie-looking and pot-smoking. They also want, poor devils, something to protest against, and in New Zealand—except for a certain dullness, which is, after all, not hard to find in Norman, Oklahoma, or Princeton, New Jersey—there are no great wrongs screeching for the righting of the immature. They want the police to be genuine pigs, but the police are nice and gentle. And so, like Australian students, they identify their wrongs with those of American youth, wanting Nixon out but

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not their prime minister. As for the Queen, she does not matter very much; she is perhaps rather less harmful than an elected president might be.

New Zealand is satisfied with the principle of a remote monarchy, a home-grown governor-general, a strong economic and cultural tie with distant Britain. Australia expresses its native aggressiveness in an occasional outburst of republican feeling. Get rid of the monarchy, the radicals shout, and turn the governor-general into the first Australian president. I think they are wrong. The more I see of the English-speaking world, the more I'm convinced that the republican system is unsuited to its genius. A president is one more politician to deal with, a man embroiled in nasty politics, while a monarch, being elective, is ultrapolitical: it means one less element in the political body to be corrupt and inefficient. History seems to show that the cultures based on the English language and the ancient English traditions sicken when they abolish the monarchy and elect a leader, president or protector. England tried it under Cromwell, and it didn't work. Look at South Africa and Rhodesia. Look at some of the newly emerged African states. In my old-fashioned way, I go on regarding George III as a bloody fool but the Declaration of Independence as a disaster. Come home, America. The British Commonwealth needs you.

A New Diary

DANNIE ABSE

This clerk-work, this first January chore
of who's in, who's out. A list to think about
when absences seem to shout, Scandal! Outrage!
So turning to the blank, prefatory page
I transfer most of the names and phone tags
from last year's diary. True, Meadway, Speedwell,
Mountview, are computer-changed into numbers,
and already their pretty names begin to fade
like Morwenna, Julie, Don't-Forget-Me-Kate,
grassy summer girls I once swore love to.
These, whispering others and time will date.

Cancelled, too, a couple someone else betrayed,
one man dying, another mind in rags.
And remembering them my clerk-work flags,
bitterly flags, for all lose, no-one wins,
those in, those out, *this* at the heart of things.
So I stop, ask: whom should I commemorate,
and who, perhaps, is crossing out my name
now from some future diary? Oh my God,
Morwenna, Julie, don't forget me Kate.

✪ DANNIE ABSE was born in South Wales in 1923. His *Selected Poems,* drawn from five volumes of poetry published in Britain, was recently published in the United States.

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REAPPRAISALS

Reflections on the International Student Movement

FRITZ STERN

The student movement of the 1960s must be regarded as among the least expected and most important developments of the last decade. For years, academics slighted the subject; in the last two years, while universities experienced the full impact of the student movement, people have talked about it endlessly and passionately, published symposia, held conferences—and still the subject proves intractable.

This essay is intended to say something about the underlying historic causes of the movement and to prepare a very preliminary balance sheet of the emergent costs of that movement. I believe that the movement has far deeper causes than outrage against the war in Vietnam, and it is likely, therefore, to continue after that war ends. Reflecting real needs, the movement had considerable potential for effecting reforms; for a variety of reasons, among which I would emphasize the response of academics, it has failed to realize its potential and has succumbed to senseless, destructive putschism and sectarianism. The humane ideals of the Port Huron statement of 1962 have long since been buried by the brutalities of militant rhetoric and the steady escalation of coercive tactics.

Perhaps it is foolhardy to write yet another article on this all-too-familiar subject. My excuse is that, since the student movement first erupted in Berkeley, I have followed it closely on *both* sides of the Atlantic. From the outset it seemed to me that the sounds of Berkeley, far from being parochial or purely political, carried a deeper message that was very likely to appeal to students throughout the Western world. I thought I sensed in the Berkeley movement—for all its pseudo-Marxist rhetoric—an upsurge of cultural grievances, couched in political terms, which was likely to pose altogether new challenges to a world precariously being rebuilt after decades of depression, fascism and war.

In 1965 I said to incoming students at Columbia that Berkeley recalled the "pathetic, serious fling of German youth before the first World War." Three years later, it seemed to me that our activist students were primarily exulting in the experience of community and camaraderie spiced with danger and defiance, while others thought they were witnessing a deep and justified political rebellion which demanded their allegiance. The assessments that academics made of the nature of the movement varied greatly, as did consequently their responses. Some quickly arrived at a position for or against the movement; others formed their impressions and loyalties more slowly. As in all such situations, many people gradually changed their perceptions, and in this openness to reason and experience lies the best hope for arriving at some kind of new consensus. It is my hope in this essay to offer a different perspective on the movement, one that may

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perhaps help to fashion an intelligent response to the continued challenge.

It is remarkable how similar the movement has been in the affluent countries of the West, despite wide differences in academic and social conditions. Causes and costs have been very much alike, even allowing for the great varieties of national styles in student agitation. In Greece and Spain and Czechoslovakia, however, the heroic resistance of students is essentially different from the movements in the West: there, students are battling for the traditional freedoms that our students take so much for granted that they heedlessly put them in jeopardy. Open and continuous student movements can occur only in countries where the rights of dissent are firmly established—the very rights that militant students profess to scorn. Mass protests against repression can only occur in relatively free societies—and the fashionable analogy between America and Nazi Germany is senseless and depraved.

For years, academics disregarded the obviously growing movement. Until the spring of 1968—and in many cases, even after—many academics smugly assumed that their universities would be exempt from the student rebellions; that "it can't happen here," it happened only on big campuses or in big cities, only where local abuses and defects provoked them. A kind of patronizing parochialism prevailed, although it was hardly more sophisticated than the reverse attitude of suspecting a worldwide conspiracy behind local uprisings. Persistent parochialism repeatedly allowed student activists the advantage of surprise: universities rarely learned from each other, and the same old drama was reenacted everywhere anew. Perhaps boredom—which helped to produce the outbursts—will contribute to their subsiding. The Harvard *enragés,* after all, called on their fellows "to root out the boredom of our daily lives," and the Paris students of 1968 proclaimed: "We do not want to die of boredom in an affluent society." But occupations and confrontations are not indefinitely exciting to most students either.

But what academics failed to reckon with was the dynamic of the movement and its contagiousness. It may have begun with justified anger at some academic idiocy or injustice, but it was never for long directed at specific academic failures. It was led by self-styled revolutionaries who were essentially uninterested in academic reform, and it was sustained by a large number of students who, out of general disenchantment, were predisposed to support radical comrades at moments of crisis. If academics and administrators had realized the force of the movement and its contagiousness, they might have quickly instituted needed reforms and improved their rapport with the majority of students, who for a long time remained accessible. The blindness of trustees and administrators was matched—and more than matched—by the gurus, local and international, who had inspired the movement, men who prided themselves on their superior insight into the historic process, who encouraged and incited the young to make instantaneous demands, who had set them the example of systematically exaggerating the evils of the present, of insisting that we were already "objectively" in a fascist state and that tolerance, that precious and precarious achievement of centuries, was "repressive." In their blindness, the gurus did not reckon with the certainty that a revolution devours not only its children but also its grandfathers; they failed to see that students, grown heady with the experience of the fragility of order, would almost certainly push ever harder, contemptuously thinking, as a Columbia radical told me seven months before our explosion, that the old order is "infinitely pushable."

These radical mentors saw the movement as a political protest against racism, capitalism and militarism; so did most of the militant students. Other sympathizers saw it as a great potential leap to freedom, and in some ways they were closer to the mark. Few of these sympathizers recognized that the tactics of coercion would defeat a political and corrupt a cultural movement.

The manifestations of the student movement have become increasingly political. The underlying motives, however, are not

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political or social, but cultural and psychological. The political disasters of the 1960s provided the setting for the discharge of essentially cultural grievances. The student revolt is intimately connected with the deep underlying discontents of our civilization, with subterranean forces that have periodically become visible: the German youth movement of the 1890s, part of a general intellectual striving for greater freedom and for emancipation from various forms of hypocrisy and prudery, was an early and almost innocent eruption of this sort. The present movement is closely related to the profound contemporaneous changes in Western art, Western consciousness and, above all, Western style of life. It is part of what may some day be called our own Cultural Revolution. The success of the movement is due to these cultural analogues.

Political developments, coincidental in time but not causally or logically related to the movement, also have contributed to its success. Similarly, Luther's struggle for a new faith as against the orthodoxy and authority of the Roman Establishment could never have prevailed but for the political self-interest of princes. The confused and incoherent strivings of the present cannot be equated with Luther's time, although there are some startling analogies; I am simply suggesting that the student activists profited from a favorable milieu because in every Western country there were similar political and cultural tendencies that predisposed masses of nonactivists to accept, however briefly, the leadership of radical activists. I would suggest that the following conditions helped shape the movement and gave it what one might call its historic resonance.

1. The attack on authority. Throughout this century, there has been a mounting questioning and rejection of all authority: parental, religious and, broadly speaking, moral and philosophical. Along with this has come a weakening in the habit of what the British call deference—unreflective regard for age and rank. The withering of authority and of deference has derived in some measure from the weakness and hollowness of the men and institutions that claimed authority. Authority must itself bear a great responsibility for the erosion of its appeal. The most general sin of authority has been to take itself for granted, to cease being accountable. For our purposes, the most pertinent failure of authority has been that by parents. The present generation has rarely experienced reasoned authority. In their own permissive uncertainty, parents forgot that it was far better to be firm *with* explanations than intermittently weak *without* explanations. In what appears to be a revelry of anarchism, there may well be a hidden yearning for authority—if only the authority of some doctrinal certainty.

2. On a different time scale, but also throughout the Western world, there occurred in the 1960s a sudden discrediting of national and political authority, which produced a kind of collective self-hatred. Pride in native country turned into feigned indifference or shame. For many of the young, suddenly nothing seemed praiseworthy—only those agreed on the corruption of the present were considered virtuous. Above all, there was disillusion in and with the United States, where the gap between professed ideals and reality, hitherto often glossed over, was made appallingly clear, at a time of rising affluence and a more militant civil rights movement. Most galling of all was the war in Vietnam which, coinciding as it did with the "end" of the cold war, seemed to lack all reason or justification. We can now see in retrospect that the cold war provided Americans with the comfortable sense of having their democratic virtue defined by Soviet vice, although it should not be forgotten that the postwar years also saw considerable progress in domestic efforts at promoting social and racial justice.

Other countries had similar experiences. The great ideal of a unified Europe had faded by the early 1960s, and European politics had become humdrum. Beyond these and other dissatisfactions lay a general disenchantment with liberal democracy—with the workings of the system, its justice and, above all, its "legitimacy." There had been an earlier disenchantment,

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on both the right and the left, in the 1920s. The heroic alternatives of those days were personified by Lenin or Mussolini or Kemal Ataturk. The realities of fascism and Stalinism cured that disenchantment, and the democracies showed considerable vitality in their war against fascism and in the postwar establishment of the welfare state. The reforms of the late 1940s and early 1950s produced the affluent youth of the 1960s, unafraid of depression, free to protest the remaining pockets of poverty as well as the miseries of affluence. In the last decade, then, another wave of revulsion rose up against the forms of Western democracy, which, admittedly, had fallen on bad days. The transition from the promise of Kennedy to the reality of Johnson was symptomatic. Once again, as in the 1920s, by an escalation of rhetoric and feeling, the abuses and deficiencies of democracy were held to be immanent in the system, and the whole system was condemned as corrupt. Alternatives, however, were hard to come by; the Soviets had for some time been discredited as a bureaucratic monstrosity, and the invasion of Czechoslovakia confirmed their fall from socialist grace. A feeling spread that all power, all authority, was corrupt and obsolete, and with it came a revival of a kind of pre-Machiavellian morality, the insistence that politics must be judged in purely moral terms. For growing numbers, anything that ran counter to radical ideals was deemed obscenely immoral, and radicals began to act as if they had a monopoly of truth and morality.*

In this period of disillusionment and incipient utopianism, the cult of the third world provided the heroic alternatives to Western democracy: Ho Chi Minh, Mao, Che Guevara. These heroes embodied the ideas gurus like Herbert Marcuse were preaching: that the West was (once again) doomed, that salvation had to come from the underdeveloped, and as yet uncorrupted, world of suffering nonwhites. This sudden cult of the poor and wretched of the third world led to practical ambiguities. Compassion for the blacks in America inspired the ideological exploitation of them—much to the anger of black students who objected to being used by white radicals. The cult of the poor also attests the religious, mystical elements in the new mood that so many observers have commented upon.

3. The cult of the primitive and underprivileged also bespeaks what I think is the deepest source of discontent: the reemergence of cultural and psychological grievances on a huge and unprecedented scale. Western society has witnessed periodic waves of disgust with bourgeois culture, the strongest always coming in times of affluence. Affluent youth is fed up with affluence, with the *"société de consommation,"* with what they still call materialism, careerism, conformity, and the hundred varieties of suburban life, with two cars and no meaning, and with moral hypocrisy as an additional burden. As an American student leader, a native of the rich New York suburb of Scarsdale, exclaimed at a meeting in Paris, "No one who has not lived in Scarsdale knows how bad life can be." Because society's goals seem to have no meaning, the young rebel against the ethos of work and competitive achievement. At times, they seem in full rebellion against the Protestant Ethic itself. They see all those traditional bourgeois values as both symptoms and instruments of repression.

Many of the young today are disgusted with the prospects of their lives; so perhaps were their elders during the depression. Today's disgust may be more painful than those earlier fears; the young of the 1930s assumed that the wretchedness of depression and of fascism could not possibly

* The moralism of the radical young has often been commented upon. Erwin K. Scheuch, German sociologist and editor of a collection of articles on the new left, felicitously entitled *Die Wiedertäufer der Wohlstandsgesellschaft* (Cologne, 1968), has remarked: "The title 'The Anabaptists of Affluence' should remind us of the continued historic evil associated with the coercion out of conscience of fellow-humans." (p. 11) The literature on the student movement grows steadily; I regret that Nathan Glazer's valuable *Remembering the Answers: Essays on the American Student Revolt* (New York, 1970) did not appear until after I had finished this essay.

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last, while the young of the 1960s believe that the wretchedness of affluence stretches endlessly before them. They object to the countless ways in which they feel they are being manipulated and dehumanized. They are cultural Luddites, angry at both the efficiences and inefficiencies of the system. They are individualists, yearning for the experience of community and solidarity. They are looking for William James's "Moral Equivalent of War" and think they have found it in revolutionary posturing.

To the cultural historian, this disgust has a familiar ring. Was not the nineteenth century a continuous outcry of poets and critics against the deadening impact of bourgeois society? Do we not time and again hear echoes of Ibsen and Nietzsche in the angry, inchoate outbursts of the young? Yet there is a difference: Ibsen and Nietzsche carefully eschewed collective answers or solutions, certain that the quest for something better demanded a slow and painful self-education and self-transcendence. Activists today believe that there are immediate and collective answers. This is a dangerous delusion. Put differently, I would say that the cultural criticisms of the young command the greatest sympathy. In this and other realms, their questions and strivings are essential, their answers often trivial, and their tactics self-destructive. But part of the blame rests with their elders who neither understood their grievances nor warned against their remedies.

Years ago, in *The Politics of Cultural Despair,* I studied the efforts of right-wing German ideologists to politicize and put into practice the thoughts of Nietzsche, efforts that ended in a disastrous fall from idealism into nihilism. The efforts of the left have not been more encouraging. As a young radical, Michael Neumann, who opposes the tactics of parts of the student movement, wrote in 1968: "The demands on the left, including the Marxist left, have always been political expressions of cultural grievances, the demand for something different but intangible. Soviet Russia, insofar as it is socialist, is an example of Socialism without something different."

In the recent past, these collective grievances and experiences have created a mood of unease and a readiness to reject and to rebel. It was this generalized mood that radical activists sought to politicize and manipulate; without a latent readiness to rebel, the leaders could never have found followers. Their ideology alone could never have reached a majority of students. Even with such readiness, they needed something to trigger an uprising and they needed an arena, preferably a safe one, in which to stage their uprisings.

Universities provided both cause and arena. The deficiencies of universities varied greatly. On both sides of the Atlantic, the consequences of postwar expansion exacerbated all earlier problems. Instead of being the cloistered bastion of the few, academia now became a kind of educational marketplace for the many. The Continental universities had grown most rapidly of all, and conditions at the universities of Paris and Rome became intolerable. At Rome, in 1968, there were sixty thousand students and three hundred regular professors. In the United States, while conditions were very much better, there were justified complaints about overcrowding and underteaching, about "jet-professors" and remote administrators who neglected their students. At the same time, the universities became increasingly involved with society and government and by their worldliness grew into "multiversities," which radicals depicted as service centers of the Establishment. The postwar universities became more democratic in character and more affluent, but they also became less certain of their purposes and functions. Reforms came slowly, and, given these dissatisfactions, a few sparks sufficed to set off widespread detonations. Occasionally inept administrators presented students with gratuitous issues, which were quickly exploited to disrupt the universities. They then had to call on the civil authority to reestablish order; the appearance of police turned moderates briefly into radicals. Despite many variations, the plot was everywhere essentially the same,

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and everywhere proved to radicals that universities—traditionally liberal, hating force and relying on consensus—were easy targets. By 1967-68, students had discovered the fragility of universities. Disruption was easy, and it paid! In the spring of 1968, there were simultaneous uprisings everywhere that recalled to historians the collective experience of 1848. From Berkeley to Berlin, militants were dizzy with success. There was no conspiracy at work, but a contagion of mood, of rhetoric and tactics, spreading all the more rapidly through the elaborate attention paid by the mass media.

The fragility of universities had many causes. Faculty members had suffered the same disillusioning experiences as had the young—often earlier. American academics had long been in the forefront of opposition to the war in Vietnam—as many French academics had been in resisting the Algerian war—and within all universities a liberal climate prevailed, along with a presumption that universities, in some measure at least, ought to be the critical consciences of their societies. Concern with the "quality of life" in America had been born in the practical idealism of the Kennedy era, before the first eruption in Berkeley. Academics had had deep misgivings about the war, about discrimination, about the seeming imperviousness of the system, long before youth began to rebel.

What the young activists brought to these discontents was the promise of instant redress. They taunted the old with passivity. A Sorbonne *graffito* of universal significance proclaimed: "We are all German Jews." The young managed to mobilize the accumulated guilt of the old—guilt at not having done enough, guilt at having succumbed to affluence, guilt at inadequate teaching, guilt at being middle-aged, a hundred varieties of guilt. And this guilt, combined with the prevailing liberal sympathies of the faculty, produced that weakness and divisiveness on the campus which so puzzled, outraged and emboldened students. Throughout the academic world there appeared the phenomenon of "spiritual pedocracy," first seen in prerevolutionary Russia, and described there by a one-time Marxist, Sergei Bulgakov:

> *Spiritual pedocracy* [rule by children] is both the greatest evil of our society and a symptomatic manifestation of intelligentsia heroism, displaying its basic features but in heightened and exaggerated form. This abnormal relationship, in which elders are guided by the value judgments and opinions of the "student youth," turns the natural order of things head over heels, and it is equally pernicious for both sides. Historically, the spiritual hegemony of the students is connected with the fact that by their outbursts they actually have played the role of vanguard in Russian history; but psychologically, the explanation lies in the spiritual outlook of the intelligentsia, whose most vivid and striking representatives never outgrew the world-view they held as students. Hence, we watch . . . with tacit or even open approval while our young people, who have neither knowledge nor experience but only an abundance of intelligentsia heroism, undertake serious social experiments with dangerous consequences and, of course, succeed only in strengthening reaction. . . . During the revolution, "student" became the generic term for *intelligent*.
>
> . . . Anyone concerned with the future is most anxious about the younger generation. But to be spiritually dependent on it, to flatter it, to truckle to its opinions and take it as a standard, testifies to a society's spiritual weakness. In any case, it is characteristic of an entire historical period and of the whole spiritual tenor of intelligentsia heroism that the ideal of the Christian saint, the ascetic, has been replaced here by the image of the revolutionary student.*

The student movement created and intensified academic divisions. Face to face with unprecedented challenges, academic consensus swiftly disintegrated, as men violently disagreed about the causes, consequences and tactics of the student revolt. Without this deep split among academics, the crisis of the universities would never have reached its present proportions. Academics accustomed to controversy in theoretical matters were suddenly forced to make practical decisions, and to choose

* Sergei Bulgakov, "Heroism and Asceticism," a contribution to *Vekhi* (Signposts), translated by Marshall Shatz and Judith Zimmerman, *Canadian Slavic Studies*, III, no. 2, Fall 1968, pp. 306-307.

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among mutually exclusive loyalties or priorities. They had to deal with a complicated political phenomenon. Why individual academics reacted one way and not another is an intriguing subject that some day, I hope, will find its proper study. Some men joined the radicals, embracing their vision of a new university and a just society. Others sympathized with the militants, hoping that cooperation and concessions would bring about a workable alliance between left-liberal faculty and radical students. Both groups—obviously in the ascendancy after a campus had been rent by strife—were primarily concerned with the minority of militants, often slighting the interests of the still-uninvolved majority. Among liberal academics who suddenly found themselves on the "conservative" side were those who had for years actively opposed the war in Vietnam, and who had acknowledged the grave inadequacies of our culture and our politics, long before the new left sought to freshen the Marxist critique with Maoist élan and Marcusian utopianism. Such men knew that the universities were far from perfect, but believed them deserving of support because their potential role as centers of learning, dissent and discussion could best be realized through reform, not destruction. Their experiences led them to the same conclusion that Professor H. L. A. Hart reached in his admirable 1969 Oxford "Report of the Committee on Relations with Junior Members":

> Though student radicalism manifests itself in disturbances in universities, it is not primarily concerned with university reform or with education or with the conditions of student life; it does not arise from these conditions and is not to be allayed, though it may be contained, by their reform.

Those academics who saw the increasing use of force on campus as a threat to the life of the universities did not believe that the instigators were prompted by intra-university concerns and would not have condoned force even if the purposes had been unambiguously academic. What seemed peculiarly senseless to them was to let the fabric of universities be threatened or destroyed by activists who were using the university, in their own words, as staging areas for their attack on society. Opposition to force did not preclude continued sympathy and solicitude for students—indeed it was a form of solicitude. It was easy to maintain sympathy with the young, inspired as so many were by grievances and hopes shared by most academics. What proved hard, sometimes impossible, was to maintain the same sympathy and understanding for colleagues who seemed to have turned into sycophants of the young.

Throughout the world, then, and especially in liberal America, faculties were torn into factions. For some academics, student radicals could do no wrong; whatever they did was better than the system they opposed; "no enemy to the left or under thirty" seemed the new motto. Others were outraged by the use of coercive tactics on campus. Some sought peace when there was no peace; some sought power. Many academics devoted themselves wholeheartedly to whatever cause they espoused; some looked for a neutral position, although neutrality usually favored the disrupters. A good many liberal professors said of the radicals what friends of Joe McCarthy had said of his campaign: "We like the aims, not the means."

Of course, there were passion and idealism among the militants, and these could have inspired a generation rightly indignant at the wrongs of society. What was needed were sympathetic warnings and lessons in revolutionary history by those men who had inspired the movement. Instead there was silence.

After his own classes had been disrupted and his seminar occupied, T. W. Adorno exclaimed, "I could not have suspected that people would want to put my theoretical model into practice with Molotov cocktails." The most important and courageous exception to this general rule was Jürgen Habermas, a German sociologist, Marxist, and an early supporter of student protests, who, years ago, warned radical students against the dangers of "left-wing fascism." In June, 1968, at a large student meeting, Habermas again warned against

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the self-defeating character of the student movement:

> From a false assessment of the situation is drawn a fatal strategy, which will not only permanently isolate students in universities and schools, but will weaken all social and political forces that demand democratization.

Mostly the gurus remained silent, while their campus imitators encouraged the militants. Few of our American academics followed Habermas' example; many "led" their students by psychologically following them, and many of them had to discover painfully that the expectations of the young activists grew fiercer with time and that each wave of radicals deposited erstwhile heroes into the dustbin of history.

The career of student hero proved irresistible for some academics—and for all of them it was a short-lived career indeed. Worse, the militants turned against their left-liberal friends first and often vented their greatest anger against them. These short-term heroes were playing roles: as Raymond Aron pointed out in *La Révolution introuvable,* everybody played roles. People imagined themselves as Robespierre or St. Just, Danton or La Passionaria, or headiest of all, Lenin. Perhaps most pathetic was to see Herbert Marcuse in the 1960s in America playing the Herbert Marcuse of the early 1930s in Germany, when the fatality of Weimar made cynicism and utopianism somewhat more plausible than today.

Many people, in and out of academia, consider that the idealism of the young and the successes of their movement exonerate or glorify their acts. Of course, the young are idealistic: they have no mercenary motives and they are almost never *consciously* concerned with self-serving ends. Of course, the young write on their banners our own ideals of justice, equality and peace, and, of course, they impart new energy to the quest for these ideals. But they also give them a narrow, moralistic definition. Ideals often inspire self-righteousness, and the present activists so excel in self-righteousness that they are sometimes likened to the early Christians. But the heaven-storming qualities of idealists, of fanatics—have they not time and again led to the creation of a new hell on earth? Can we forget the dangers of trying to legislate national morality and purity? Did we not see the idealism of 1917 turn into the nihilism and terror of the 1930s and 1940s? Did the Nazis not appeal to the idealism of the discontented Germans? Can we really be satisfied with the activists' belief that this time the ideals will not be perverted by their transformation into reality? This time, they say, it will be different—and even if it is not, the future cannot be worse than the present—to which our answer is that the past has taught us differently.

Behind some of these apologetics lies the age-old belief that the ends justify the means, as if so much that is best in humanity has not already been sacrificed to this doctrine. Means and ends are not discretely separate, but dialectically joined; means corrode and sometimes replace ends. Idealism, like patriotism, is not enough.

The uncritical pursuit of utopian ideals leads to anger and frustration, and these breed the desire for action, for any kind of action, even if it is desperate, hopeless action. Student militants realized that action, if forceful enough, would ensure counteraction, which was likely to be more forceful. Confrontation politics was rediscovered in an ideal setting where the appearance of the police was sure to bring instantaneous revulsion and great waves of sentimental solidarity. For a while, from 1966 to 1969, radicals sought to escalate the conflict, because the universities' use of force "unmasked" the repressiveness that, they alleged, latently exists in capitalist society. The activists have a great desire to unmask an opponent, to transform his latent fears into manifest acts. They have no inkling, no moral apprehension, that it is better, for humanity, to restrain brutishness, even if it lingers on subterraneously. The restraint of man's baseness has itself been a great civilizing achievement; to sacrifice that restraint in the hope that the unmasking of brutishness will lead to its extinction is utopian nihilism. One thing has become certain: a

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puzzled and outraged society will oblige radicals by using excessive force, the unmasking operation will be flamboyant, and the militants will have the satisfaction of becoming self-fulfilling prophets. And to whose benefit?

Sympathetic observers have credited the movement with great success. The young activists have often been praised as an elite, as the best hope, the surest sign that this or that country still has a vital future. Clearly, the movement has had some successes. In many countries and on many campuses, the governance of universities has been reformed (we hope for the better), the position of the nontenurial faculty has been improved, and universities seem to have become more responsive to the demands at least of activist students. Most important, there has been a reformist impulse set off by students and universities that is beginning to transform the social behavior of corporations and the free professions. Here an immensely promising change seems to be in the offing: by helping to impart a magnificent new impatience with injustice, student activists are likely to promote great social progress. They may well be strengthening the institutions that some of their most radical contemporaries consider irredeemable. They are likely to create a better climate for the whole body politic.

On the other hand, can university reforms be credited to the militant students? Here the answer is difficult. Militants may have created the conditions for reform, but successful reforms have been carried out by moderates among faculty and students who sought to translate turmoil into change, and who had the experience and the patience to engage in the painstaking business of reforming old institutions, encrusted by habit and accustomed comforts. Some governments have sought to impose radical reforms; this might be called the Edgar Faure phenomenon, although there are German examples as well. In the United States, the former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Robert H. Finch, intended "to become a public voice and strong advocate" of radical change in education, seeing in the general ferment the best chance for reform since the Soviets launched Sputnik. These examples of the Establishment reaching out to reform in order to defend itself recall Bismarck's remark in 1866: "We would rather make than suffer a revolution." Needless to say, there are grave potential dangers in allowing outside political bodies to decree university reform: unfamiliarity with academic conditions may produce cures that are worse than the disease. It is very doubtful, moreover, that the principle of university autonomy, precariously established after centuries of struggle, should be breached lightly.

Reforms are needed, not as sops to revolutionaries but in recognition of existing deficiencies and in acknowledgment of new aspirations. All reformers should heed Professor Hart's remarks in his report on Oxford reform: ". . . the changes we propose are in no case recommended as mere defensive measures to damp down or contain unrest. We have recommended change only where we think it is desirable as a contribution to the quality of life and the liveliness of the University." The chief need in all branches of academic life is to strengthen the principle of accountability: for too long, universities have operated by habit, interspersed with occasional obiter dicta. This system, which probably never fully developed the human possibilities of academia, is clearly at odds with prevailing expectations today. Whatever successes have been scored in the field of academic reform, the costs of the movement have been great, and these too must be kept in mind, especially by the sympathizers of the movement. These costs have been unevenly distributed. Some have already been paid in whole or in part. There is no reason to suppose that the costs will go on indefinitely. Indeed, if I am right that a new and healthier phase of the movement has begun, especially here in America, some of these costs will diminish or disappear. But it is important to draw up this interim statement of the debit side of the ledger, so that the correct balance can be struck.

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1. The experience of the last few years has encouraged the belief among students that only by violence do things get done, that the customary processes of change are corrupt and unresponsive. Sometimes they are, but rarely. This feeling is bolstered every time an administration or faculty meets force by concessions or surrender. If this mood persists, it will obstruct rather than hasten the adoption of needed reforms. It will tear at the usual process of achieving change and will frighten many hitherto flexible people away from embarking on any reforms at all.

2. The estrangement between teachers and students may have grown, not diminished, under the conditions of the newly politicized university. The teacher turned part-time administrator and crisis-manager has had even less time for students than before. Students longed for a real community —and found themselves on committees instead. Participatory boredom was the result. Sentiment and spirit cannot be legislated. The very thing that many of us deplored, even before the current wave of agitation, is getting worse: the universities are getting more like the marketplace. There is an undercurrent of tension and mistrust in everything we do.

3. The human cost to *all* members of the university. Intellectual life needs a sense of relaxed order. This is true for giving or attending a class, for writing or reading a book. Where many require peace, a few suffice to disrupt. And the life of a disrupted campus is hard and ugly for almost every member of the community.

We have had our own experiences in this country, from the junglelike atmosphere of San Francisco State to the inner turmoil of Harvard. I doubt that on balance a single university has been improved through disruption. Reforms, which often enough might have come about in any case, if more slowly, had to be paid for by lasting division and antagonisms on campus; the threat of force hung over many campuses and exacerbated these conflicts.

Hard as the last academic years have been in America, conditions in German universities have been far worse. In the fields of the humanities and the social sciences, many of the German universities ceased to function at all. Since 1968, a wide array of disruptive tactics flourished, ranging from the baring of female breasts in Adorno's class, to the "normal" attempt at *"umfunktionieren,"* which really meant taking over a class, to the storming of buildings and the throwing of bombs. Amidst alternations between putschism and police action, department after department shut down. What was perhaps most frightening to me was the rapidity with which students and teachers began to accept as tolerable what only a few months earlier would have been unthinkable.

The physical and psychic costs to all members of the university are not easily measured. Casualties mount, as men weaken or collapse under the tension and the growing threat of intimidation. For several years now, German militants have launched disciplined campaigns against academic opponents, brandishing the old fascist threat: "We will break you." Terror has been escalated in regular steps: disruptions and occupations are followed by obscene personal attacks, and, finally, and most revolting, direct threats are made against the opponent's children. It is no accident that these techniques of fascist intimidation appeared first in Germany, although they have been used in France and the United States as well.

Administrators, many of whom are but academics temporarily in different roles, have been subjected to worse strains, and yet they are often deemed expendable by their erstwhile colleagues. Deans are thrown to the wolves, but the wolves are beginning to understand that the real enemy is the professoriat, not the administration, which often enough is willing to buy peace through various academic concessions. And whence our supply of able administrators? In America today, there are over three hundred college presidencies vacant. Soon it may be easier to enter a university as a president than as a student.

The experience of disruption is hard on students as well, a fact often overlooked by those who focus only on the militants, many of whom clearly derive psychic rewards from

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their activities. Bruno Bettelheim's "psychograph" of militants is probably the most telling analysis of the psychic roots of campus radicalism. But the millions of torn and bewildered nonradical students deserve far greater attention and solicitude and responsible adult leadership than they now get.

Many university members, but especially faculty, are currently going through a common reaction to campus disorders. As crisis after crisis drives academics to total engagement in campus affairs, to the detriment of their health and of their scholarship, these same people are beginning to look upon privacy as immeasurably attractive, and they are filled with desire to withdraw completely. Examples abound of this temptation to flee from self-imposed public engagement to private peace.

The lure of disengagement deeply affects students as well. American psychologists have already found a label for the new phenomenon—privatism. The road to privatism is often reached via drugs, and it is ironic but not strange that the hard-bitten Establishment and the revolutionary leaders both abhor drugs. The "revolution," as it is often called, may lose its potential soldiers to privatism *cum* drugs. Marx's old adage may need to be reversed: religion is no longer the opiate of the people, but opiates have become the religion of the young. Many students may be swallowed up by a new subculture, in which drugs and a hedonistic search for true identity insulates initiates from politics. Perhaps the worst unintended consequence of the activism of the sixties could be compensatory but dangerous secession from politics in the seventies. There are already signs that even liberal students are bored and disillusioned with new left politics, and in the end may retire from politics altogether.

4. The political cost of the movement. There is general agreement that the violence of the student movement has already contributed greatly to a push to the right. The much-discussed backlash has already become a dismal reality in the election of Reagan and Nixon; just as the student movement has grown in violence, so has a vicious backlash which has at its command a far greater arsenal of power than do the students. The same has happened in Germany and Italy, while in France the student rebellion has had the unique distinction of simultaneously strengthening the right and what radicals considered to be the "obsolete" left, that is, the Communist party. Among students a modest revival of right-wing attitudes and organizations has been reported. The chief victim, as always, has been the liberal middle, caught between a resurgent right and an extremist left. The process of polarization, as right and left help each other in the common struggle against the "liberal Establishment," is already discernible and has prompted some people to invoke the frightening analogy of Weimar. Even anti-Semitism, dead as it seemed after the Hitler holocaust, has reappeared among the anti-Israel attitudes of the new left and in more traditional guises among the right. It has not escaped the notice of anyone that among the student radicals in America and Europe, Jews have played a preeminent role. In America, there is also the unmistakable growth of black anti-Semitism, which has had its influence on the new left.

It was naïve of student leaders to assume that they could vent anger and spleen at publicly supported institutions without setting a backlash in motion. It was irresponsible of their mentors not to warn them that this would happen. Universities are also in danger of gradual starvation by angry and parsimonious legislators or private donors. If disruption continues to be concentrated in the social sciences and humanities, it is likely that these areas will suffer the worst. As an English academic said to me not long ago, "Society knows it needs doctors and engineers; it does not feel that way about sociologists and philosophers and it may well decree a temporary end to publicly supported education in these disciplines. Society may come to think of them as irrelevant."

5. The cost to scholarship. The rampant anti-intellectualism of the movement frightens even some of its sympathizers. No one who has listened to or read the militants can doubt their massive indifference and even

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antagonism toward the process of education, toward "mere" scholarship. They demand relevance and denounce objectivity, and disdain all nonpolitical learning. Primitivism, which elevates feeling above reason, and ideological orthodoxy, which prescribes crude dogmas instead of encouraging the search for truth, are twin forces toward radical anti-intellectualism. Another force toward anti-intellectualism is the violently unhistorical mood of the young; just as people over thirty cannot be trusted, so history is dismissed, unless it can be made to inform and shape the struggles of the day. This frame of mind clearly abets the distortion of history into a modern analogue of Manichaeism, the division of the world into the forces of light and of darkness. It also favors the current vogue of utopianism. History is a discipline that deals with the stubborn realities of collective human behavior and of power. It gives comfort neither to revolutionaries in search of political perfection nor to conservatives who would cling to the privileges of an *ancien régime,* even after it has lost its support.

The ugliest shape of anti-intellectualism need not be belabored. A contempt for learning, reminiscent of the storm trooper and manifested through the burning of the materials of scholarship, has reappeared. Until recently, academia was perhaps held in excessively high esteem; now it is being abused and dishonored, and by its own members. As a consequence, universities may lose their appeal to potential academics. It will become harder to recruit good teachers and scholars into academic life. Can anyone pretend that the profession is as attractive today as it was five or ten years ago, when salaries were much lower? I mean attractiveness not measured by material yardsticks, but by the more important, less tangible criteria that describe a relatively civilized and satisfying life. Amidst endless crises and suspicions, some of the joy has gone out of teaching. Richard Hofstadter once defined the intellectual's attitude toward ideas as combining and balancing piety and playfulness. Today these are in danger of being replaced by politics and fear.

There will, of course, be people to enter the academic profession, including many activists who would accept a life of permanent crisis. Many older scholars today are beginning to wonder whether their place is still at a university. They fear that the old Humboldtian dispensation of combined teaching and research is about to disappear. If it does, so may university scholars; they will seek other abodes where they can expect to carry on their work. They will be worse scholars for the absence of stimulating students, and students will be deprived of some of their best teachers.

On balance, it seems fair to say that the student movement has helped to bring about a general impoverishment of academic life. It is paradoxical that so many people seeking a better life should contribute so much to its worsening.

This is not a self-serving assertion on behalf of the privileged few, but, I believe, a realistic, if somber, appraisal of the present condition of virtually *all* members of the academic community. Certainly it applies to a large number of students.

Of course, this impoverishment has many causes, and it would have been surprising and morally reprehensible if academic life had remained unaffected by war and domestic strife. Vietnam casts its dreadful pall over campuses, but the impoverishment I speak of is superimposed upon external crisis. It strikes me as largely gratuitous, and as bearing within it the seeds not of reform and peace, but of scholarly paralysis and increasing political repression. By damaging the universities, the militants are not forcing all to suffer their share of the ills of the world, as if by some calculus of pain and pleasure, but may in fact be damaging one of the few remaining centers from which political and cultural recovery could spring.

The temporary impoverishment of life is often the price of progress. If the "costs" I have mentioned should be the price of progress, they might be worth paying. Those of us who have lived through the 1930s know that the costs depicted here are trivial, compared to the costs of those tragic years. But is the present crisis a prelude to something better or the beginning

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of a long, downward slide? Are these costs useful and necessary? Even to pose the question may serve a purpose: for too long people have thought that the student movement was "cost-free," or that it was bound to produce good results. It is foolhardy to expect good results to be automatic, but no wiser to expect inevitable catastrophe. The future is open to our actions.

There are grounds today for optimism. Student militancy may have lost its appeal for moderates, and our institutions may prove themselves resilient enough to adopt needed reforms. The political climate is improving in Western Europe, and in the United States a new and responsible activism, based on a broad coalition, is likely to arise in the final stage of the Vietnam war. Despite Vietnam and despite our race problem, there may be particular reasons why America may fare better than other countries. (Paradoxically, it may even be true that the *real* problems of Vietnam and racial injustice may arouse more constructive responses than the less tractable problems of cultural and psychological *malaise,* although admittedly we have every kind of problem in our midst.) Certain cultural traditions in our country may help to create an atmosphere for reform. As a country, we perhaps are still more open to change, more open to innovation in ideas and in practice, than other countries. In America, faculty relations with students have always been characterized by considerable informality, and this may facilitate greater collaboration between young and old. And perhaps, despite our endemic violence, there is not quite the background of historic fear and suspicion that divides older societies. Politically conservative, yet intellectually liberal and even permissive, this country, face to face with its worst crisis in a hundred years, may yet find its way to a new and broader consensus in our universities and in society at large. We have no other tradition to live by.

The universities neither are nor can be islands unto themselves, but they do have a certain autonomy of fate. To reverse the present decline and to restore a measure of stability and institutional sanity will be difficult and will depend in no small measure on the sentiments and actions of academics. The first task is to get a new perspective on the present crisis and to narrow the divisions among us. The unanticipated costs of an unrestrained movement are truly immense; perhaps the costs here described will caution some academics against excessive leniency and others against excessive rigidity. We need to be firm about a few matters of principle and procedure, and we need to be flexible about many matters of academic practice and academic life. The restoration of some degree of consensus within universities is necessary, even if that is only to agree that great achievements of the past are in danger today, and that many of them deserve to be saved—for ourselves and for those who in a few years may want to enter the academy and who, finding it a shambles, would rightly hold us responsible.

The foregoing was written before the upheavals of last May, when the fatality of Cambodia and the tragedies of Kent State and Jackson State further unhinged American campuses. At that time, the President's rhetoric more than his policy bespoke a sudden reescalation of the war and inspired fear and even hysteria on and off campuses across the nation. It remains uncertain whether his move in May rescued Cambodia or American withdrawal from Vietnam, but it certainly rescued campus radicals who in the early spring of 1970 were disintegrating into further factionalism. By word, deed and militaristic gesture, the President seemed bent on dramatically embodying the exaggerations of new left ideology.

Parenthetically, one might suggest that what occurred in Washington and Kent last May was the erratic outburst of rattled authority, of power acting out of fear. Terrified authority terrified its critics, and the much vaunted polarization of American politics entered a new phase. Opponents not only unwittingly strengthened each other, but began to tear at each other's political sanity.

The campus reaction was extraordinary. Understandable outrage fostered a massive

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shift to the left and, in the face of national disaster and outside attacks, academia felt itself united. On many campuses, faculty and students established practical alliances to work for peace. There is reason to hope that this kind of collaboration will continue to exert its salutary effects off campus, without injuring the true purposes of the university.

Radicals, however, sought to bend this new spirit to their own ends. They wanted to "mobilize the resources of the university" against the war—a step more calculated to bring the universities to an end, rather than the war. Strikes were proclaimed that on some campuses turned into *de facto* strikes against the universities themselves. What had long been a tacit assumption of some student radicals, that in an unjust and ugly world every pocket of decency was dishonest and needed to be leveled, seemed to become a more general feeling: a functioning university was somehow an affront.

The shocks of May revealed how fragile had become the fabric and the sense of purpose of American universities. In the long run, what may be most important about faculty response last spring was a simultaneous, unconscious arrogation and abdication of authority. Under provocation and in good faith, academics acted as if they had a special dispensation to be the conscience of the nation, claiming for themselves and their students privileges that no other group in society would think of claiming. At the same time and with staggering insouciance, many faculties canceled classes, assignments, examinations; they consented, in short, to the virtual end of academic work. On the surface, all this was done and seemed justified because a political crisis of unknown magnitude appeared more urgent than academic routine. But did not this rush to suspend or cancel the traditional work of universities bespeak a widespread and deep-seated ambivalence that many academics feel about their work or purpose? Professionals convinced of the importance of their work would have found other, less self-indulgent ways to meet the crisis. Students were often confused and sometimes angry at this decreed flight from work to politics.*

If I am right that the events of last May were, in part at least, indicators of ambivalence, the outlook for the continued strength of scholarship is further clouded.† The traditional canons of scholarship are already under violent attack from the new left, who denounce "objectivity" and insist that political criteria and "social relevance" should determine academic appointments and curricula. Others urge that teaching should be complemented or replaced by group therapy, and graduate students and younger faculty are often impatient with the established criteria for judging competence. Perhaps better procedures can be devised; but it is hard to see how the training of scholars can dispense with the judgment of performance.

The universities of France, Italy and Germany are in the midst of unspectacular decay. According to one informed guess, almost half of the normal work at Italian universities has been interrupted to the point of virtual suspension. Classes meet irregularly or not at all. At some German universities, the situation is little better; systematic efforts at silencing politically unpopular teachers have led to faculty countermeasures, such as a faculty strike in Berlin and efforts to form a professorial league for the defense of free scholarship. The organizers lament having been everybody's whipping boy for too long.

Solicitous politicians have sought to buy peace by legislating changes and concessions, transforming among other things the earlier authoritarian character of European universities into political pseudodemocratic bodies. In several German universities, under

* I was told on good authority that a group of moderate Harvard undergraduates pleaded with their professors that exams and grades were impossible at the prevailing pitch of excitement. The professors heeded their wishes, only to have the same group return a week later and complain that the absence of grades would hurt their careers. Reminded of their earlier wishes, the group retorted: "Just because we panicked is no reason for you to panic!" How right they were!

† Academics were ambivalent about violence as well. Condemning repression in the country at large, they kept silent about specific acts of coercive intimidation on campus.

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a new system of election, some young left-liberal assistants have been selected as rectors. The results so far have been neither disastrous nor particularly encouraging. (In principle, a young rector might be a good thing. Troubled times like these bring forth excellent, prematurely seasoned young men, and the old credo needs to be amended and reaffirmed: careers open to talent, regardless of age.)

Other changes, hastily prepared, seek to "Americanize" the form of education, and ignorance about other countries' experiences facilitates the borrowing of mistakes. In Western Europe, the long-standing efforts of academics to reform their anachronistic institutions are now being buried in a spate of politically inspired decrees. By the fall of 1970, the growing chaos at Continental universities was being exploited by a better organized and less anarchical student movement. Scared politicians and disciplined Marxist cadres play into each other's hands, at the expense of the scholarly university. What Erik Erikson once felicitously called "the ideological promiscuity" of the young is giving way to widespread acceptance of the simplicities of the new left catechism.

As in all periods of historic change, there is a confluence of causes that accounts for the present condition. In America, student militancy and intolerant radicalism find resonance in wider circles because of the real deficiencies in our society and because of the simultaneous emergence of a new cultural style among the young. The radical chic of the mass media spread the mood of sneering utopianism; the baffled exasperation of middle America may produce waves of repression. The violence of antistudent sentiment is waxing and is being exploited for political purposes. By their divisions and timidities in the face of an internal challenge, the universities have exposed themselves to the still growing challenges from the outside.

There are heartening signs, however, that after the events of May and the bombing in Wisconsin, a new consensus against violence is emerging. Terrorism is almost universally condemned, but it will still have to be recognized that from "acceptable" levels of campus violence to terrorism is but a short step. When Britain finally abandoned appeasement, it emerged a united nation, convinced that it had tried every conceivable concession to preserve peace. If intimidation and violence abate, American universities may yet devise a pluralistic system of education where most needs, including those of scholarship, are met. The prevailing campus mood of fear, fatigue and false guilt is not encouraging, and neither is the example of Continental universities. But moods change, and perhaps even a small band of academics of all ages, including students, would suffice to reverse the present decline and restore some sense of purpose, some form of peaceful liberality, on our campuses.

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The Death of Enkidu

From *Gilgamesh*

HERBERT MASON

The epic of Gilgamesh, *which predates the Homeric epics by at least fifteen hundred years, was discovered in the mid-nineteenth century in temple and palace ruins in Nineveh. Based on an historical figure who reigned over Sumeria sometime during the latter half of the third millenium, the epic tells the story of the adventures of King Gilgamesh and his friend, Enkidu, Gilgamesh's grief over his friend's death, and the journey he then takes to discover the secret of eternal life.*

About the epic Mr. Mason writes that the inner action has been described as "a revolt against death." He explains that "this revolt, in a universe once thought to be ordered and good, grows from a belief that death is evil and a crime against humanity's growing consciousness of human rights . . . The survival of this great poem in the world must relate partly to the survival of the same vision in a few people in our world, people who may not consciously believe in personified gods nor have culturally handed down names to give them, but who through pain of loss may have made this 'revolt,' or through compassion may understand how intimately related they really are to all the creatures and things of the universe."

The following selection is from Gilgamesh: A Verse Narrative, *which will be published this winter by Houghton Mifflin Company (copyright © 1970 by Herbert Mason).*

That night the wound Enkidu had received
In his struggle with Humbaba grew worse.
He tossed with fever and was filled with dreams.
He woke his friend to tell him what he heard and saw:
The gods have said that one of us must die
Because we killed Humbaba and the Bull of Heaven.
Enlil said I must die, for you are two-thirds god
And should not die. But Shamash spoke
For me and called me "innocent."
They all began to argue, as if that word
Touched off a universal rage.
I know that they have chosen me.
The tears flowed from his eyes.
My brother, it is the fever only,
Said Gilgamesh. Enkidu cursed the gate
Into Humbaba's forest that had lamed his hand

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And cursed the hunter and the prostitute
Who had led him from his friends, not sensing
Gilgamesh's fear at the thought of his own solitude:
I can't imagine being left alone,
I'm less a man without my friend.
Gilgamesh did not let himself believe
The gods had chosen one of them to die.
The fever reached its height
And like a madman talking to a wall
In an asylum Enkidu cursed the gate
As if it were the person he could blame:
I would have split you with my ax
If I had known that you could wound.
Shamash, who called me "innocent," I curse
Your heart for bringing me to suffer this.
He thought he heard Shamash arguing
That if the prostitute had never come
To him he never would have known his friend
Who sat beside him now trying to find
The gesture to reverse the gods'
Decision or relieve
A close companion's pain.
Gilgamesh, though he was king,
Had never looked at death before.
Enkidu saw in him a helplessness
To understand or speak, as if this were
The thing the other had to learn
And he to teach. But visions from his sickness
Made him also helpless as a teacher.
All he had to give was being weak and rage
About the kings and elders and the animals
In the underworld that crowded sleep,
About the feathers that grew from his arms
In the house of dust whose occupants
Sat in the dark devoid of light
With clay as food, the fluttering of wings
As substitutes for life.
The priest and the ecstatic sat there too,
Their spirits gone, each body like an old recluse
No longer inhabiting its island.
Like shells one finds among shore rocks,

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Only the slightest evidence
Of life survived.

Gilgamesh knew his friend was close to death.
He tried to recollect aloud their life together
That had been so brief, so empty of gestures
They never felt they had to make. Tears filled his eyes
As he appealed to Ninsun, his mother, and to the Elders
Not to explain but to save his friend
Who once had run among the animals,
The wild horses of the range, the panther of the Steppe.

He had run and drunk with them
As if they were his brothers.
Just now he went with me into the forest of Humbaba
And killed the Bull of Heaven.

Everything had life to me, he heard Enkidu murmur,
The sky, the storm, the earth, water, wandering,
The moon and its three children, salt, even my hand
Had life. It's gone. It's gone. I have seen death
As a total stranger sees another person's world,
Or as a freak sees whom the gods created
When they were drunk on too much wine
And had a contest to show off
The greatness of the harm that they could do,
Creating a man who had no balls or a woman
Without a womb, a crippled
Or deliberately maimed child
Or old age itself, blind eyes, trembling hands
Contorted in continual pain,
A starving dog too weak to eat,
A doe caught in a trap
Wincing for help,
Or death.
The contest rules the one who makes
The greatest wretchedness wins.
For all of these can never fit
Into the perfect state they made
When they were sober.

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These are the things I have witnessed
As a man and weep for now
For they will have no witness if friends die.
I see them so alone and helpless,
Who will be kind to them?

He looked at Gilgamesh, and said:
You will be left alone, unable to understand
In a world where nothing lives anymore
As you thought it did.
Nothing like yourself, everything like dead
Clay before the river makes the plants
Burst out along its beds, dead and . . .
He became bitter in his tone again:
Because of *her*. She made me see
Things as a man, and a man sees death in things.
That is what it is to be a man. You'll know
When you have lost the strength to see
The way you once did. You'll be alone and wander
Looking for that life that's gone or some
Eternal life you have to find.
He drew closer to his friend's face.
My pain is that my eyes and ears
No longer see and hear the same
As yours do. Your eyes have changed.
You are crying. You never cried before.
It's not like you.
Why am I to die,
You to wander on alone?
Is that the way it is with friends?

Gilgamesh sat hushed as his friend's eyes stilled.
In his silence he reached out
To touch the friend whom he had lost.

✪ HERBERT MASON is a poet, translator and scholar, holding a doctorate in Near Eastern languages and literature from Harvard University. He became interested in the Gilgamesh story in 1954 while he was an undergraduate at Harvard. Of his *Gilgamesh* he writes: "The present verse narrative, made only after years of inward companionship and meditation, of trying to forget and of being unable to forget, and based on literal scholarly translations, is intended as a subjective evocation that may bring the story and its principal characters more intimately to others than literal translations can do. I have tried to retell an old story . . . and to infuse it with as much passion, immediacy and specific wisdom as I have known."

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Hegel, Beethoven, Wordsworth: 1770-1970

HARVEY GROSS

Every American child who reads the comic strips knows the date of Beethoven's birthday. This year we are celebrating, with the usual amount of overkill associated with these occasions, Beethoven's two-hundredth birthday. Less publicized in the media is that 1970 also marks the two-hundredth birthday of Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel and William Wordsworth. Speaking as a modern man aware of the tremendous changes generated by these men; speaking also as a modern man inflamed by a pervasive epochal sense and neurotically sensitive to his philosophical, cultural and political heritage, I venture that Hegel is our particular philosopher, Beethoven our particular composer, and Wordsworth our particular poet. This sounds critically dogmatic and perhaps suggests motives that may seem to some reactionary or, at best, retrograde. I admit I view the essentially generous and wide-ranging philosophic system of Hegel as a corrective to the vengeful and narrowly conceived pop-Marxism currently embraced by many of our romantic revolutionaries. I regard Beethoven's music as more compelling than any ever written; even so intractable a Beethoven denigrator as Stravinsky has recently recanted and ranked the sixteen Beethoven quartets among the greatest achievements of the human spirit. Wordsworth is the greatest *revolutionary* poet of the nineteenth century; every succeeding poetic movement, of the last and present century, traces its ancestry back to the *Preface to Lyrical Ballads* and the poetic practice it defends.

We shall be deluged with *Festschriften* and other commemorative offerings: with new readings of the Lucy poems and new understandings of *der sichentfremdete Geist*. We shall hear the sixtieth (or six-hundredth) recording of the Fifth Symphony played, perhaps, on the Moog synthesizer. A new "popular" biography of Beethoven appeared last year in time for the Christmas season; we can expect new biographies of Hegel and Wordsworth, new studies of the romantic spirit in art and philosophy. These celebrations, reconsiderations and revaluations serve functions more useful than padding out the bibliographies of promotion-happy academics. I mentioned epochal-consciousness—utterly Hegelian in its lineaments and origin—and the awareness that two hundred years round off an era in modern history, that we stand at the end of one dispensation and at the beginning of another. Such awareness may only be a fiction of literary imagination. It is, nevertheless, a useful fiction; a two-hundredth anniversary (whether end or beginning) allows us some respite, a pause between the multiple confusions of the past and the apocalyptically imagined turbulence of the future.

A skeptical first glance at our three figures might reveal that the only thing they pos-

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sessed in common was the year of their birth. After all, Beethoven's favorite philosophical reading was Christoph Christian Sturm's *Observations on the Works of God in the Realm of Nature and Providence,* a mishmash of sentimental pantheism and the clichés of eighteenth-century Christian pietism. Wordsworth, in sharp distinction to his friend Coleridge, scrupulously avoided the abstruse philosophers and declared with obvious pride that he had ". . . never read a word of German metaphysics, thank Heaven!" Hegel, although extremely sensitive to literature, was less sensitive to music. In his section on music in *The Lectures on Aesthetics,* he mentions "Sebastian Bach," Mozart, Rossini—but, surprisingly, not Beethoven. From the evidence of his metric, I would venture that Wordsworth had little ear for music although doubtless he had heard of Beethoven. Beethoven had discussed with his friend Christian Kuffner "the new English poets," Byron and Thomas Moore; in all probability, however, he had no knowledge of Wordsworth's existence and certainly none of his work.

There are no questions of "influence." Hegel, Beethoven and Wordsworth were emanations from the World Spirit. Romanticism was a European movement that reached across disciplinary limits as well as national boundaries. These men were shaped by the same historical forces, by the same revolutionary consciousness of self and nature. With the other Romantic artists and philosophers, they thought of themselves as instruments over which the awesome power of imagination played. They wrestled with the terrible angel of self-estrangement, with what is now (somewhat inaccurately) called alienation, and they achieved a measure of victory over that immortal adversary.

To give plausible order to this presentation, I view our three bicentenarians through a set of multiple categories: various objectifications, we might say, of the Hegelian Absolute Spirit. The categories may seem arbitrary (but in a familiar Hegelian way); they are certainly not inclusive. They are useful not only as a set of perspectives to comprehend our three figures but also as categories relevant to an understanding of Romanticism in its myriad and varied aspects. They are history, nature and imagination, inwardness and alienation. Although divided by the requirements of an analytic discussion, our categories are not separate lenses before the inquiring vision but more exactly a complex optical arrangement. Hegel's system and the world it interprets represent a dynamic unity. History and nature (the development of Spirit in time and the development of Spirit in space), nature and self, inwardness and alienation —which are themselves alienated and return the self to society and culture—interact and penetrate each other with every swirl and turning of the dialectic. Thus Hegel's philosophic structure of history is biological in form and conceived in terms of organic metaphor. Wordsworth's and Beethoven's love of outward nature predisposed them to inwardness—to a continual preoccupation with the self. Conversely, men lonely by temperament, or driven to loneliness by circumstances, sought comfort in the forms of outward nature. Inwardness and the stresses of the apocalyptic imagination urge the downward journey to self-estrangement; and the alienated spirit, having moved through stages of torment and despair, seeks reconciliation with the Other.

Hegel and Beethoven seem a possible pairing; they both were Germans, both achieved in their work and subsequent influence transcendent greatness. But Beethoven's equal as poet, in any kind of evaluation, must be Goethe or Shakespeare. We might ask: where is Wordsworth's Ninth Symphony, his *Hammerklavier* Sonata, his Quartet in C♯ Minor? We agree: on a scale of absolute achievement, Wordsworth does not measure up to Beethoven. As revolutionary artists, however, as creative energies dedicated to the disestablishment of inherited ways of feeling and traditional modes of expression, they share common ground. If the French Revolution irrevocably changed the nature of the political and social world—indeed, created a new world—then the artist-children of that world wrought irreversible changes in the

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function, the structures and the expressive content of poetry and music.

History

> The French Revolution is the event around which concentrate all of Hegel's determinations of philosophy in relation to the age . . . *and there is no other philosophy which is so much and so utterly, in its deepest motivations, a philosophy of the Revolution.*
>
> Joachim Ritter, *Hegel und die französische Revolution*

Hegel's fusion of philosophy with history was a direct effect of the French Revolution. Marx is usually credited with bringing philosophy out of the study and into the theater of actual history. The celebrated eleventh of the *Theses on Feuerbach* is often considered an intellectual turning point where philosophical theory and revolutionary praxis coalesce: "The philosophers have only *interpreted* the world in different ways; the point, *however,* is to *change* it." Long before Marx, the French Revolution revealed to Hegel the possibility of reconciling those hitherto irreconcilable realms of contemplation and action, theory and praxis, the divine and the secular. The Revolution showed Hegel that reality itself was a *process,* the dialectical interchange of abstract thought and its objectification in the world of historical reality. Hegel is often singled out as the horrible example of an incorrigibly *abstract* philosopher; the opaque style and self-referring, specialized vocabulary of works like *The Phenomenology of Mind* confirm a widely shared estimation of Hegel as a nearly unreadable writer and maker of labyrinthine argument. But Hegel's work took fire from the heat of actual events; the events, in turn, he saw ignited by intellectual discoveries. The thought of Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot was kindling to the Revolution. Hegel admired the Revolution precisely because it was impelled by the energy of these powerful ideas; he remarks toward the conclusion of *The Philosophy of History:*

> Never since the sun had stood in the firmament and the planets revolved around him, had it been perceived that man's existence centres in his head, i.e. in Thought, inspired by which he builds up the world of reality. Anaxagoras had been the first to say that νοῦς governs the world; but not until now had man advanced to the recognition of the principle that Thought ought to govern spiritual reality. [The Revolution] was accordingly a glorious mental dawn. All thinking beings shared in the jubilation of this epoch. Emotions of a lofty character stirred men's minds at that time; a spiritual enthusiasm thrilled through the world, as if the reconciliation between the Divine and the Secular were accomplished. (translated by J. Sibree)

Before Hegel history was conceived as a category of knowledge: the memory of the past preserved in written chronicles. The classical function of historical knowledge was clear: it immortalized the deeds of great men; it was *paedia,* the education of the young in their heritage; it provided the present with examples of past achievement and glory. Hegel transformed the classical concept of history as knowledge into what modern man, consciously or unconsciously, names History. This is the process that putatively controls our destiny, the *necessity* that replaces God as the final arbiter and disposer of human beings and the worlds they create. Hegel shifted history from epistemological to ontological ground. History was more than mental recollection; it was the ceaselessly flowing stream of events carrying mankind from past to future and toward some providential goal.

Hegel retained both the eschatological and redemptive features of the traditional prophetic-Christian theology of history. He called his *Philosophy of History* a theodicy: "Our mode of treating the subject is, in this aspect, a Theodicaea—a justification of the ways of God—which Leibniz attempted metaphysically, in his method, *i.e.,* in indefinite abstract categories—so that the ill that is found in the World may be comprehended, and the thinking Spirit reconciled with the fact of the existence of evil. . . ." Perhaps the key word in this quotation is "reconciled." History becomes the agent of a possible reconciliation between human consciousness and the world outside. We emphasize that while Hegel at-

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tributes a theologically conceived eschatology and redemptive power to the historical process, he does not accept the Augustinian dualism of the Cities of Man and God. The *eschaton,* the final goal of history, is the achievement of human freedom, secured in this world and not in the City of God. Hegel, in effect, secularizes the concepts of eschatology and redemption and thus paves the way for Marx. It is only a single step from believing that the goal of the historical process resides in the process itself to the belief that the redemption of mankind will come through historically *necessary* changes in the structure of society.

If Hegel believed that History was ". . . the *True,* the Eternal, the absolutely *powerful* essence revealed in the World, and that in that World nothing else is revealed . . . ," History also energized the creative work and shaped the life-styles of Wordsworth and Beethoven. The liberal fervor of the Revolution, the awesome visionary hope centered on human possibility, deeply affected the young Wordsworth and Beethoven (although the subsequent bloody deeds of the Terror and the epic adventurism of Napoleon turned Wordsworth away from the Revolution and impelled Beethoven to scrap his dedication of the *Eroica* Symphony). Wordsworth recalled in *The Prelude* his feelings as a twenty-year-old thrilling before the historical earthquake of the Revolution:

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very Heaven! O times,
> In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
> Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
> The attraction of a country in romance!
> When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights
> When most intent on making of herself
> A prime enchantress—to assist the work,
> Which then was going forward in her name!

The work of Reason: how much that recalls Hegel's essential concept of History as it moves forward and upward toward the realization of its spiritual goals. Wordsworth describes the men of the Revolution as they brought the strength of ideas to bear on actual events:

> Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
> Did both find helpers to their hearts' desire,
> And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,—
> Were called upon to exercise their skill,
> Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,—
> Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
> But in the very world, which is the world
> Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,
> We find our happiness, or not at all!

For the revolutionaries the ultimate realm of Reason and Virtue was located in human affairs, in politics, society and culture. The historical world could become Utopia, which had previously existed only in mental worlds. Now there was no discernible split separating philosophical speculation from the great stage of events, from ". . . the very world which is the world / Of all of us. . . ." It seemed that historical reality had indeed achieved that state of dialectical balance where reality's very nature becomes the eternal dance of the antinomies: an immortal interchange of abstract Idea and concrete objectification.

Beethoven was also an artist whose style of life and art were shaped by the Revolution and its historical energies. His fierce sense of his own worth, developed through the self-conscious recognition of his own prodigious genius and projected in his notorious behavior toward aristocrats and servants alike, was the center of his character. His arrogant independence, his contempt for lesser talents, and his piratical dealings with publishers all reveal a personality dedicated to a programmatic—and in many cases, crafty—assertion of self. He heaped abuse on his titled patrons; he treated friends as enemies; he promised the same composition to seven different publishers. Despite these aberrations, Beethoven was not merely tolerated but wildly idolized: recognized throughout Europe as a hero of art. It is often noted that the Revolution, through the dissemination of democratic ideals, enabled Beethoven to get away with his behavior; after 1793 the aristocracy, gingerly feeling the place where head and shoulders met, developed a new

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tolerance for insults. But it was not only the age that encouraged Beethoven to behave as if his genius conferred self-evident and inalienable rights. He was in himself a man who held certain, if limited, political interests. (The evidence of his conversation books indicates that, at least in his later years, politics was his favorite subject for discussion.) He took the most lively interest in events; and although his political sentiments never transcended the moderate liberalism of the Enlightenment, he was always aware, despite his deafness and his deepening estrangement from social life, of the shifting complexities of the historical situation during the tumultuous events of the Napoleonic wars and during the repressive era after Waterloo.

More important than Beethoven's liberated social position (not that it was unimportant to the status of composer and virtuoso in the nineteenth century) were the changes he effected in the formal structure and expressed content of music. Eighteenth-century music was linked to the classic ideals of structural perfection, contained emotionality and stylistic purity. Beethoven extended these ideals into the Romantic age; he has been named the last of the classical composers. But he expanded the structural limits of every musical genre: the piano sonata, string quartet, concerto and symphony; and every musical form: sonata, fugue and variation. He also enriched music with new expressive capabilities, making it a vehicle for the deepest human concerns. I am not suggesting that Beethoven was possessed (like Schumann and Wagner) of a musical imagination responsive to literary stimulation; he most definitely was not. I am saying that Beethoven transformed music and made it a symbol for expressing the dynamics of man's external life in history and for expressing the infinitely various emotions of the internal life of the self.

Like Wordsworth, Beethoven is the central suffering consciousness of his art; he is the hero and protagonist of all his works. This active personal principle, most often identified in the work of his so-called "third period," also animates the compositions of his early maturity. It is difficult to single out particular works for admiration; perhaps the most astonishing opus of the early period is the set of six string quartets, opus 18. Here we can observe Beethoven playing an endless variety of technical and expressive gambits; and in all this immense resourcefulness, in these movements of both imitation and experimentation, we hear revealed an imaginative world that is uniquely personal. We hear it in the conventionalized *Sturm und Drang* of the Quartet opus 18 no. 4 with its familiar C minor ambience; we hear it in the subtle rhythmic shadings of the scherzo of opus 18 no. 6 and in the operatic *Adagio affetuoso ed appassionato* of opus 18 no. 1. These early works do not reach that transcendent expressiveness of the later quartets; but we can hear, at the outset of Beethoven's career, movements of startling concentration and intensity (for example, the section labeled "La Malinconia" of opus 18 no. 6) that clearly delineate something new in the history of music.

Beethoven's presence in his music seems to me wholly unique. This presence, progressively revealed in his stylistic development, makes a claim on the listener, an insistent demand of the imagination. Through imagination we are afforded a new evaluation of human possibility; through the mediating power of the creative will at the core of existence, we might achieve that ultimate spiritual freedom envisioned in *Fidelio* and *The Prelude,* and that joyous sense of human community promised in the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony:

> Thy joyous magic binds together
> What custom and its laws divide,
> All mankind shall be as brothers
> Where thy gentle wings arch wide . . .

This vision was the positive thrust of Romanticism: the individual self would move upward toward new social modes and a happier life freed from the institutional restraints of culture. The promise, it was felt, could be impelled by the force of imagination, by what Wordsworth called the "awful power . . . from the mind's abyss . . ." "Joy, lovely flame of the gods / Daughter

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from Elysium . . ." (in Schiller's overheated metaphor) was also a manifestation of creative power; and in Beethoven's art we hear all that quickening of hope that made it "Bliss . . . to be alive. . . ." Later, the energies released by the French Revolution ran out of control. Inevitable disillusion darkened Romantic art and philosophy. Hegel spoke (in *The Phenomenology*) of the Unhappy Consciousness and the Spirit in self-estrangement. Between the philosophic articulation of ideas and their actuality passed the shadow cast by the angel of alienation. And it is alienation that emerges as the negative or (to use the dialectical vocabulary) antithetical element in Romanticism.

Nature and Imagination

"History," Hegel tells us, "is . . . the development of Spirit in *Time* . . . Nature is the development of the Idea in Space." The distinction is important; with it Hegel rejects cyclical theories of historical process and makes history eschatological and progressive. Yet the Romantic rediscovery—perhaps reinvention—of nature permeates *The Philosophy of History*. We encounter metaphoric constructions of this kind:

> . . . it may be said of Universal History, that it is the exhibition of Spirit in the process of working out the knowledge of that which it is potentially. And as the germ bears in itself the whole nature of the tree, and the taste and form of its fruits, so do the first traces of Spirit virtually contain the whole of that History.

The form of historical process may be discerned in "the first traces of Spirit"; its subsequent development follows a pattern of organic growth. A veritable jungle of organic metaphors blooms in the writings of the Romantic theoreticians. Herder, Schlegel and Schelling, among the Germans, Coleridge and Hazlitt, among the English, make copious use of analogies between human creative processes and the uninhibited, unconscious but metaphysically ordained behavior of vegetable life.

I hardly need stress Wordsworth's relationship to organic theory and his lifelong dedication to the forms of outward nature. What nature afforded Wordsworth has been the subject of unremitting scholarly inquiry; no scholar, however, has stated as succinctly what Wordsworth himself tells us in "Tintern Abbey" about the varied functions nature assumed in his inner life and outward behavior:

> Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods,
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth; of all the mighty world
> Of eye and ear,—both what they half create
> And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
> In nature and the language of the sense
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being.

The shifting complexity of Wordsworth's thought and his uncertain syntax often obscure the exact propositional sense of his verse; the precise doctrine of nature—whether it is pantheistic or sacramental, Nature as God or God in Nature—remains richly ambiguous. What is eminently clear is that Nature stands in powerful relation to mind and imagination. From nature's limitless fecundity the poet derives his themes, his images, and the motive force that drives him to his creative task.

Beethoven also felt himself "A worshipper of Nature . . . /Unwearied in that service." The various effusions in his letters and conversation books on the beauties of outward nature hardly reveal original sentiments; they are conventional Romantic attitudes expressed with characteristic Beethovenian vehemence. "Oh, God! gaze at the beauties of Nature and reconcile yourself to that which must be!" he writes in the first of the "Letters to the Immortal Beloved." Nature was his refuge, an escape from social life and his own inner turmoil. He writes, "How glad I am to be able to roam in wood and thicket, among the trees and flowers and rocks. No one can love the country as I do. Woods, trees, and rock give back the echo a man longs for." As his

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deafness increased, social contacts became increasingly painful and he fled further into himself and nature. "My bad hearing does not trouble me here. In the country every tree seems to speak to me, saying, 'Holy! Holy!' In the woods there is enchantment which expresses all things—sweet peace of the woods!"

In only one work, the *Pastoral* Symphony, does Beethoven attempt to deal with ". . . all the mighty world / Of eye and ear . . ." Beethoven was aware of the aesthetic pitfalls of program music; he notes in his sketchbooks (1808): "Pastoral symphony not a painting, but an expression of those sentiments evoked in men by their enjoyment of the country, a work in which some emotions of country life are described . . . All painting in instrumental music is lost if it is pushed too far. . . ." He very carefully does not push too far in the *Pastoral* Symphony. The elements of representation and imitation never intrude on the musical scheme; the flowing brook, the recognizable bird calls, the "jolly concourse of shepherds," the well-behaved thunderstorm, and concluding shepherd's song do not violate either the texture of sound or the structural organism. At the very end of the second movement Beethoven introduces a trio of birds: nightingale on flute, quail on oboe, cuckoo on B-flat clarinet. Beethoven exercises the strictest economy; we hear them singing in consort exactly twice and then they are silent. By the most skillful thematic preparation, their individual calls become part of the total musical design; the trill of the nightingale and falling major third of the cuckoo echo motifs already heard earlier in the movement.

The *Pastoral* Symphony takes for its basic idea outward nature, but it is nature both evoked and created by imagination. For Beethoven as for Wordsworth, the creative surge of imagination was, in Geoffrey Hartman's formulation, *"consciousness of self raised to apocalyptic pitch."* At such apocalyptic moments the self is seized by a unique frenzy; it suffers and endures a visitation from unknown regions. We have numerous reports of Beethoven in the grip of "That awful Power . . . from the mind's abyss . . ."; none is more fascinating than Anton Schindler's account of a visit in August, 1819:

> . . . I arrived at the Master's house in Mödling, accompanied by the musician Johann Horzalka, who is still living in Vienna. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. . . . In his drawing room, behind a locked door, we heard the Master singing, howling and stamping over the fugue for the *Credo* (of the *Missa Solemnis*). After listening to this almost gruesome sound for some time, we were just about to leave when the door opened and Beethoven stood before us, a wild look on his face, which was almost terrifying. He looked as if he had just emerged from a life and death struggle with the entire host of contrapuntists, his constant antagonists. (translated by Michael Hamburger)

Schindler's account is characteristically erroneous in its details, but the image of Beethoven in confrontation with his creative daemon is unmistakable. Promethean struggle and the final subduing of his materials suggest the violence of the creative process. In the finished artistic product we respond not to violence but to the power (which in art as well as in politics is vastly different from violence) of organic form. The work seems derived from one commanding experience, and it grows and develops like a living thing.

Beethoven's method of composition proceeded not with the close elaboration of given themes but with the working out of an overriding design that preceded the themes. What the apocalyptic other self gives is not a finished melody but a controlling idea. Beethoven tells Louis Schlösser (in 1823): ". . . I am aware of what I want to do, the underlying idea never deserts me. It rises, it grows, I hear and see the image in front of me from every angle, as if it had been cast, and only the labor of writing it down remains . . ." Beethoven worked from the idea to successive realizations of individual motifs; many of his most stunning musical gestures—such as the rhythmic chordal motif opening the *Hammerklavier* Sonata—originate in his sketch books as musical commonplaces. The finished work was always clear in his mind;

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composition was the process of discovering the suitable shape and vehicle for rendering the insistent urgings of his creative self.

Beethoven, like Wordsworth, well understood the very special nature of what he once sardonically referred to as his creative *raptus*. He rhapsodized on how his musical ideas originated, how they stood in relation to nature and time:

> . . . [my ideas] come unevoked, spontaneously or unspontaneously; I could grasp them with my hands in the open air, in the woods while walking, in the stillness of the night, at early morning; stimulated by those moods, which with the poets turn into words, with me into tones, which resound, roar, and rage until at last they stand before me in the form of notes. . .

All of Beethoven's insights into his own creative processes are couched in the familiar terms of organic theory. He was neither a trained critic nor philosopher; he was, however, a fully self-conscious artist and the consummate master of his musical craft. His musical practice established a new principle of organic form and a new type of musical composition—the work derived, in all the complex variousness of its many parts, from a single thematic germ or a small group of related motifs. Beethoven's practice dominated subsequent nineteenth-century music—not always with happy results. César Franck's adaptation of organic and cyclical form is depressingly mechanical; Wagner's employment of the leitmotiv in building his *kolossal* musical structures relies heavily on literary scaffolding.

Hegel observes in his *Lectures on Aesthetics* that it ". . . is precisely this clear self-consciousness of spirit that constitutes the fundamental principle of Romantic art . . . for spirit now knows that its true nature is not to be brought into a corporeal form. It comprehends that it belongs to its essence to abandon the external reality in order to return upon itself. . . ." No poet had a clearer "self-consciousness of spirit" than Wordsworth; no poet more characteristically or more frequently turned from the outer world of sense to introspection and to self-analysis. Indeed, important recent criticism has been concerned to show that Wordsworth's celebrated appreciation of nature was largely self-appreciation and that his nature was a vast metaphorical projection of his psychic life. Perhaps this criticism has been overzealous in claiming Wordsworth for Modernism. As the first thoroughly self-conscious poet he has become the typically alienated modern: he is the suffering hero of everything he writes, and everything he writes forms a single book, a self-portrait and a confession. We can thus relate Wordsworth to Eliot and Yeats and to Joyce and Proust. But it seems to me that this approach must ignore the large corpus of Wordsworth's work not concerned with the exploration of self or "the drama of consciousness and maturation . . ." Wordsworth's sonnets, surely at the very center of his work, look outward, away from self and irritable self-concerns.

It is in Wordsworth's dramatic lyrics that we discover that typical structure that, although starting with external reality—the outward world of perceived nature—quickly absorbs vision into self, the details of landscape into emotional concern, and even the appreciation of character and human relationships into matter for either self-amazement or inner expostulation. The "Lucy" lyrics, "The Solitary Reaper," "I wandered lonely as a cloud," and "Elegiac Stanzas on Peele Castle" exploit a similar structural progression. They begin with some observation of landscape, as in the "Elegiac Stanzas":

> So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
> So like, so very like, was day to day!
> Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;
> It trembled, but it never passed away.
> How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep;
> No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
> I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
> Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

The castle, whose "Image still was there . . ." possesses little solidity and is described merely as a "rugged Pile!" Similarly, the weather changes into atmosphere, the sea-

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son into a subjective state, and the poet wishes that his

> . . . had been the Painter's hand,
> To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
> The light that never was, on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the Poet's dream . . .

Nature is rendered in moral or spiritual terms; the castle's sleeping bulk and the utter stillness of the season become assurances that are later belied. We must also mention Wordsworth's complex triple perception: the poem is concerned with the actual Peele Castle observed by the poet; with its picture in a storm painted by Beaumont; and with the painting suggested by Wordsworth's imagination. All three pictures project a nature created by the dynamics of Wordsworth's inner life.

Inwardness and Alienation

> Everything that man esteems
> Endures a moment or a day.
> Love's pleasure drives his love away,
> The painter's brush consumes his dreams;
> The herald's cry, the soldier's tread
> Exhaust his glory and his might:
> Whatever flames upon the night
> Man's own resinous heart has fed.
> —Yeats

We can follow the inward movement of Romantic art in the later work of Beethoven and in the poetry Wordsworth wrote in the decades after 1800. Many scholarly and critical jaws have worried a very dry bone of contention: the nature and meaning of Wordsworth's declining poetic power. It seems to me indisputable that as he moved away from the crucial experiences of his youth, he was visited less frequently by "That awful Power . . . from the mind's abyss. . . ." Yet it is both unfair and untrue to speak as Eliot spoke of "the still sad music of senility"; there are exquisite poems among the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* published in 1827. (If we were inclined to be cruel, we might point out that Eliot was through as a poet in 1943 with the publication of *Four Quartets.*) Beethoven was certainly more fortunate in his artistic development. His work increased in both formal freedom and expressive richness; his last decade, from 1817 to 1827, saw the publication of the last five piano sonatas and the *Diabelli* Variations, the *Missa Solemnis* and Ninth Symphony, and the last five string quartets. Three days before he died, he was sketching a Tenth Symphony.

Much solemn nonsense has been promulgated about the inwardness of these later Beethoven compositions. Certain writers have argued that Beethoven's later works are abstract compositions: that, in Hegel's words, "The flame of subjectivity has consumed them." They exist apart from their sensuous envelope of instrumental sound and structural organization. Paul Bekker writes, "Both the B-flat Major sonata *(Hammerklavier)* and the *Diabelli Variations* are written for instruments which never existed and never will exist. In these works Beethoven moves in an abstract world of music; he plays not with sound but with conceptions of sound, *et cetera.*" He suggests that these works ought not to be played; he does not, however, explain how we can experience the import of a musical composition without *hearing* it. It is misplaced piety (and simply untrue) to insist that no pianist can ever do justice to the *Hammerklavier* Sonata or that no quartet can negotiate the *Grosse Fuge.* It is hyperbolic silliness to insist that Beethoven piped to the spirit ditties of no tone.

Duly warned, we can certainly recognize Beethoven's concentration on certain conditions of the spirit. The second movement of the last piano sonata *(Arietta)* or the opening movement of the Quartet in C♯ Minor projects such expressive intensity that we may say (as T. S. Eliot said) that Beethoven somehow *reaches beyond music.* Similarly, in notable passages of *The Prelude* and the "Immortality Ode," Wordsworth succeeds in breaking through his own limitations of thematic concern and technical mannerism and achieves the essence of poetry as Beethoven achieves the essence of music:

> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;

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We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

I do not suggest that the *Arietta* movement or the "Immortality Ode" resemble each other; although a fanciful case might be made that the unearthly repose of the *Arietta* following the tense struggle of the *Allegro con brio ed appassionato* is somehow the musical equivalent of ". . . the soothing thoughts that spring / Out of human suffering . . ." Rather, the poetry and music reaching beyond, toward that "clear self-consciousness of spirit" that Hegel calls absolute inwardness, are similarly achieved: when aesthetic means submerge into expression; when, in Thomas Mann's words on the *Arietta*, *"der Schein—der Kunst wird abgeworfen—zuletzt—wirft immer die Kunst—den Schein der Kunst ab."* (The illusion of art is cast off—ultimately art always casts off the illusion of art.)

We cannot pursue this line much further without generating our own brand of solemn nonsense. In casting off the semblances of art, Beethoven and Wordsworth were simplifying their methods and materials, proceeding directly toward aesthetic ends. Beethoven was not writing music without tones; Wordsworth was not (in Symbolist fashion) striving for a wordless language of poetry. Their inwardness exists in a fully objectified realm of tone and language. Their work, in no sense, is removed from our intellectual and emotional understanding. Wordsworth's most transcendent passages and Beethoven's most exalted movements tell of human agony, human triumph, and final human acceptance of both.

Hegel relates the inward movement of the arts to a larger crisis: the estrangement of the self from its origins in nature and its constructed abode in culture. "Self-estrangement," most especially in its Marxist formulation, "alienation," has excited a great deal of current discussion. "Alienation" is perhaps the most fashionable term (with the possible exception of "relevance") now available to ideologues for whom such concepts, perverted to slogans and cant phrases, explain away complexities, solve difficult problems, and finally prevent rather than assist intellectual effort. In its current usage, "alienation" defines the estrangement of the individual from his preceding generation, from his social and institutional arrangements, and from traditional culture and the processes of history. The Marxists diagnose the condition of alienation as the outcome of capitalist political economy; the exploitative and manipulative nature of capitalism frustrates the individual's free development and dispossesses him of his world.

For Hegel, "alienation" names a condition of the human spirit, at once metaphysical and historical, fundamental to existence. "Alienation" characterizes life in ages of transition. The epoch following the French Revolution was such an age; the titanic struggle of ideas that brought about the Revolution (and which, as we have noted, Hegel admired) left the spirit exhausted and confused. The spiritual distress of the postrevolutionary age is communicated in the Preface to *The Phenomenology of Mind* in tormented passages where the metaphoric shifts are almost Shakespearean in their surprising suddenness and brilliance:

For the rest it is not difficult to see that our epoch is a birth-time, and a period of transition. The spirit of man has broken with the old order of things hitherto prevailing, and with the old ways of thinking, and is in the mind to let them all sink into the depths of the past and to set about its own transformation. It is indeed never at rest, but carried along the stream of progress ever onward. But it is here as in the case of the birth of a child: after a long period of nutrition in silence, the continuity of the gradual growth in size, of quantitative change, is suddenly cut short by the first breath drawn—there is a break in the process, a qualitative change—and the child is born. In like manner the spirit of the time, growing slowly and quietly ripe for the new form it is to assume, disintegrates one fragment after another of the structure of its previous world. That it is tottering to its fall is indicated only by symptoms here and there. Frivol-

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ity and again ennui, which are spreading in the established order of things, the undefined foreboding of something unknown—all these betoken that there is something else approaching. This gradual crumbling to pieces, which did not alter the general look and aspect of the whole, is interrupted by the sunrise, which, in a flash and at a single stroke, brings to view the form and structure of the new world. (translated by J. B. Baillie)

Because Hegel develops the concept of alienation in the impenetrable prose of *The Phenomenology,* it is less than easy to form a clear notion of the origins, the terrifying advent, and ultimate teleology of *der sich-entfremdete Geist. The Phenomenology* is a drama in which every complication and subtlety of plot are endlessly elaborated but in which, through some colossal forgetfulness on the part of the playwright, all the characters have been omitted. The reader must supply the men in action—the texture of historical event which silently underlines every turning of the dialectic; Hegel himself rarely supplies examples or illustrations to illuminate the darkness of this work, certainly the most perversely difficult of all philosophical treatises. The effort to understand, however, must be made. We note that fundamental to an understanding of the section called "Spirit in Self-estrangement" is knowledge of that agonized moral fantasy of Diderot, *Rameau's Nephew.* The nephew is a Dostoevskian buffoon who (in Diderot's words) ". . . stirs people up and gives them a shaking, makes them take sides, brings out the truth, shows who are really good and unmasks the villains." *Rameau's Nephew* was known to Hegel through a translation made in 1805 by Goethe; the term "self-estranged spirit" is not original with Hegel but is Goethe's formulation.

As a type of the alienated man, the nephew is a strikingly familiar contemporary. He is our moral "realist" who never credits anyone with values other than his own, who tells us that the only way of salvation in a corrupt society is to be corrupt. He gladly admits he tells lies and pimps for a living; after all, he does these things openly and not behind the veil of elaborate hypocrisy that conceals the villainies of those in power, the "establishment men." But if the nephew strikes us as a familiar toad swollen with the poison of *ressentiment,* he also diagnoses the condition underlying his alienation: the raging conflict between self-consciousness and culture; the fact that men lose their identity in those very institutions that reify the highest spiritual values. The nephew asks, ". . . why do we so often see the virtuous so hard, tiresome and unsociable? Because they have subjected themselves to a discipline that is not in their nature. They are miserable, and when you are miserable yourself you make others miserable too." The nephew, who is Diderot's *alter ego,* already is aware that culture means repression and displays that "hostility to culture" that Freud later notes as characteristic of the modern neurosis.

Taking his cue from Diderot (and also from Rousseau), Hegel locates in culture the origin of alienation. Man transforms his ideas into cultural realities; in this process of objectification, he necessarily loses part of his self. Every act of human creation, Hegel seems to say, results in this estrangement of self. "The spiritual condition of self-estrangement exists in the sphere of culture as a fact." Hegel never makes clear how man can overcome alienation; more exactly, how man in historical life will achieve absolute freedom through philosophy—which Hegel calls Absolute Knowledge. Nothing is clear or certain but process itself: that there is movement away from alienation toward some final reconciliation. Because the world is never still and the souls of men never content with static acceptance of things-as-they-are, self-estrangement seeks dialectical transformation into its opposite; alienation is alienated from itself:

. . . existence consists really in transmuting each determinate element into its opposite; and it is only this estrangement that constitutes the essential nature and the preservation of the whole . . . the alienation will be found to alienate itself, and the whole thereby will take all its contents back into the ultimate principle it implies. . . .

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Hegel's political opinions show movement away from youthful radical alienation toward final reconciliation. As a young man captured by the intellectual fervor of the French Revolution, Hegel bitterly criticized the existing German state. His criticism was no mere attempt to "interpret the world"; he called loudly for social and political change. His essay on conditions in Württemberg is a far cry from the invented terminology and labyrinthine syntax of *The Phenomenology:*

> Universal and deep is the feeling that the structure of the state, as it now exists, is untenable; universal is the anxiety that it will collapse and injure everyone in its fall. With this conviction in one's heart, is this fear to become so powerful that it will be left entirely to luck what will be overthrown, what preserved, what will stand, or what will fall? Should one not himself desire to desert what must be termed untenable? . . . How blind are those who would like to believe in the continued endurance of institutions, laws which no longer agree with the customs, the needs, the opinions of mankind, from which the spirit has fled; who would like to believe that forms with which understanding and feeling no longer are concerned are mighty enough to comprise the bond of a people! . . . But if an alteration is to take place, something must be altered . . . Objectively convinced that a transformation is necessary [the German people] must not be afraid to conduct an investigation in detail. Whoever suffers injustice must demand the removal of the injustice; whoever possesses undeserved goods must surrender them willingly. (quoted in Karl Löwith's *From Hegel to Nietzsche)*

Such attitudes and demands indicate profound disagreement with the world-as-it-is. In periods of alienation the philosopher must point the way toward new modes of being. Or so the young Hegel believed. Disillusionment with the French Revolution and the extremities of Romanticism turned Hegel from youthful dissatisfaction with the world-as-it-is to middle-aged acceptance and reconciliation. He moved from self-estrangement to mediation, from the fiery conviction that philosophy must play an active role in human affairs to the coolly articulated speculation that (to quote a celebrated passage from *The Philosophy of Right*),

> Philosophy cannot teach the State the shape it ought to take, but only how it, the ethical universe, is to be known . . . Every individual is the son of his time; so philosophy, too, is its epoch apprehended in thoughts. It is just as foolish to fancy that any philosophy can extend beyond its present world as to fancy that an individual can leap out of his time . . . When philosophy paints its grey monochrome, some shape of life has grown old, and it cannot by this unrelieved grey be made young again, but only known. The owl of Minerva takes wing only as the light falls.

Critics have impugned Hegel's motives for his later accommodations to the existing political order. Doubtless Hegel acted out of certain prudential considerations; Karl Löwith (a generally sympathetic critic) notes an ambiguity in Hegel's progress: ". . . from estrangement to union, from youth to old age, and from the French Revolution, via Napoleon's rule, to the supremacy of Prussia." Similar charges have been leveled against Wordsworth. For some he is the archetype of the young radical, ardent for justice and social renovation, who sells out in middle age to a conservative political and religious establishment. But it is naïve and unfair to attribute merely base political motives to Hegel's and Wordsworth's movement—from alienation to reconciliation. Wordsworth felt the terror and penalty of the spirit in self-estrangement. The romantic poet is by the nature of his calling and his historical destiny an alienated being:

> By our own spirits are we deified:
> We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
> But thereof come in the end despondency
> and madness. . . .
> . . . the fear that kills;
> And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
> Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
> And mighty poets in their misery dead . . .
> ("Resolution and Independence")

Hegel witnessed in the tragic career of his friend Hölderlin "the despondency and madness" that afflicts the spirit caught in the death grip of self-estrangement. Hölder-

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lin, also born in our *annus mirabilis* 1770, went hopelessly insane in his thirty-second year. He knew the "fear that kills," the anxiety and dread of a man severed from his world; let me quote the third strophe of "Hyperion's Song of Destiny":

> But we are destined
> To find no peace, no abode,
> And suffering mankind
> Vanishes and falls,
> Blindly from one
> Hour to another,
> Thrown like water
> From cliff to cliff,
> Downward to doubt, year
> after year.

Beethoven's enforced isolation from the world made him the prototype of the alienated artist. In his later years he was, on several occasions, taken for an actual madman. His disorderly and uninhibited style of life created miseries for his friends and relatives. His deafness aggravated a none too yielding temperament; the cry of suffering that is the *Heiligenstadt Testament* expresses a soul in awe-inspiring torment:

> O, you men who believe or declare that I am malevolent stubborn or misanthropic, how greatly you wrong me! You do not know the secret cause behind the appearance . . . consider that for six years I have been suffering an incurable affliction . . . Year after year deceived by the hope of an improvement, finally forced to contemplate the prospect of a lasting illness . . . born with a fiery, impulsive temperament, sensible, even, to the distractions of social life, I was yet compelled early in my life to isolate myself, to spend my life in solitude.

Compelled to loneliness, Beethoven made his suffering—and its spiritual overcoming—the expressive center of his art. Not that every note flowed from a sense of self-estrangement; the emotional range of Beethoven's music is very great, and we must remember that Beethoven had many moods and styles—even in works written at the same time. It is Beethoven's late work—his so-called "third period"—that raises inwardness and self-estrangement to the level of revelation. There are moments and movements where the self, supremely aware of its own anxieties and tensions, seeks reconciliation. We have no more dramatically poignant instance of this yearning toward ultimate peace than in the final section, the *Agnus Dei* of the *Missa Solemnis.* The *Agnus Dei* opens in a mood of darkest pessimism with a colloquy between the bass solo and the bassoons. A more hopeful section follows, the *Dona nobis pacem,* and Beethoven writes over this section *Bitte um innern und äussern Frieden:* prayer for inner and outer peace. This prayer, however, is interrupted; the exultant cries of the chorus are suddenly hushed and the kettledrums and trumpets, at first quietly and then with increasing loudness, blare out military march music. Beethoven's "representational" intentions are unmistakable; the drums and trumpets recall that Beethoven lived through revolution and war—a time of little peace, inner or outer.

Toward the Modern World

Hegel recognized his epoch as a definite historical break, "a qualitative change." He saw as symptomatic of a revolutionary age the debilitating problem of alienation—and described the phenomenology of the spirit that has lost its home in the world. Wordsworth and Beethoven were also "destined/ To find no peace, no abode. . . ."; but their struggle to transmute human experience into art ultimately overcame alienation. The "Immortality Ode" and *The Prelude,* and the last five String Quartets discover a transcendent realm, perhaps only available to the enclosed vision of art, where, to lapse into Hegelian jargon, Absolute Spirit achieves objective sensuous realization without suffering self-estrangement.

Hegel perceived alienation as an existential dilemma, an aspect of Original Sin. (Theological presuppositions are never far below the surface of Hegel's speculative structures.) Culture and personality generate repression and sacrifice of self to social and moral control; the "higher" the culture, the greater the need for control. As the demands on personality multiply, the more ominously loom the dangers of breakdown; with the increase of self-consciousness, men

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find themselves more precariously situated in a world they made but now wish to disown. Life and history grow problematic, heavy with every kind of risk. But Hegel maintained his eschatological hopes and his belief that history was ultimately a redemptive process. He believed in dialectical progress, which in homely language means three steps forward and two back. The Spirit alienates itself in objectifying itself but it

> . . . comes forth exalted, glorified, a purer spirit. It certainly makes war upon itself—consumes its own existence; but in this very destruction it works up that existence into a new form, and each successive phase becomes in turn a material, working on which it exalts itself to a new grade.

Hegel's is a bootstrap philosophy of history; man draws himself up, inevitably falls on his face, picks himself up and tries again. His hope lies within the process itself. Hegel identified process and reality; change was basic, the very nature of existence. Eternity, Godhead, does not, for Hegel, exist out of time; God remains forever within, an integral part of the process. The Dialectic is presumably immortal, and historical process goes on forever. Christian philosophers of history saw God as the Unmoved Mover, "At the still point of the turning world . . ." History and its putative patterns revealed God to the world. God did not change because He existed outside of time. Hegel moved a significant step further and concluded (as Ernst Cassirer puts it) that ". . . history is no mere appearance of God, but his reality: God not only 'has' history, he *is* history."

In his large-scale attempt to draw time and eternity, Spirit and its objectification, God and History into a single process, Hegel is the last philosopher of the premodern era. In his identifying history as the absolute sphere of human activity, and naming historical processes as necessary and inevitable, Hegel is the first philosopher of the modern era. He had the profoundest influence on revolutionary politics. The modern notion of historical necessity (by this time an ideological cliché) proceeds from Hegel's vision of spirit realizing itself in time. Every ideologue who has appealed to History as justice or avenging power perverts an essential Hegelian concept. When Trotsky swept Martov "into the ash-can of History," or Khrushchev threatened, "We will bury you: History is on our side," they appealed to the Hegelian God-Who-Is-History. They were soon to learn about *the cunning of Reason:* that at any particular moment in history ". . . individuals are sacrificed and abandoned. . . ."; that the dialectic can produce a Stalin or Kosygin who will toss heroes of the revolution into that same "ash-can of History."

Wordsworth and Beethoven are also first and last men, standing in the liberal world of the Enlightenment with its emphasis on unity and progress, its faith in humanity, and its aspirations toward a better life. But the content of their work reveals romantic self-awareness; their artistic practice shattered the forms in which they contained their expressive content. Blank verse, the dramatic lyric, the sonnet are viable forms for Wordsworth; however, he is the last poet who can approach them without seeming either an antiquarian or a parodist. Similarly, Beethoven's works exhausted the forms in which they were composed; after his achievements in sonata, symphony and variation, further developments were impossible. Brahms was an epigone who, despite von Bülow's extravagant dictum, never composed the Tenth Symphony. Indeed, no one ever wrote the Tenth Symphony, although Bruckner and Mahler made eighteen agonized attempts.

We do not claim Hegel, Beethoven and Wordsworth for Modernism; we can, however, see how crucial aspects of their work, displaced or broken off from their total achievement, have become familiar in modern thought and artistic practice. Hegel was not primarily the philosopher of alienation, but existentialism would not be possible without *The Phenomenology of Mind.* Wordsworth never envisioned a poetry consumed in the fires of subjectivity, but certainly his concern with the creative self and the operations of imagination point to later developments: symbolist and post-symbolist

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poetry, which reflects, as in a hall of mirrors, ultimate self-concern. Both Beethoven's inwardness and his Prometheanism, for better and worse, mark the musical work of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Mahler's symphonies are, from one point of view, vast parodies of the Beethovenian sublimity; the extreme complication and formal elaboration of serial music are ironic miniaturizations of the articulated refinements in technique and prophetic revelations of the last sonatas and quartets.

A valedictory demurrer. I would hope no one mistakes this "interdisciplinary" excursion as a *Gesamtkunstwerk* of dialectical philosophy, Romantic poetry, and music seized by the Absolute Idea. Philosophy is not music; poetry is neither music nor philosophy, although it may approach the structures of the former and achieve the profundities of the latter. Beethoven, I have stressed, is a nonliterary composer; his music is singularly unviolated by the word —with the magnificant confirming exceptions of *Fidelio,* the *Missa Solemnis* and the Ninth Symphony. Wordsworth's verse hardly "approaches the condition of music"; indeed, it seems to me the least musical of great English poetry, perhaps the least preoccupied with the securing of an immediate aesthetic surface. Hegel writes on music as an intellectual; however, he does maintain that ". . . music forms the center of the romantic arts . . ." and thus anticipates Pater's celebrated notion of all art aspiring toward the condition of music.

What I stress is this: Hegel's philosophic synthesis, Beethoven's musical achievement, and Wordsworth's greatest poetry were affected by history in violent eruption, shaped by a new consciousness of self and nature and by a new, utterly sophisticated understanding of the organic working of imagination, and scarred by the tragic sense of man losing his home in the world. The fatalism of History, the power of apocalyptic imagination, the inner and outer terrors of alienation—these mark not only the new order ushered in at the end of the eighteenth century; they trace a path leading to our as yet unformed but richly imagined Third Millenium.

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Robert Frost: An Intermittent Intimacy

MELVILLE CANE

The first time I met Robert Frost was, I believe, in the year 1927 at the Greenwich Village apartment of the writer and editor Gorham Munson and his wife, the dancer, Elizabeth Delza. The occasion was a cocktail party to honor Frost and at the same time celebrate the publication of Gorham's book, the earliest critical biography of Frost, and the first of many to follow.

Our meeting turned out to be more personal than the routine and empty introductions at such hit-or-miss affairs. On hearing my name, Frost, showing interest, asked whether I wasn't the man his friend, Sidney Cox, had been talking to him about. Put at ease by this opening, I remarked that it must be so since I knew of no other person with my name. As we moved toward the side of the room out of the crush, I went on to tell him that "Sidney Cox" was the unrecognized signature below a review of my first book of verse, *January Garden*.

Frost readily volunteered to fill me in on Sidney Cox. They had become friends as far back as 1911 when they were fellow teachers at the New Hampshire State Normal College at Plymouth, and they had grown closer over the years. Cox was a striking, colorful fellow, he added, unconventional, unorthodox in his literary judgments, and an inspiring teacher of poetry at Dartmouth College.

We were moving into what promised to be a more extended exchange when a dauntless worshiper of Frost rudely elbowed us apart, destroying both our mood and any further chance for uninterrupted talk. As Frost and I parted to go our separate ways, I reflected that in contrast to so many similar affairs, this one, despite its abrupt and disappointing ending, I could look back upon with decided gratification.

This auspicious start augured, I hoped, the possibility of a more meaningful relationship. As things turned out, however, it was a matter of years before it ripened to anything deeper. Meantime, I might have had no more than a word or two with him after one of his superb public readings, but I do remember, one evening, his chuckling with relish over a piece of verse that had lately come to his notice. It was a political satire entitled "Encounter," which reported at some length on the plight of a bird found in a forest and grounded by the lack of one of its wings:

> It settled with an awkward tilt,
> It listed badly to one side,
> By nature most unkindly built,
> The creature then replied:
> "I am the Propaganda Bird,
> Of right wing quite bereft,
> From which it clearly is inferred
> That what is left is left."

With Frost, ever a stalwart believer in a two-winged system of government, the poem understandably registered; long afterward he would report that the "Propaganda Bird" had "turned up again in an odd little booklet of anonymities and the best of the lot."

I mark the first day of June, 1932, as the date of an incident out of which our

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✪MELVILLE CANE, lawyer, poet—and a nonagenarian—is author of ten volumes of verse and prose. This essay will appear in *Eloquent April*, to be published in the spring by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

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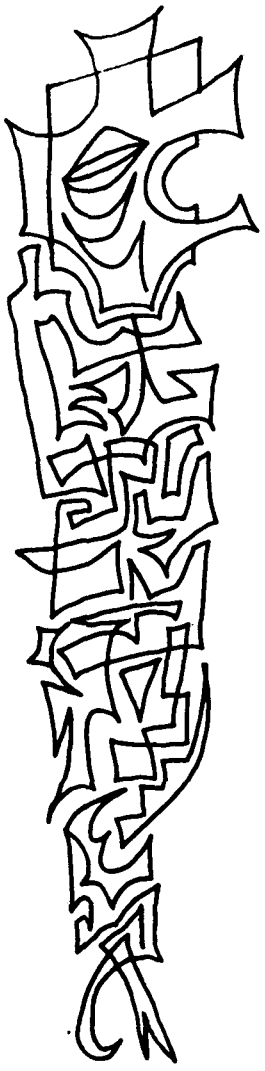

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casual meetings and exchanges grew into a more sustained and positive shape. The scene was the John Jay dining hall at Columbia University where alumni were gathering for the traditional, annual Commencement Day lunch. It was a get-together I usually attended, partly through force of habit, partly through a sense of loyalty to alma mater in my role as a class president, and partly with the remote hope that some unannounced spellbinder might galvanize the proceedings out of their ritualistic torpor. But the special inducement to propel me up to Morningside Heights that humid day was Robert Frost. He had come down from north of Boston the day before, I learned from the morning *Sun,* to read a poem before Phi Beta Kappa, and had stayed over to receive the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters at the Commencement in late afternoon. (The poem, "Build Soil, A political pastoral," expressed his rejection of socialism.)

He would doubtless, along with the other notables, be occupying a seat on the platform, and I might have a chance to shake his hand and congratulate him on his latest honors as the session broke up and the crowd thinned out.

So I hoped.

I found my place at a good table assigned to my graduation year, 1900, quite close to the front. A few feet ahead, almost within speaking distance, and at the right of the master of ceremonies, sat Frost.

He seemed, if not uncomfortable, at least unrelated to what was going on about him and was bent on investigating what had just been placed upon his plate. He gave the impression of a man who wanted to be anywhere else, preferably in some cool, shady spot, than confined to an airless hall from which there was no escape. Such, at least, was my subjective, sympathetic feeling.

The next moment, however, he raised his head, made a wide survey of his surroundings, and in the sweep his gaze fell upon my table. He brightened with recognition, no longer alone. Soon afterwards coffee cups were replenished for the last time, chairs were shoved back for greater relaxation, and talk dwindled to silence as the master of ceremonies tapped his glass for order and stood up. His name was Clayton Hamilton, and he occupied the chair of dramatic literature, named after its original incumbent, the late popular Brander Matthews.

This report of Professor Hamilton's address must necessarily be inexact as to details since no notes were taken, nor had one any reason to expect that what was to follow would turn out to be a matter of consequence, worth preserving in the annals of Commencement Day luncheons. My memory, however, of the substance and tenor of the address, as it gradually unwound, is now as sharply accurate as when it fell upon my ears on June 1, 1932, more than thirty-eight years ago. Its aim was to impress upon the audience the glory of poetry at its golden heights in the literatures of the West through the centuries and to stress in contrast the low estate to which poetry had fallen, "here today," in America. In support of his thesis, the orator stressed with eloquence and elaborate scholarly detail the history of those great past mountain crests. He began with the Periclean age, with Aristophanes and the tragedians, and moved through the Roman period onward to sixteenth-century England and Shakespeare.

And then—I refuse to believe that what follows was planned, but rather that it must have escaped the prepared manuscript through some uncontrollable rhetorical reach for a ringing climax—the professor soared toward his finale by deploring the fact that since those glorious days when worshipers were still making pilgrimages to Whitman at Camden, no figure had arisen on our native scene to compare with the Olympians of yore, and, as if in need of corroboration, he maintained (to paraphrase) that "even our distinguished guest, Mr. Robert Frost, whom we rejoice in honoring today, must be the first to concede that the sum of his achievements, noteworthy as they are, falls short of the eminence of these historic masters."

There sat Frost, stunned, flushed, helpless. And Professor Hamilton, unaware of

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"Do not tell me only of the magnitude of your industry and commerce, of the beneficence of your institutions, your freedom and equality . . . tell me also if your civilization—which is the grand name you give to all this development—tell me if your civilization is interesting."

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his glaring offense, made no move in his direction but quickly disposed of the remaining items on the agenda. At the rap of the gavel to end the meeting, I rushed forward and at the same moment Frost stepped down from the platform. "Accept my apologies in the name of the University," I began awkwardly. "Get me out of here as fast as possible," he commanded. "To come here to be insulted," he went on. "I knew it was a mistake almost as soon as I'd accepted. Something told me it was a mistake."

I took his arm as we stepped off the campus through a gate on 114th Street, down to the sidewalk, and started walking silently toward Amsterdam Avenue. Stopping at the corner, he looked at his watch and, anger beginning to cool, announced that he had a free hour or so before returning to dress for the Commencement exercises. Couldn't we go somewhere out-of-doors to sit down and talk? I agreed and piloted him toward Morningside Drive to a parapet-recess that overlooked the park below and took in a sweep of the city beyond. No one, fortunately, had preempted the spot and so, on arriving, we found two empty benches, took off our jackets, loosened collars and ties and settled down as comfortably as one could, under a burning midday metropolitan sky.

For a while we sat there mute, slowly recovering from shock. Frost's first words were: "What did you say his name was?" I told him. "Hamilton," he repeated, "I'll not be likely to forget that name in a hurry."

Frost did most of the talking. I was the sympathetic listener, and this was the appropriate relationship at the moment. Under the present circumstances we lived in fraternal rapport. Soon he was letting off steam, which acted as a restorative and produced a haphazard monologue consisting largely of comment on the work of fellow poets.

He reminisced dryly over his total rejection by the *Atlantic Monthly,* while he was still unknown, and was scornful of its acceptance of the same poems on resubmission after he had gained a reputation in England. His valuation of poetry editors in general was less than high.

As to his contemporaries, his comments were varied but mostly negative or grudgingly favorable. Of Sandburg he spoke patronizingly, and of his showmanship mockingly: "Carl likes to pretty himself up before the mirror, so as to look natural."

He disapproved generally of Eliot and Pound, and was anti-Archibald MacLeish, especially for his pretentious mannerisms in the long poem, *Conquistador.* He admitted, moreover, a preference for his own poem on the same subject, written much earlier.

He warmly praised particular poems of Vachel Lindsay, such as "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" and "The Flower-fed Buffaloes," counting them unique contributions to the permanent body of American verse. He rejected Edgar Lee Masters and his "Spoon River" pessimism as absolutely as he did the bitter nihilism of Robinson Jeffers. He refused to take Amy Lowell seriously. To Millay he seemed indifferent.

The one poet of whom he spoke with mixed approbation and reproof was his predecessor by a brief decade, his fellow New Englander, Edwin Arlington Robinson. It seemed plain to me that Frost admired and respected Robinson as his peer in the art, at least down to the period of Robinson's occupation with the Arthurian legends, already exploited by Malory and by Tennyson in the latter's *Idylls of the King.* He severely condemned Robinson for having abandoned his high purposes in order to attract a wider audience.

Reflecting on the occasion, I detected that Frost somehow regarded his contemporaries—he later called them "contemptuaries"—as rivals in a competition, and I still wonder how a poet of his stature, solidly established, esteemed and popular, could suffer from a streak of insecurity and the fear of possible dethronement by some rising newcomer.

It was now time to return; the respite had served to relieve Frost of his fury and to restore him to a more equable mood. As we turned to retrace our steps, I now felt

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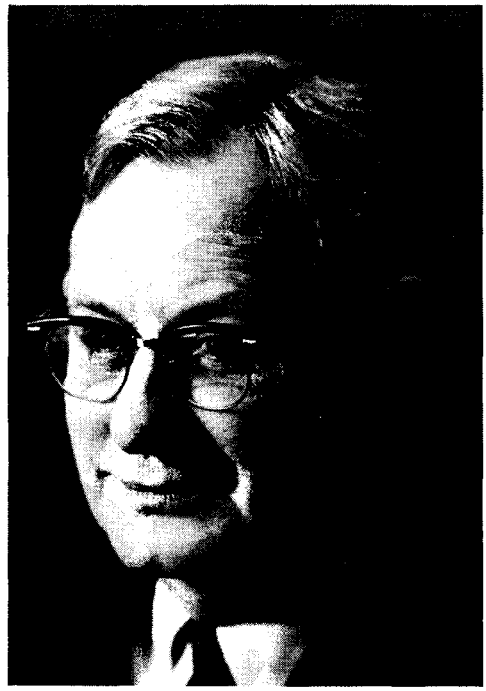

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bold enough to try him out with a poem I had freshly written. Taking it from my pocket, I handed it over, saying, "I'll be glad to hear how this strikes you." The poem was:

Dawn Has Yet To Ripple In

What is this that I have heard?
Scurrying rat or stirring bird?
Scratching on the wall of sleep?
Twitching on the eaves of sleep.
I can hear it working close
Through a space along the house,
Through a space obscure and thin
Night is swiftly running out,
Dawn has yet to ripple in,
Dawn has yet to clear the doubt,
Rat within or bird without.

Frost examined it cautiously at first, then deliberately and with apparent relish; his face lighted up as he handed it back with the heartening words: "That's a lucky hit. You've done it!"

As I left him with a warm handshake at the entrance of the apartment house where he was to change to cap and gown, he shouted after me: "I want a copy of that poem. Don't forget to send it." I did send it, promptly.

Not long afterward a package arrived; it contained a book, Frost's *Collected Poems* (1930). It was inscribed: "To Melville Cane, for standing by me in June, 1932, Robert Frost," and as an afterthought, "and for writing me 'Dawn Has Yet To Ripple In.' "

I suppose that our participation in the episode at Columbia represents the high watermark of what I choose to term an intermittent intimacy. Although never discontinuous or interrupted, it nonetheless failed to provide the substance for a needed steady communion. Friendship, I ruefully concluded, is a growing child that weakens as the intervals between feedings lengthen.

For the time being, however, we were close and reciprocal. At Frost's suggestion we agreed to swap a poem or so, to write it out as the spirit might move us. I sent him "Encounter," "Pestilence" and "Out of Chaos," while Frost countered with "Departmental" and "Willful Homing," both holographs. At the outset Frost stipulated as a condition that there should be no letter writing, no obligation to "acknowledge the receipt of"; instead, we should simply let the work speak for itself.

On one occasion, I annoyed him by breaking the pact; I couldn't help dropping a note of praise. But the indiscretion proved fruitful since it produced, beside mild censure, the following dividend: "I thought we weren't obliged to write appreciations to each other. Suffice it that the poems are duly read. I always like yours or I wouldn't be swapping with you . . . we won't be expecting too much of each other. Big guns make slow exchanges. Ever Yours, Robert Frost."

Shortly following the receipt of his letter, I published my third collection, *Poems: New and Selected,* and sent, inscribed, a copy to Frost, then the chief attraction at a writers' workshop at Bread Loaf, Vermont. I know the book reached him—he mentioned having gotten it to our friend, Gorham Munson, also at the conference—but I never heard from him. I learned he was still deep in grief over the death of his wife earlier in the year, a circumstance to account for his apparent remissness.

From time to time Sidney Cox would report having seen Frost at Dartmouth, and that Frost mentioned that he owed me a letter. It never arrived.

With the passing years, especially through most of the Nineteen Forties, communication gaps spread unaccountably wider. I was beginning to feel forgotten when at Christmas, 1953, Frost remembered me with *The Lone Striker,* a Borzoi illustrated chapbook, published by Knopf and designed by W. A. Dwiggins: a poem of sixty-two lines. The drawing was that of a solitary workman standing upon a hilltop and gazing out into the distance. The gift bore the following reassuring inscription: "To Melville Cane from his friend in the art, R.F."

From that year on and almost to the end came a holiday greeting, at first with his written signature and continuing later upon a printed card, sent through the Holt publishing house.

It pleases me, on reflection, to observe that our relationship, although apparently

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brittle, persisted firmly down to our final two encounters, both at annual dinners of the Poetry Society of America of which Frost was the honorary president. The active president at the first dinner was Edward Davison, a British poet and teacher, but long since naturalized, acclimated here and, incidentally, a friend. Frost was the chief guest at the dinner.

As the banquet formally ended, Davison came over and invited me and a few others, including John Crowe Ransom, to come up to his apartment for a midnight session with Frost, his overnight guest. Davison lived on East Fifty-Seventh near Sutton Place, and I lived diagonally opposite. After we had settled down, Natalie, his wife, asked Frost what he would like to eat. He promptly answered: "Just scrambled eggs." Seconds later she returned to the living room, obviously distressed: "I'm frightfully embarrassed, Robert," she began, "we're completely out of eggs." "You needn't be," I broke in. "I think I can meet the situation." The others laughed as I reached for my overcoat and left the room to take the elevator down to the street. By good luck, I found a carton of six eggs in the refrigerator and returned in triumph. "This proves," said Frost, "that neighborliness still exists, even in New York skyscrapers."

It was late when the party broke up, and as I left Frost said: "You know, we shouldn't be letting time get the better of our intentions."

The last time I saw Frost was at another dinner of the Poetry Society of America, or rather at a cocktail party that preceded the dinner. On entering the room, I found him in a state of excitement as he dwelt on an indignity he had suffered from an article by some unsympathetic college instructor. He was taxing his memory in vain for the name of the man when suddenly he blurted out: "I've got it! His name is Hamilton!" The wound inflicted at Columbia, a quarter of a century back, had never healed.

And so our meetings began and ended at cocktail parties, and the final parting on my side was one of sadness and sympathy.

Returning home, an undefined something impelled me to draw the early Munson biography from the shelf. I opened it and found what must have led me to the book in the first place, a quotation from John Bartlett of Boulder, Colorado, a student of Frost's in 1910 at Pinkerton Academy, Derry, New Hampshire. It runs: "I never knew a person who was more sensitive to slights, rebuffs and acts of unfriendliness than Frost, or who seemed to carry the scar of them longer."

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At first these three novels seem to have nothing at all in common. Certainly there could hardly be a greater diversity of scene —the Hollywood-Vegas circuit, Middle-America, the rural South of blacks—a representation of nearly the entire stretch of the social spectrum of this country, from extreme to extreme. Yet even brief reflection suggests a profound similarity; each of these novels, in its own way, is concerned with the same matter: nullity.

"Which doesn't," as one of Dan Wakefield's characters reflects in another connection, "Which doesn't speak too damn well of the country."

Nullity, nothingness, human negation, *nil*—these are merely variants of the same phenomenon, the essential emptiness of experience, that great hole at the middle of things. Single as the phenomenon may be, the characters in novels can make varying approaches to it, as novelists themselves can have various feelings about it. It can be seized in a kind of hungry embrace, in the fashion of the moral idiots who people the world Miss Didion creates in a novel written with such bitter wit that the reader feels at the end that it must have been acid that he has been drinking. Or it can be fled from, as Mr. Wakefield's two postadolescents flee from the middle-class death of Naptown (Indianapolis) for an unknown New York City, where, at the end of a novel that is ruefully comic, they hope to find an experience that means something. Or it can be forcibly if ragingly submitted to, as the most persuasive characters submit in Miss Walker's novel of tragic racial anguish.

No one has drawn a sharper picture of the grotesque vacuity that is the life of the great "silent majority" than Dan Wakefield. In 1954 (the "tranquilized fifties," in Robert Lowell's phrase), when this novel takes place, that term did not yet exist, but the awful swamp of nothingness, which is the reality, which *is* the center, was already treacherously there, leaking out its sickening yellow, fecal smog, which now we all breathe all the time. We have no Senator Joseph McCarthy now, but we have instead a presiding officer of the United States Senate—a phenomenon even more frightening for the very reason that it appears so bland, even benign, blundering like an elephant, and can sound so merely foolish, trumpeting away. So did George F. Babbitt. *Going All the Way* tells us, if anything, more about

MARK SCHORER, critic, biographer and novelist, is professor of English at the University of California at Berkeley. His books include *William Blake: The Politics of Vision, Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* and *Galaxy: Literary Modes and Genres.*

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1970 than about 1954, and in the middle of all the hilarity one stops to gasp, "For God's sake, what am I laughing *at*?"

Two veterans of the Korean "conflict" return to their homes in this gruesome heartland, and it is their adventures and misadventures, mainly sexual, that entertain us. They had been high school classmates but had hardly known each other. One, Sonny Burns, had always been an outsider —pale, puffy, self-conscious, without a shred of self-confidence, and with an entirely domestic war record. The other, Gunner Casselman, had been an athlete and high school leader, a "big rod," has overseas decorations, and had learned in Japan that Naptown isn't the world. They become friends, drawn together by their common disaffection for what they find at home and by the fact that it would be hard to say which of them has the more ghastly American mom. Insofar as the novel has a climax, it comes when these two horrendous matrons confront each other in the presence of their sons, and for the only time Mr. Wakefield lapses from perfect control of his material and tone into a wild cartoon. This encounter might have been possible if the two heroes had still been in high school, but after college and their military experience, no. It is as if their college years and the years after those had not existed. There is, to be sure, this strange slant toward high school throughout the novel, and at one point, indeed, Casselman remarks quietly, "Fuckin high school. Doesn't it ever get over with?" And perhaps this is in fact the point, that the continuing hold of high school attitudes and values marks the continuing immaturity of American life along with that of the American male. This squirrel cage these two young guys do seem to escape as, after a drunken automobile accident, Gunner leaves for New York where he will find a place for both of them to live when they enroll as graduate students on the G.I. bill at Columbia. Whether they will find the meaningful life that they hope for we do not know, but we cannot expect much for them (the vacuity, after all, is not local), unless one of them (which one? or are they really the two parts of only one?) becomes the gifted reporter and novelist, Dan Wakefield, surviving to re-create so vividly the hollow scene.

One of the predictable attitudes of Naptown is its fear and loathing of what are called simply *them*—black people. Alice Walker's *The Third Life of Grange Copeland* is among the most striking novels we have had about the other side of that attitude. Unlike both *Going All the Way* and *Play It As It Lays,* her novel covers a long stretch of time, three generations.

The title of the novel to the contrary, the central character, or at any rate the most fully realized and therefore most interesting character, is Brownfield Copeland, Grange's son. Grange, a Georgia sharecropper, made brutal and ugly by a totally hopeless life, abandons the boy and his mother in a search for freedom in New York, where he lives by crime for about ten years. This is his "second life," which we see only later, and in flashbacks. The point of view remains Brownfield's. At about sixteen, he leaves the miserable family hovel when his mother dies and, for over two years, lives with Fat Josie, who owns a bar and grill, the Dew Drop Inn, in a nearby town, and her daughter, Lorene, the two of whom share his very adequate masculine attentions. Grange, he soon learns, had been his predecessor in Josie's affections and retains his place in her preferences, but in his absence, Brownfield serves. When Mem, Josie's orphaned niece, appears from school in Atlanta, Brownfield feels love for the first and only time and persuades her to marry him. They return to the sharecropper life, and a curtain falls on their happiness and toil. When it rises again, Brownfield is utterly transformed, uglier than his father ever was, and determined in his guilt and angry shame and violated manhood to bring Mem down to his level of degradation. At last he kills her and is imprisoned.

Grange, in the meantime, has returned to Josie and is also transformed; in this, his "third life," he is a kind of benign presence, full of *Uncle Remus* tales and talking about self-responsibility, who takes over Ruth, Brownfield's youngest child (two older girls vanish, one in a madhouse, the other in a

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William Hanchett; Foreword by Allan Nevins

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brothel). Under his protection, Ruth grows up in an implausible idyll until, at sixteen, she is ready for college. But Brownfield, released from prison, is determined to get her for himself and put her down as he had her mother, and we come to the key passage in the novel:

> She still ran *toward* something. This annoyed Brownfield. What did she see in the world that made her even wish to grow up? he wondered. He had to make her see that there was nothing, *nothing*, no matter what Grange promised her. He had seen the nothingness himself. And if she hated him more than ever, what did it matter? That was what the real world was all about.

When a judge gives Brownfield custody of the girl, Grange shoots his son and is himself shot down by the police. The novel ends with his intoning, "Oh, you poor thing, you poor thing."

Ruth? Brownfield? Himself? Anguished black humanity, victim of a terrible process of dehumanization, of enforced nothingness? Who knows? For Ruth we are apparently to expect some brightness in the future, and if, given the blank horror out of which she came, this is a not very persuasive promise, there is yet the striking evidence of Alice Walker herself, only twenty-six years old, and a vastly gifted, almost preternaturally perceptive novelist.

She is not a finished novelist. She has much to learn. Fortunately, what she has to learn are the unimportant lessons, that is, those that *can* be learned: some economy, formal shaping, stylistic tightening, deletion of points too repetitiously insisted upon, the handling of time, above all development rather than mere reversal of character. The important fictional qualities that she commands, those that she was born with, she has supremely.

One page of Joan Didion's novel is enough to show us that she is the complete master of precisely those technical qualities in which Alice Walker is still deficient. One must read literally dozens of novels without encountering the kind of novelistic authority that she wields so coolly. One thinks of the great *performers*—in ballet, opera, circuses. And no great performer, one adds at once, achieves his greatness through technique alone. Miss Didion, it seems to me, is blessed with everything.

Novelistic technique does, however, become a special problem when one chooses nullity as one's subject matter. Traditionally, fiction founds itself on some form of meaningful conflict between individual and social forces. If you shoot society out from under your characters, you leave them in limbo, without any walls to bounce off of, without, in short, a plot. *Going All the Way*, for example, has no plot, by which I mean a self-complicating progress. The various episodes between its first and final chapters could be shuffled around in almost any order, and the total effect is therefore of a kind of likeable aimlessness. *The Third Life of Grange Copeland* has a certain temporal progress, to be sure, the convention of the chronicle, but there is no dramatic progress, no developing struggle, only fits and starts. There can be no conflict with nothingness, and if there is no meaning in anything, there can certainly be no given coherence. Things fall apart. There is no center *to* hold.

If there is a long range answer to this problem—and certainly we can expect a good deal more nihilistic fiction in which to observe the problem—I do not know what it is. But in the specific instance of *Play It As It Lays*, Joan Didion seems to me to have solved it through her brilliant manipulation of a staccato style and the brief, cinematic scene, so perfectly appropriate to her Hollywood milieu.

Maria, the heroine, an actress of sorts, is in a sanitarium with a breakdown. She looks back over her life (thank heavens, not in flashbacks, but as if it were the present), and chiefly over the events of about the past year. In the background is always her child, Kate, in another sanitarium under treatment for some undiagnosed mental deficiency. Her marriage to her director, Carter, and its collapse. A horrid abortion of the progeny of an unloved lover. Many parties. Much hard driving on freeways. Pills, drugs, Cokes, dildos, Ferraris, the works. Casinos, motels, deserts, wastelands, sexual disasters, disasters. Maria's compliant cooperation in the suicide of a friend, one BZ. All this and

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more, coming to us in short flashes, tight "frames," builds up to a crescendo of frenzy, and then, on the last page, into one of the great fictional decrescendos:

> One thing in my defense, not that it matters: I know something Carter never knew, or Helene, or maybe you. I know what "nothing" means, and keep on playing.
>
> Why, BZ would say.
>
> Why not, I say.

End of novel. But what is the source of the power? The disenchantment, the almost frightening knowledgeableness, the unerring journalistic eye and ear? Hardly, since these are all directed at creatures who are in themselves—well, exactly, *nothing* (except for Maria, of whom another word in a moment), and hardly there at all except as names and some even without names, like BZ, all spitting out the same tough and silly lingo, one not to be distinguished from the other, including male from female, important from unimportant faggot. Why should a novel, even a short one, given over entirely to the *banality* of evil (and I italicize the first term of this famous phrase by intent because what we have here *is* banality rather than evil) command our interest? I am tempted to say that this novel is a triumph not of insight as such but of style, meaning by *style,* of course, the linguistic embodiment or, rather, actualization of imagination. I doubt if this novel could have been sustained over many more pages; the material would not support it. If Miss Didion had made one false move, the whole thing would have collapsed like a pricked balloon. But she didn't.

So one cares about Maria, caught in her trap with boobies. And not, I think, because she cares for Kate, as she thinks, or anyway says. But on her own account, this unwilling barometer of pain who chooses to hang there in the freezing desert climate of Who Cares?

And yet . . . and yet . . .

The final question keeps nagging: what makes us hurt so much? Whose thin shrieks and screams are those, coming up from behind the glistening pointed icebergs of prose? Miss Autobiography's own? Resolving with Maria, her heroine, that "she would never . . . do S-M unless she wanted to," Miss Didion decided that she wanted to. And has. And you have to be more than merely skillful with the little knives and so on to get away with it, to keep clear of the fuzz, or fuzzy edges.

As she has, I say.

Tough-Minded and Humble

NEW POEMS: 1965-1969. *By A. D. Hope. Viking Press. $4.50.*

THE CAVE AND THE SPRING: Essays on Poetry. *By A. D. Hope. University of Chicago Press. $7.50.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM JAY SMITH

American readers who came to know the work of Australia's leading poet, A. D. Hope, after he visited here in 1967 for the Lincoln Center Festival and again in 1969 at the invitation of the Library of Congress, will welcome the publication of his new book of poems. Some may be disappointed that this volume contains less savage satire than they had encountered in his *Collected Poems.* There is only one real satiric piece, "The Great Baboons," and although it is beautifully executed, as one would expect from Mr. Hope, it is less impressive than many of the other poems. The satiric bite and the savage wit are still present, but they are tempered in this collection by a great and moving tenderness.

Irony, of course, is not absent from these pages. Mr. Hope, in a series of delightful "Sonnets to Baudelaire," pays tribute to the poet who, more than any other, he says, drank "deepest of that pure sardonic draught," and knew best what laws forge "Irony to Beauty":

> You, naked, the first gardener under God,
> Who tilled our rotting paradise, from its sod

✪ WILLIAM JAY SMITH's latest book is *New and Selected Poems.* He has served as consultant in poetry to the Library of Congress and is currently an honorary consultant in American letters. Mr. Smith teaches at Hollins College.

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Raised monstrous blooms and taught my
tongue the craft.

Mr. Hope likewise forges irony to beauty here at every turn, especially in the "Six Songs for Chloë," a marvelous sequence exploring every aspect of love, where wit informs from every angle a compelling exploration of *"luxe, calme, et volupté."* There is greater attention, however, to music; Mr. Hope has never written more musical verse. Music itself is the subject of two of the finest poems, "Vivaldi, Bird and Angel or Il Cardellino" and "Moschus Moschiferus, A Song for St. Cecilia's Day." Both poems are triumphs of the poet's exquisite inner ear, one treating the perverse and evil use of music and the other its divine and proper use. "Moschus Moschiferus" is one of his most brilliant poems and, to my mind, one of the truly great poems of the century. A close look at it shows something of the peculiar nature of A. D. Hope's craftsmanship and the special quality of his genius.

The poem describes the destruction of the Kastura, the small deer hunted for their musk pods in the jungles of Assam on the border of Tibet. The animals are lured by the playing of a flute into a jungle glade, while hunters await them hidden in the trees. The deer, enchanted by the music and "an ecstasy that conquers fear," are drawn into "a net of crystalline sound," then shot by the hidden archers who remove the musk glands and leave the carcasses to rot. The poem concludes:

A hundred thousand or so are killed each
year;
Cause and effect are very simply linked:
Rich scents demand the musk, and so the
deer,
Its source, must soon, they say, become
extinct.

Divine Cecilia, there is no more to say!
Of all who praised the power of music, few
Knew of these things. In honour of your
day
Accept this song I too have made for you.

Mr. Hope remarked on reading this poem publicly that he had taken the facts from an article in the *National Geographic Magazine*. But who else could have realized so magnificently the possibilities of the subject, so richly sensuous and at the same time so supremely ironic—the irony of Baudelaire forged to the greatest beauty?

Mr. Hope in *The Cave and the Spring*, first published in 1965 and now made available in this country for the first time, says that he takes the Cave and the Spring to stand in his essays principally for the sensory and the verbal imagination respectively. "Wordsworth had one of the two essential gifts of the poet," he writes, "the sensory imagination. What he touched with his senses fired him and combined in forms of beauty and vision. He was often defective in the other essential gift of the poet, the verbal imagination. With Coleridge it was almost the other way about. Ideas, books, things put into words were the true source of his imagination. . . ." Coleridge stopped writing poetry, Mr. Hope contends, because of the disastrous influence of Wordsworth, who tried to make him respond to natural scenery, which was simply not his way. One feels that Mr. Hope is very much on the side of Coleridge; he is also a very bookish man, responding in full to his reading, as in the case of "Moschus Moschiferus." Mr. Hope has said that when not composing, or writing about, poetry, he enjoys reading books on biology and other sciences. (Somewhat like Allen Tate, who once remarked to me that at one point in his life he never traveled without several books on astronomy in his luggage.) One of the finest poems in this collection is "On an Engraving by Casserius," inspired by turning the leaves of "this majestic book." Mr. Hope's imagination is primarily verbal, but at his best the two gifts combine, and the sensory imagination is equally strong. Certainly no one who had not carefully observed the natural scene (his childhood in Tasmania perhaps here comes into play) could communicate sensuous detail as he does in so many fine passages.

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represent, Mr. Hope says, "a poet's occasional reflections on different aspects of his craft and they are written much as poems are written, to show forth and to illuminate an idea rather than to argue and demonstrate a truth." He is excellent in examining the art of Coleridge, Marlowe and Dryden, in the case of the latter praising the art of modulation, of which Mr. Hope is himself the modern master. Whenever he is discussing harmony and clarity in poetry, he is as lucid and as rewarding as in his poems. He only goes astray, it seems to me, when, as in "Free Verse: A Post-Mortem," he argues rather than illuminates. Free verse, he says, is a disease, which began with Whitman and, having gone through a period of incubation in France at the end of the nineteenth century, was transported back to England by the Americans, Eliot and Pound. And Mr. Hope has some pretty harsh words for Mr. Eliot's "prosodic nonsense." With Eliot finished off in a sentence or two, he informs us that we have nothing more to fear since free verse is now dead. Poets of the world—and doctors of literature—please note. It is only here, and later when he is discussing "creative writing" courses in universities, that he sounds shrill and a little silly. One may agree with him basically, but his tone is wrong and his point is lost. (And somebody, incidentally, at the University of Chicago Press ought to go hide his head in the polluted sand of Lake Michigan for allowing a book to appear in which there is a reference to "Marion [*sic*] Moore's journal *Poetry*, published in Chicago.")

For A. D. Hope there are three faces of love—the active, the contemplative and the creative. It is the creative life that he admirably explores in his essays and demonstrates brilliantly in his poems. He is, as a critic as well as a poet, both tough-minded and humble, one who has written poems that we may wish to question closely because of the care and skill with which they were composed, but poems that also raise questions that may indeed be, as he says of those raised by poems in general, "more searching than our own."

Dr. Eiseley's Universe

THE UNEXPECTED UNIVERSE. *By Loren Eiseley. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.*

Reviewed by NANCY WILSON ROSS.

The major difficulty in reviewing any of the books of Loren Eiseley is the temptation to quote and quote again from the many passages that quite literally demand underscoring for future pleasure or, more particularly, for reference in hours of gloom or questioning. This is not to suggest that the author assumes a consistent posture of optimism for he does not, nor does he present dogmatic assessments of man's present dilemma, past history or predictable future. In fact, in reading either *The Immense Journey* or *The Unexpected Universe* one is apt to recall Arthur Eddington's famous line about the baffling electron: "Something unknown is doing we don't know what." Nonetheless Eiseley, wearing in turn his two masks: that of the compassionate poet-philosopher and the informed, analytical scientist (anthropologist, archaeologist, naturalist) as he ruminates on man's "unsought" destiny, somehow manages to convey a vivid sense of undaunted Homo sapiens pursuing his "desperate errands" against the threatening dark, while carrying an ever-growing awareness, often unacknowledged, of a private *terra incognita*—his own inner being. This "ghost continent" which each man contains within himself is still circled, Dr. Eiseley reminds us, as warily as Antarctica was circled two hundred years ago by Captain James Cook.

With the mention of this famed navigator and explorer in the first paragraph of *The Unexpected Universe* we are directed to one of the present book's major themes: man as wanderer and wayfarer. The author makes brilliant, symbolic use of the legendary and eternal Odysseus on his long journey "amid magical obstacles and Cyclopean

✪ NANCY WILSON ROSS is a novelist and social historian whose last two books have dealt with Asian philosophy and art: *The World of Zen* and *Three Ways of Asian Wisdom.*

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assailants." He also employs, to his own philosophical ends, those somewhat less classic travelers who set out to find the Kingdom of Oz: the Tin Woodman in search of a heart, the Cowardly Lion who couldn't face tramping on endlessly without reaching any goal, Dorothy, the little girl from Kansas who was sure they would all get somewhere if they just kept walking and, most appealing and pertinent in Eiseley's view, the Scarecrow with his straw-filled head who humbly confessed to special loneliness because he had "nothing to think about, having been made such a little time before." The whole history of humanity, it is suggested, might be seen symbolically as a journey toward the Kingdom of Oz and an effort to learn the hidden nature of Oz himself.

In Darwin and Thoreau, two peculiarly significant travelers toward Oz who left behind some fragments of maps from their travels, Eiseley finds "opposed yet similar Scarecrows." Although neither of them was ever able to discover the full and final nature of Oz (who seems forever to keep himself concealed), Darwin did learn a good deal about some of his mysterious ways. As for Thoreau, he might be considered a "messenger of a possible future *in some way dependent upon ourselves.*" (Italics mine.) It should not be forgotten, we are told, that both of these Oz-seekers wore spectacles. For that matter, in obedience to one of Oz's more quixotic stipulations, we all wear them. But spectacles are of diverse kinds. To avoid distorted vision modern man needs at least two pairs: one to see himself in the light of the past, the other in the light of the future.

Dr. Eiseley possesses and makes good use of these twin spectacles he prescribes for general wear, and this double-view enables him to indicate to less acute observers the impingement of various "times" on any single event of the present. As an example, when, among his list of symbolic and actual travelers, he cites the astronauts who on December 25, 1968, returned in triumph from the moon, not only does he tell us that this portentous event took place precisely two hundred years after Captain Cook's great voyage in the Pacific, he also reminds us that it transpired some two million years "after the first man-ape picked up and used a stone." The author wants us never to forget that early fumbling creature, our forebear, nor the close-knit ties that bound and still bind us to our animal brothers. In the richly documented pages of *The Unexpected Universe* one finds many variations on the thought that down through man's history "it is the circumstances and not the actors which have changed." This brings us to the apprehension, shared today by many of us, "that the venture into space is meaningless unless it coincides with a certain interior expansion, an ever-growing universe within, to correspond with the far flight of the galaxies our telescopes follow from without."

Since I have dwelt deliberately, among many possible choices, on Eiseley's use of those simple wanderers from a favorite childhood tale, the travelers to Oz, I would like now to risk, by way of contrast, some personal thoughts of a rather different nature that came to me as I read *The Unexpected Universe*. Perhaps unknowingly (although one cannot be sure, for Dr. Eiseley's range of knowledge is vast) he employed, I found, a number of terms and concepts basic to the philosophy of Buddhism, that special way of looking at man and his universe first propounded in India in the sixth century B.C. and subsequently forming the cultural underpinning of one-fifth to one-third of the world's population.

The Buddha, like Everyman in Eiseley's thinking, was a Wanderer who exhorted his followers also to see themselves as Wayfarers. Although, in effect, all men are homeless wanderers, they need not feel alone, says Buddhism, for they are a part of a Great Totality, a totality only fully comprehended when it is accepted that the notion of a separate "self," a strictly individual entity or "ego," confronted by a world *external to it,* is quite simply an illusion. This illusion is, however, a dangerous one because it promotes divisive thoughts of "yours," "mine," "me" and "you"—the "other." Buddhism, it might be said, sees the ego as a "process in time" and thus, as

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process, subtly connectable with the whole of evolving life, both terrestial and cosmic, a concept not too unlike the quotation from George Gaylord Simpson so effectively used by Eiseley: "Life and its environment are interdependent and evolve together."

The idea of the "relatedness" of man to his universe is both implicit and explicit in all of Dr. Eiseley's writing. It finds its way into our own minds in part because of the author's singular power to lift from the plane of the ordinary and commonplace to the heights of illuminating metaphor, simple moments of exchange with creatures from the nonhuman kingdoms. This intuitive and poetic gift is exemplified in *The Unexpected Universe* in accounts of personal confrontations with a starving jackrabbit, a playful young fox, tide-stranded starfish and his own shepherd dog. It strikes us with special force in his description of that moment of "magic" and meaning when Odysseus' dog, Argos, recognizes the returned Far Wanderer. In the fleeting recognition that "gleams for an instant" between Odysseus and his dog, Eiseley hears "Nature's cry" to homeless wandering man "across the illusions of form: 'Do not forget your brethren nor the green wood from which you sprang. To do so is to invite disaster.' "

I was reminded here of *The Jataka Legends,* those ancient Buddhist tales, Aesop-like in certain respects, wherein we find the Buddha appearing throughout a long series of lives, animal as well as human. While remaining unchangeably the future Awakened One, he moves through infinite ages of what might be termed "evolutionary time" to reach, at last, the supreme *historic* moment of long-sought final Enlightenment, transpiring (and this is worth noting) in the body of a human being born Siddartha Gautama. (It scarcely seems necessary to comment on the difference between this approach to man and his universe and that of Genesis in which man at his creation is immediately set apart from Nature, and God watches Adam to see how he "names the animals.")

At the risk of overemphasis on the postulate of Dr. Eiseley's "Buddhism" I cannot resist some mention also of his repeated use of a cryptic term frequently found in Buddhist writing and in Buddhist meditative practices: the Void. In Dr. Eiseley's pages we find "that invisible and procreant void" of "incomprehensible magnitude" lurking behind the facade of visible nature; that "dark storehouse" of being from which each one of us, a "statistical impossibility," has emerged, surrounded by a "lurking potential" of millions of unmanifest lives; the Void, container of "that amorphous hurrying stream" in which life is both held and diverted into new organic vessels, where form persists although it may not be the *form of yesterday.* All this markedly resembles the very Void on which Buddhists are asked to bend their meditative faculties, enjoined to see in it not mere negative Emptiness but rather a timeless and spaceless plenum from which emerge all of life's infinite possibilities.

Finally, in conclusion, although there are a number of other points that could well be cited in developing this particular thesis, I will only speak of Dr. Eiseley's last words on Odysseus. When in Giovanni Pascoli's *Ultimo Viaggio* (an imaginary return journey of the Quest Hero) Odysseus is described washed back by the waves of the sea once again to Calypso (The Great Mother?) who hides him in her hair, we find Dr. Eiseley remarking, with all the uncompromising energy of a Zen *roshi,* "Nothing has come home to Nothingness."

The intention behind such a startling statement can hardly be interpreted negatively, for although the author has clearly been forced to learn in his lifetime how best to combat melancholy in a universe that puts questions it does not answer, nowhere do we find him yielding to despair. His book, in fact, ends with the expression of a profound wish to make a gesture of all-embracing "love" to the whole universe; to lay down as an anonymous offering, to "someone, anyone," whatever gifts he can. In a beautiful last moment on our journey with him we share an early autumn walk as he visits a remembered plum thicket where the wild fruit, "like some gift given from no one to no one visible," falls around him,

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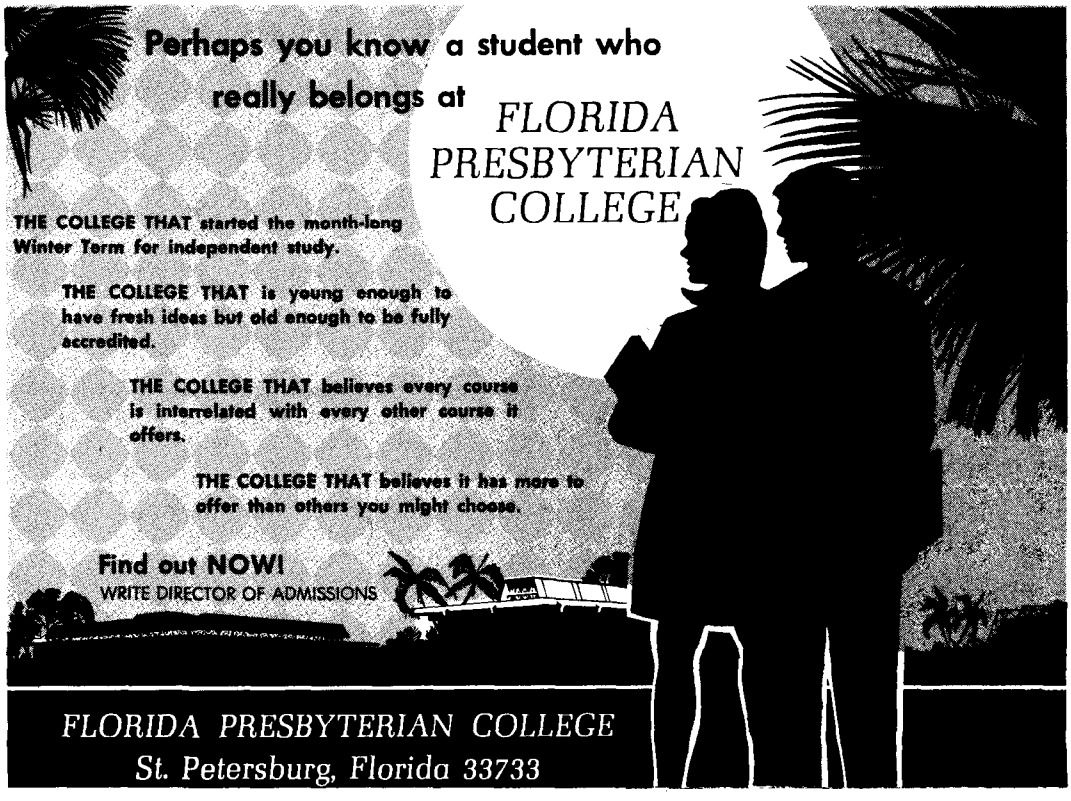

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and where, smelling distant smoke, he is reminded once again of the supreme gift of fire to developing Homo sapiens. He follows the drifting smoke as he moves away from the plum thicket, and as he walks he fingers the keen edge of an old flint knife made by a much earlier man; a tool he wills to hold, cold and steady in his hand, "like a dowser's twig."

The Fantastic and the Real

SELECTED WRITINGS OF E. T. A. HOFFMANN. *Edited and translated by Leonard J. Kent and Elizabeth C. Knight. University of Chicago Press. 2 vols. $20.*

Reviewed by ROBERT S. ROSEN

This two-volume set of Hoffmann's selected writings, handsomely designed and illustrated, contains seven tales and one complete novel, *Kater Murr,* which is not otherwise available in English.

It is as a writer of tales that Hoffmann is primarily known and had a tremendous impact on the literature of the nineteenth century. The selection included in this edition is fairly representative and begins appropriately enough with Hoffmann's first published story, "Ritter Gluck," which bears the subtitle, "A Recollection from the Year 1809." (It was in 1809, the year in which this short story was published, that Hoffmann began in earnest, at the age of thirty-three, a literary career that was to overshadow his musical one—as composer, conductor and music critic—and his legal one, which eventually led to an important judgeship in Berlin.)

"Ritter Gluck" reflects Hoffmann's intimate relationship to music and his profound admiration for the German composer, Christoph Willibald von Gluck, the central figure of the story. More surprising, Hoffmann's first effort already reveals a remarkable technical facility with the elements of fiction, a superb handling of time and space, and a judicious use of the first

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person narrator. Here, too, we encounter for the first time his unique ability to mix elements of the fantastic and the real that challenges the reader's imagination and demands his close attention to the process of narration. We see another illustration of this in Hoffmann's best-known work, "The Golden Pot."

In "The Golden Pot," we move back and forth between the actual world of Dresden and the imaginary world of Atlantis, between the outer world and the inner world of its hero, Anselmus. This story has received many interpretations, notably one by Aniela Jaffé, the editor of C. G. Jung's autobiography, who explores in depth the conflicts underlying this story, and, by extension, the problems faced specifically by Hoffmann and by the romantics in general. Interpretations aside, Hoffmann's "Fairy Tale for Our Times"—his subtitle for the story—is still a joy to read. Incidentally, the Swedish filmmaker Ingmar Bergman used names and situations from "The Golden Pot" in *The Hour of the Wolf,* one of his recent films.

"The Sandman," a study in developing madness, and "Councillor Krespel," the story of the eccentric Krespel and his daughter Antonia, received wide circulation in Offenbach's adaptation of them in his opera, *Tales of Hoffmann.* "The Doubles" is one of several stories in which Hoffmann makes use of the *Doppelgänger* motif, a favorite of the romantics. In "The Mines of Falun," Hoffmann retells the story of a mining disaster, of a sailor turned miner, Elis Fröbom, who is overwhelmed by mysterious occult forces that lure him to his death only hours before his wedding. "Mademoiselle de Scudéri" is the beautifully told detective story on which the libretto of Hindemith's opera, *Cardillac,* is based. René Cardillac, who lives a double life as artist and murderer, is finally trapped by the poet, Mademoiselle de Scudéri. But the story concerns itself not merely with the unmasking of a mysterious criminal but with the mystery and nature of art, with questions of good and evil, of guilt and innocence.

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is the inclusion of *Kater Murr,* which Hoffmann himself ranked among his finest work, and which has been neglected even in Germany far too long. In this remarkable novel, completed only a year before his death, Hoffmann dealt with all the themes and motifs that had occupied his creative life. More than any other of his works, it shows the full range of his talents and an almost uncanny ability to deal in fiction with the problems arising from the unconscious. Two seemingly disparate stories are woven together with consummate skill into one narrative: the autobiography of a tomcat, the Kater Murr of the title, and a fragmentary biography of a musician, Kapellmeister Kreisler, a figure generally viewed as Hoffmann's alter ego. (This strange musician is also the central character in several earlier random pieces that, under the heading of "Kreisleriana," were included in Hoffmann's first published book, *Fantasiestücke in Callots Manier.* The conception of the figure in the novel differs, however, from that of the earlier pieces.)

The intermingling of two lives—one animal, earthbound, philistine, the other spiritual, artistic and very human—was more than a hoax; it enabled Hoffmann to present varying stages of consciousness in a form and manner that anticipate much of the modern technique for dealing with such material in fiction.

For undertaking the inordinately complex task of rendering this mass of fragments into English and for providing the reader, where necessary, with helpful footnotes, the editors deserve our gratitude. There are, however, unfortunate lapses in the translation. What on earth is one to make of an "unslaughtered fairy-tale giant"? The German adjective *"ungeschlacht,"* which means uncouth, boorish, coarse, was presumably confused with the past participle of the verb for "slaughter," which in German would require an extra syllable to begin with. But the past participle of "slaughter" prefixed by "un" makes no sense in either German or English.

Also, one wishes that literalness had been more frequently sacrificed. Far too often

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one has the impression of reading what Stanley Kauffmann—in a piece touching on the subject of translation—referred to as "almost English." Considering the very favorable notices the translation has received, I find it strange that this should be so.

Nor am I trying to argue with the translators' attempt "to preserve something of the special style and flavor of [Hoffmann's] work." I think they did well to retain Hoffmann's stylistic habits, for instance, that of repeating the opening words of nearly every dialogue: "And I," Kreisler spoke calmly, . . . "and I can assure you that . . ." "Oh my dearest Raetin," Kreisler interrupted . . . "Oh my dearest Raetin, all that has changed now."

A word about the translations of the tales: They are, on the whole, a distinct improvement over earlier ones. Still, I don't see why the translators bothered, in "The Golden Pot," to change Thomas Carlyle's "street-urchins" (for the German "Strassenjungen") to "brats in the street," which in the context "and brats in the street joyously divided the booty. . . ," sounds if anything more old-fashioned than Carlyle. Similarly, Carlyle's ". . . and that he might carouse at his ease, had put more money in his purse than was entirely convenient or advisable" is better than the new rendition: "To assure proper dissipation, he had put more money. . . ," which is an especially pale version of the German *"um so recht schlampampen zu können . . ."* (*schlampampen* being a colloquialism that the dictionary translates as "to gorge oneself, to guzzle," and for which an even stronger colloquial term in English might be in place). Also, when Hoffmann speaks of *"der fatale Tritt in den Äpfelkorb"* he means neither a "fatal step into the apple basket" (Carlyle) nor a "fateful step" (the new translation) but rather an awkward or clumsy or unfortunate step.

Interest in Hoffmann has steadily grown in Germany since the end of the Second World War. There have been several new editions of his work, and a vast body of scholarly literature on nearly every aspect of it has been published. Let us hope that

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this new edition in English (which also contains an informative introduction by the editors with background material on Hoffmann and a brief foreword by René Wellek) will help to spread this interest to these shores. Hoffmann merits it.

On Equality and Reform

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE IDEA OF PROGRESS. *By Alexander M. Bickel. Harper & Row. $6.50.*

POINTS OF REBELLION. *By William O. Douglas. Random House. $4.95.*

Reviewed by ASHER LANS

The most infuriating aspect of Professor Bickel's learned and thoughtful critique of the Supreme Court's performance under Chief Justice Warren are the premises for his criticism of its decisions enunciating the "one man, one vote" rule and attempting to correct the more subtle forms of educational discrimination. The first general ground of dissent is Bickel's contention that the Court has arrogated power that is more properly reserved for the other branches of government. His second claim is that the Court has misunderstood the trend of democratic development. He implies that integration is an abstract ideal, without operational significance. The author's thesis is that our most pressing necessities are for decentralized community control of the public schools and new forms of metropolitan government, both of which, he suggests, require the Madisonian preservation of political power for minority interest groups rather than "simplistic" egalitarianism or "majoritarianism." It is unclear whether he is suggesting that the judiciary should seek, in advance, to resolve the anticipated problems of the future or should more or less totally abstain from action because of the presumed probability that its attempt to resolve current evils will create new difficulties.

Writing as a legal historian, Bickel concludes that Judge Warren and his colleagues have used their vision of the future to rewrite the history of the Fourteenth Amendment. Since this is a lengthily articulated minor premise, it is curious that the author totally fails to discuss the contexts in which the "controversial" Warren Court decisions were written. One would suppose that the elemental operating principle of representative government is the right of the majority of the voters to elect a majority of the legislators. Prior to 1962, however, there was no general institutionalized procedure for ensuring the maintenance of political democracy in the states. Under the banner of federalism, the long shadow of the Tenth Amendment precluded congressional action. The self-imposed doctrine of the "political question," invented in the 1840s to avoid deciding which of two groups constituted the duly elected government of Rhode Island, continued to serve as the justification for judicial silence.

The use of a Latin phrase obscures the tendency of the rule of *stare decisis* to eulogize mortmain. The pathbreaking case involved the composition of the Tennessee legislature. Two-thirds of both houses were elected by voters in counties having approximately one-third of the population. The requirement of the state constitution for periodic redistricting had been flouted for sixty years by a legislature dominated by members from rural areas of declining population. No peaceful remedy appeared available to the growing urban and suburban majority. In its decision in *Baker* v. *Carr,* the Warren Court construed the Fourteenth Amendment's guarantee of equal protection of the laws to encompass the provision of "basic democratic elements in the political process," a requirement it found violated by the Tennessee practices.

At the time, some professional politicians and many academic critics, including Professor Bickel, reacted with dismay. It was suggested that the judiciary could not de-

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✪ ASHER LANS, a former Fellow in the Faculty of Political Science at Columbia University, has been a practicing attorney for twenty-five years. He has written articles and reviews for various scholarly magazines.

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vise workable remedies for malapportionment. Since there are few recorded instances of a minority in power voluntarily yielding its authority, these admonitions of caution basically were tantamount to a benediction for continued inaction. The Court, however, had perceived the emergent national consensus. Although unmentioned in the present book, the years since the decision in *Baker* v. *Carr* in 1962 have witnessed the restructuring of almost every state legislature and of many Congressional districts. Analogously, the rephrased rule of political equality has recently been invoked by the California courts to invalidate the provision that one-third of the electorate can block bond issues for public improvements.

Equally instructive is the background of the civil rights opinions. The current black reaction against tokenism makes us overlook the recency of progress. Until 1954 it was legally permissible for the states to enforce segregation, provided "equal facilities" were furnished to each race. The ruling in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* that racial segregation in the public schools was illegal per se preceded by a decade the enactment of the first federal civil rights legislation since the immediate post-Civil War period. Neither the tardiness of enforcement effort nor the insufficiency of subsequent government and community programs for integration or economic betterment detracts from the consistency of the Supreme Court's attack on racial injustice. The fault lies elsewhere.

It would be unjust to infer that Professor Bickel disagrees with the aims of these decisions. Rather he suggests that the Court's opinions employed faulty and "unprincipled" analysis and that a "web of subjectivity" overcame the "restraints of reason." He always seems faintly nostalgic for the simpler days of Brandeis and Holmes, when liberal rhetoric was magnificent in dissent and never faced the problems of power.

The author's various and self-proclaimed "irrefutable" theories all seem to miss the point. The "one man, one vote" rule is as appropriate in the Ocean Hill-

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Brownsville School District as in Georgia. Doubtless competent local agencies are best equipped to deal with the *de facto* school segregation that particular residential patterns create in most northern cities. If, however, the political agencies act disingenuously, the courts can abdicate responsibility only if they regard their role as purely symbolic. If judicial remedies are characteristically sporadic, the invitation to more structured legislative or executive action remains open.

The fallacy of castigating the "intellectually incoherent" decision necessarily rendered by a court branching into new terrain was demonstrated more than thirty years ago in (then Professor) Felix Frankfurter's book, *The Commerce Clause: Under Marshall, Taney and Waite.* Only one blinded by hagiography can fail to discern the similarity of the rhetorical problems that confronted the Marshall and Warren courts as they wrote new meanings into ambiguous constitutional clauses. The one-hundred-and-fifty-year-old decision in *Gibbons* v. *Ogden* is logically inconsistent and jurisprudentially hesitant, but its mandate clearly and irrevocably ended the power of the states to create local transportation monopolies, thus facilitating the growth of a national economy. The equalitarian Warren decisions may be insufficiently reasoned, but they served the similar function of uniting a court majority to invalidate anachronistic discriminatory practices. If, as Professor Bickel suggests, the recent judicial majority neither found panaceas nor articulated coherent ideological canons for the future, they at least disenthralled the body of public law from the last vestiges of the patrician society. To anyone who believes in the utilization of the Constitution as an instrument for orderly progress, Chief Justice Warren is a true culture hero.

Shakespeare best epitomized the traditional view of the bar as regressive and dilatory. The rebels in *King Henry VI, Part II,* opened their agenda for a new England with a sanguinary remedy: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." Clearly, however, Jack Cade never conceived of a judge like William O. Douglas.

In *Points of Rebellion,* the most scholarly justice of the Supreme Court begins a triad of brief works aimed at the "young people." The necessary restructuring of our society, to avoid "an awful ordeal" of revolution, primarily requires, in the author's view, reallocation of resources and control of the federal bureaucracy, whose proestablishment orientation too often makes government a barbecue table for fattening "special interests" rather than an institution seeking to "promote the general welfare."

The hackneyed content is partially redeemed by Justice Douglas' brevity and pungency. A valuable section describes the despotic power of "technical" agencies, such as the Forest Service and the Bureau of Public Roads, utilized in disregard of ecological, scenic and recreational values. The case for requiring administrative agencies to precede their decisions with public hearings has rarely been more forcefully demonstrated.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

As a lawyer deeply interested in higher education, I was discouraged by Nathan Glazer's article, "Campus Rights and Responsibilities: A Role for Lawyers?" in the Summer issue of the SCHOLAR.

Dr. Glazer appears to assume that the participation of lawyers in the affairs of universities necessarily entails a total change in academic governance. He appears to assume that the expanded role of lawyers means the imposition of cumbersome procedures—open hearings, appeals and formal voting—in areas where subjective judgment and informality hitherto have prevailed.

Neither the participation of lawyers nor the scrutiny of the court necessarily will result in the replacement of the existing routine of university administration by a complex system of hearing boards and representative bodies. Quite to the contrary, it could as well result in the judicial sanctioning of the prevailing mode of governance. Courts, when faced with controversies in new fields, are more apt than not to adopt as the legal norms of behavior the practices that have long existed. The traditional forms of procedure, and the traditional values upon which decisions in a university have been based, constitute the judicially unsanctioned "common law" of the university. If this "common law" is presented to a court along with a cogent supporting rationale, more likely than not, it will become the governing rule of the case, absent a showing by the complaining party that application of the rule results in an irreparable injury to him. If the university convincingly demonstrates that it will in fact be damaged if the complaining party is granted relief—that something of value connected with the university will actually be jeopardized—courts will hesitate to grant relief to the complaining party even where he has been irreparably harmed. Wherever possible, the office of the lawyer is to apprehend the existing reality in the university—the existing practices and reasons therefor—and then present this reality to the court in a positive and convincing manner.

Dr. Glazer concludes his article with a plea to lawyers and law school professors that, instead of attacking the university as a manifestation of the repressive establishment, they defend the universities, particularly the procedures the universities evolve to deal with disruption. He states that this is the most valuable contribution lawyers can make to the university. I think Dr. Glazer misses the mark in this conclusion. Lawyers can make a more valuable contribution by assisting in the articulation of the values to be defended. Together with thoughtful educators, lawyers must define precisely what values are at stake when the university as an institution is attacked. Unless these values are identified and defined in a forceful manner, lawyers will not be able to make an effective defense of the university. Certainly, over the long term, the success of universities, in defending themselves against the attack of the zealous "civil liberties" lawyers feared by Dr. Glazer, will depend on the ability of the universities to convince judges that important values on their side are really threatened.

To my mind, the articulation of these values will involve a great deal of thought about the basic nature of the university—its objectives and its polity. As Dr. Glazer says, the university is unique. The purpose of the lawyer must be to assure that this uniqueness is recognized in the law. To do this, lawyer and educator together must define the values underlying this uniqueness, and identify the institutional patterns developed to protect and foster these values. Only after such an analysis has taken place will lawyers be equipped to convince courts that the university must have a unique place in the law.

BENJAMIN P. LAMBERTON
Washington, D. C.

I shudder to think that people of Dr. Glazer's ilk advocate 6.9 million college students be exposed to administrative rather than judicial justice. What kind of citizens—or tyrants—will the students become, I wonder? In ten years,

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. *Dorothy B. Kerr*

we will have sixty-nine million voters not believing in a constitutional republic because their educations deprived them of the foundations for it. . . .

A Houston, Texas, principal suspended immediately an accused, not a convicted, student. A Bryan, Texas, principal expelled some youngsters for practicing, of all things, press freedom (unobscene). I also know a Texas A&M college student administratively branded a criminal, who came back to his alma mater and kidnapped the registrar at gunpoint? Why? That registrar had entered a damaging statement on the student's college transcript, which accompanied him wherever he went to look for work. Work always was denied because of the criminal record transcript. No hearing, no charge, no jury—just an administrator saying the student was a criminal unfit for the university. The student wasn't a criminal while in the university, but an administrative edict certainly made him become one.

But as Dr. Glazer contended: ". . . The university does not have a state sanction, and even the argument that it can do terrible harm to an individual is exaggerated."

I had hoped that what I've witnessed in Texas wasn't occurring elsewhere. After reading the Harvard professor's article, I am stunned. We have passed the point of no return toward an authoritarian, bellicose society. And a liberal, humanitarian, democratic society held such potential! I weep.

EMERSON RUTHERFORD
Bryan, Texas

* * *

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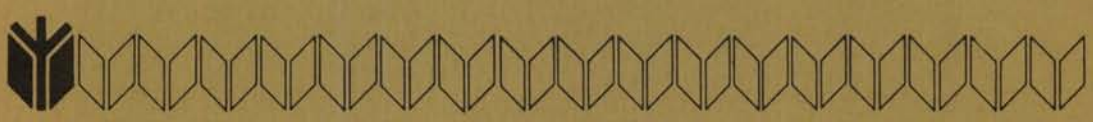

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